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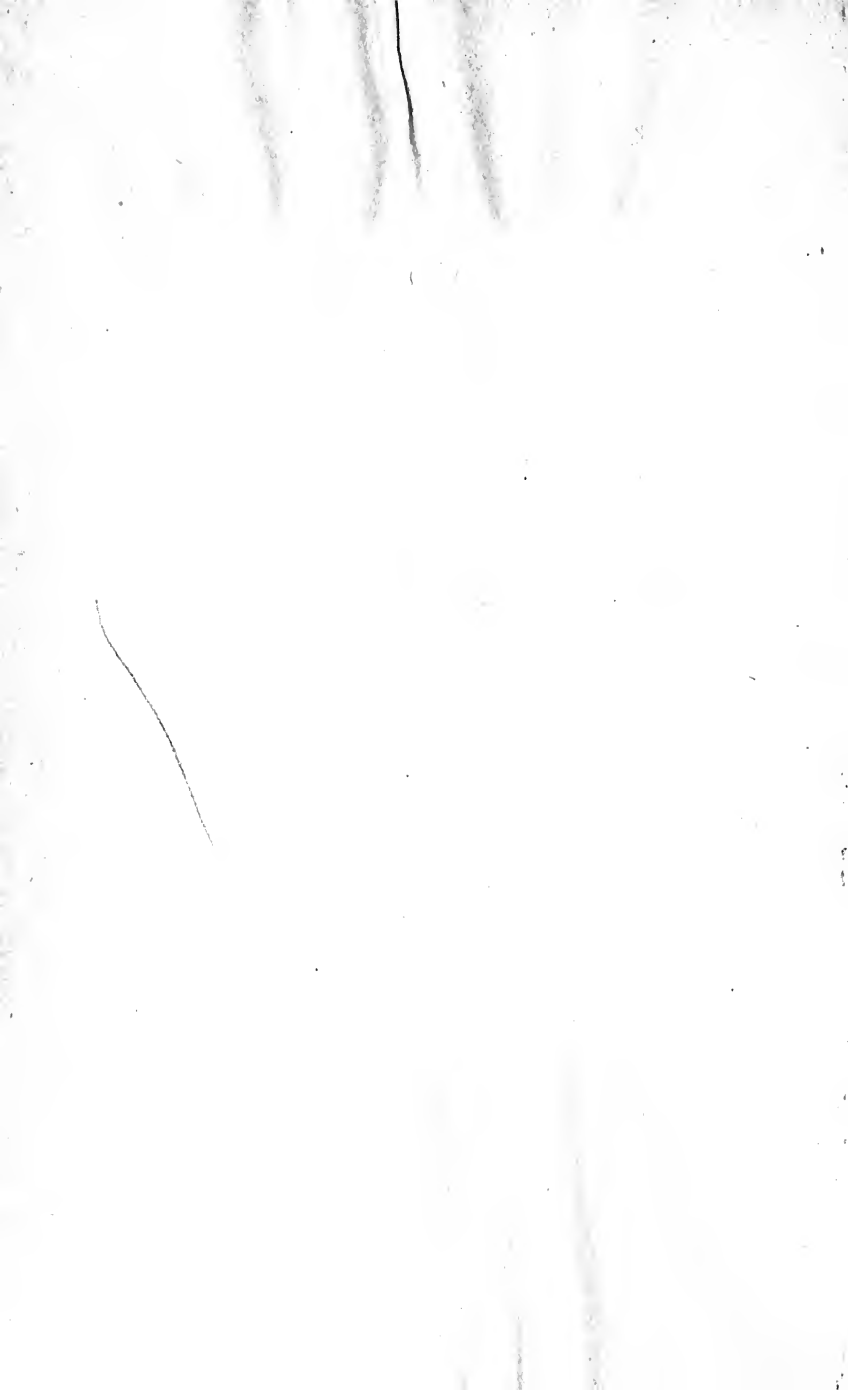
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HAROLD TENNYSON, R.N.



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HAROLD TENNYSON

R.N.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG SAILOR
PUT TOGETHER
BY A FRIEND

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1919

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TO

Rear-Admiral Sir William Reginald Hall
K.C.M.G., C.B.

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PART I

CHILDHOOD, EARLY TRAITS AND
TOUCHES

THE SAILOR BOY

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame';
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

FARRINGFORD AND AUSTRALIA

HAROLD COURTENAY TENNYSON, the third son of the second Lord and Lady Tennyson, was born on April 27, 1896, at Farringford House, Freshwater, a delightful spot for any English boy to be brought up in, an ideal home for one of Harold Tennyson's temperament. There, concentrated, he had everything that could appeal to him most. The Isle of Wight is an island, so to speak, within an island, and this western portion, *peninsularum ocellus*, is again almost a separate islet in itself. Standing some way back from the road, and on a gentle rise, the beginning of the high chalk down under which it nestles, Farringford House is so deeply embowered in its surrounding trees and boskage that it seems, like some fairy palace, to disappear the moment it is left in any direction. Much of the house is old, and the estate, with its ancient ecclesiastical names, Prior's Field, Maiden's Croft, and the like, very old. The chief view which it commands, where the ground slopes away towards the south-east, is soft and Mediterranean, in its summer aspect of blue skies and of sunlight sparkling on the laughing waters of the little bay. But there is nothing soft or enervating about the

"noble down." The "blast of winter" strikes it fiercely, and the Channel billows have hollowed deep inlets and sheer gullies in the chalk, where they "boom and blanch on the precipices," while the Needles themselves, those remnants of the more ancient cliff that stand now like a little flotilla setting sail to the western deeps, are a witness to the waste of bygone ages. In "Tennyson's Lane," or on the "Primrose Path" beside it, the traveller feels himself far inland. On the wind-swept downs, beneath the beacon monument, he feels himself well out at sea. Here, in lane and on downs, and all around, still more in the house, in every room, lived the memories of his grandfather, whose verses he early learned to love and to repeat to himself.

He also learned to scramble fearlessly about the rocks, and at the age of nine took his new tutor by the rugged, dangerous "Seymour Path," down "Tennyson Cliff" 500 feet to the bottom.

Portsmouth and Spithead, Ryde and Cowes, Southampton and Yarmouth, represent the story of England's national life and lordship of the sea, and all the different types of her naval, merchant, fishing, and pleasure craft. It was a daily experience for the child to see the "ships of battle," great or small, with which he was afterwards to be so familiar, passing on their various errands, or to watch the great mercantile liners taking up the pilot and "crossing the bar" from the Solent out into the open ocean.

How he loved it all appears in many a passage of his letters. It was amid these surroundings

that he took his earliest impressions. Born some three years and a half after his illustrious grandfather passed away, unlike his eldest brother born in 1889, who as a child of three had walked up the aisle of Westminster Abbey at his funeral, he had no remembrance of him. But some traits he inherited, and his grandfather's poems were a great influence on his short life.

The flashing dark eyes of the Tennysons, and again the shapely moulding of the brow and cheek, so well shown in Woolner's beardless bust, were to be seen to advantage in him.

The name Courtenay he derived from his mother's family, and from her side too came some of that prompt determination and inborn gift of ruling which displayed itself so early in him.

Both the Tennysons and the Boyles were among the families which had long served in Navy and Army. The poet himself just missed being at the battle of Navarino. His cousin, Admiral Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who served with distinction in the Crimea, died in January 1903 at the age of eighty-nine, having entered the Navy in 1826. Of Lady Tennyson's grandfathers, one was an Admiral, the other a General.

Henry Hallam, the historian, once said that no mother kept a faithful, detailed journal of her children's child-life. Lady Tennyson falsified this statement, for she kept a simple but very faithful "log" of her boy Harold's career from the day of his birth.

The picture it gives of his christening is a very pretty one. From the very first he showed, it

goes on to tell, a love of music, a love of his own way, and a power of getting it, half winning, half masterful. A merry, noisy mimic, very strong in the back, with a most determined mouth—such he was even before he could speak.

When he was still quite tiny there came a great experience for him. His father was appointed Governor of South Australia, and the little boy travelled out in the *Ophir*, via Marseilles, to that distant colony.

This was early in 1899, when he was in his third year, his third birthday occurring soon after he reached Adelaide.

It was a novel sensation for three little English boys and their mother to ride by lakes swarming with wild swans, or through the bush alive with flocks of parrots and wild turkeys, as well as hares and rabbits innumerable, to see wallabies, opossums and native bears, flying foxes, cockatoos, bower-birds, which live in a bower and adorn their home with bright leaves in the morning, removing them at sunset, mallee-fowl that lay their eggs in a mound in a mathematically accurate circle, laughing jackasses, and 3-foot long lizards, trees 300 feet high, ferns 10 feet long, to watch at night whole mountains ablaze with forest fires, or more often only the strange southern stars sparkling over the vast Pacific, to "breathe in April autumns" and "walk," as their grandfather's lovely liquid-sibilant line has it,

By the long wash of Australasian seas.

All this they learned to love from father and

mother both, and it was from them both that Harold inherited his gift of description of natural sights and scenery, ordinary and extraordinary, which appears so strikingly in these letters of a young midshipman.

They were to witness also, and in their childish fashion assist at, some of the most signal events that had yet come to Australia, herself "mewing her mighty and glorious youth," moments in the making of that great land and of the still greater Empire of which she is an ever more and more important partner: the commemoration of the death of her first great Queen, Victoria, and the proclamation of her son, King Edward VII., her first taste of war, the Inauguration of the Federated Commonwealth, the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to open the Federal Parliament, the formation and departure of the first Australian Expeditionary Force in the contingents sent to South Africa, the reorganisation on a territorial basis of the Australian Army, the Investiture after the Boer War, the swearing in of the High Court, the sending of a ship-of-war, the *Protector*, to China, and the visit of the fleet of the new old Island Kingdom of the Far East.

What finer education—what object-lessons more brightly coloured, vivid, and memorable—could children have received?

But of course all this came gradually. At the time of their arrival his mother describes Harold as a most happy creature, making friends with everybody and afraid of nobody.

His bent for music grew constantly. He had

also a great sense of humour and readiness of repartee. He put his hand in an Admiral's and asked him to go up to the nursery with him because he was afraid if he went alone his nurse would keep him, but when told to give the same hand to a strange lady, he said, "No, it might come off. It's only stuck on."

He was also already very clever at botany, picking up even the Latin names with great quickness, and fond of birds and animals. He called himself a soldier of the Queen till she died, when he hoisted his little private Royal Standard at half-mast on the blind cord, and said it must be a soldier of the King now.

"He looks such a duck," writes his mother at this period, "in a little old brown coat with fur of Aubrey's, a large red tam-o'-shanter, and brown cloth gaiters. He runs immensely fast, and so loves playing with his brothers.

"His love for flowers and Nature increases daily, and he works most steadily and regularly every day with 'Horn' (his nurse) in his gardens, of which he has many—'Woodland Garden,' 'Windmill Garden,' 'Stonybed Garden,' all in different parts of the grounds, and waters them from his bath.

"Mademoiselle asked him to do something the other day.

"'Oh no, I can't. I have so much work to do. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, every day.'

"'Oh,' said Mademoiselle, 'and when do you rest?'

“ ‘Oh, I can’t get any rest till I die.’ ”

He affected to look after his brothers—“those boys.” He was also very fond of being read to.

When Mrs. Harmer, wife of the Bishop of Adelaide, told him they were reading about little Samuel, and said, “Do you know about Samuel, Harold?”

“Why, of course I know about Samuel,” was his reply. “You see I’ve read all the Bible.”

He really believed he had. Mrs. Harmer said she always felt he knew best about things, and she felt inclined to obey him as a matter of course. Yet at this time, as he skipped about in his sailor suit, he looked like “a little imp on springs.”

The present King and Queen, as Duke and Duchess of York, came out about this time on a visit to Australia. Harold got on very happily with them.

When his nurse and mother said, “How nice it would be to have a good little boy who would stay quietly in bed,” “Well,” he said, “it’s no use wishing for things you can’t have. I *never* do. I always branch off and think of something else.”

He had a passion for knowledge and was very eager to learn, begging to begin music with Mademoiselle, and also Latin with Mr. Jose, his brothers’ tutor, when he was not much over five (August 1901). About the same time he astonished the family by knowing who Sancho Panza was.

He made friends with everybody. One day, looking out of the window and seeing two engine-drivers whom he knew, he said, "I've got such a lot of friends down there, Mamie, it really makes it *very* difficult to know when people touch their hats whether it is to the Governor or me."

When he was only five he could shunt an engine. He could also drive a pony-cart.

Soon after his sixth birthday he began the violin. It was an experiment, but his teacher, Mrs. Ennis, at once said she could make something of him, he was so attentive and had a very good ear and memory. Madame Melba was enchanted with his questions and answers, and sang specially loud for him, because he said he liked her loud notes best.

In August 1902 Lord Tennyson became Governor-General of the Commonwealth, and they all moved to Melbourne, where Harold made more friends than ever among the gardeners, policemen, and work-people about the place.

Just before he was seven, when they all saw a new moon and uttered wishes, Harold said, "I have wished to be good. When I was a little boy I used to wish for three things, a pony, a bicycle, and a magic-lantern. Now I've got them all, so now I wish to be good."

But when his father told him not to be one of the naughty boys, he said, "Do not worry, father. It's the way of the world."

Like his grandfather, whose earliest verse was

I hear a voice that's calling in the wind,

he used to say that he liked going down to the brook in "Deep Creek" because "it sang to him."

The story in some of the most striking details of the Australian time, with many mentions of Harold, is perhaps best told by the series of extracts from his mother's letter journal. But first some brief account should be given of that mother herself, whose life was so much bound up with his, and who survived him not a year.

HAROLD'S MOTHER

O like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head !
But O, at last when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

AUDREY BOYLE, born in 1854, was the daughter of Charles John Boyle and Zacyntha, daughter of General Sir Lorenzo Moore.

Her father, a scion of the famous Irish house of the Earls of Cork and Orrery, was an accomplished man. Educated at Christ Church, he became in 1827 Fellow of All Souls, and held the Fellowship for some twenty-two years, till 1849, when he married.

Audrey was the one daughter who survived in a family of brothers, of whom there were no less than six. Perhaps the best known was the one to whom she came nearest in age, and with whom she was most thrown, Captain Cecil Boyle, of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, a very remarkable boy and man. At Clifton College, where he was educated in the years 1867-1872, he was prominent as an athlete and a scholar, but was still more conspicuous as a leader, alike in his House and in the School. He went up

in 1872 to Oxford, joining University College, where he continued his marvellous athletic successes. Want of funds, however, led him to leave the University at the end of his second year, and go on to the Stock Exchange. There he was remarkably successful. Money-making, however, was not his real ruling passion, and it was eminently characteristic of him that when the Black Week befell, at the end of 1899, he was the first yeoman to volunteer for service, as he was later the first to reach South Africa, and the first to fall, in a skirmish with the Boers near Boshof, on April 4, 1900. He had, however, already made himself notable as galloper to General French, with whom he rode as part of the relieving force into Kimberley, and accompanying him afterward in the successful pursuit ending in the capture of General Cronje at Paardeberg.

His sister, Lady Tennyson, had the same vivid and individual personality, the same graceful and noble carriage, a legacy from their Irish, aristocratic, and soldierly ancestry. As will be seen from her sons' own letters, she was to them, from childhood to manhood, mother and sister in one, entering into all their young life. She was, too, the friend of their friends, upon whom she exercised no small influence, a power for good, with these as with many others, by her charm, her eagerness, her generosity, her quick-flashing sympathy, and the straightforward, simple piety which swayed all who came within her orbit. She, too, found a very special opportunity when Lord Tennyson was called to go out as

Governor to South Australia, still more when later he became Governor-General of the Commonwealth. As the mistress of Government House, with her stately, gracious dignity, yet warm and ever-ready kindness, she was entirely in her element, and it is no exaggeration to say that her presence and her influence enabled her to render very real and important service to Australia and to the Empire. She loved Australia and the Australians.

The representative of Royalty, and a Vice-Queen in position for the time being, she was naturally queenly, but without the smallest hauteur or superiority.

Nothing of the vulgar or vainglorious ;
All was gracious, gentle, great and queenly.

In herself she was full at all times of *joie de vivre*, and of love of natural beauty. "H. went off to Melbourne last night," she wrote one day at Sydney, "and I feel rather forlorn in consequence, but these brilliant sunny mornings day after day, with the exquisite view, are a constant joy, and quite prevent one from feeling anything but a sense of gratitude to the Almighty for making the world so beautiful, and giving to us the power of enjoyment."

She did not spare herself. The titular head of any movement which could benefit her sex, "Mothers' Union," "Girls' Friendly," and the like, she made her headship a reality. "I have been very busy," she wrote, May 4, 1903, "part of Saturday, yesterday and to-day, preparing an

address for a Mothers' Union meeting, to which I go this afternoon, which was called specially for me to meet the members of the Committee of the 'M.U.' and also the 'G.F.S.'; of the former I am the Commonwealth President, and of the other the Commonwealth Patroness. I have not had a free afternoon for I don't know when, nor shall I have one for many weeks to come."

She knew that the only secret of achievement is taking pains, and she had her reward even beyond her hopes. "My speech, or rather address," she writes, "to the Mothers' Union seems to have made quite a sensation. It was quoted in most of the Australian papers apparently, and Sir John See, the Premier here, came up to me the other evening at a Charity Ball, and said he had been reading it and agreed with every word. But 'you were a bold woman, Lady Tennyson, to say all you did.'"

A little later she heard from a friend in New Zealand that it had been copied into the New Zealand papers, and she had several periodicals sent her referring to it.

In Australian society, with her good looks and natural air of command, her eager spirit, her warm-hearted interest and sympathy, she was a striking and also a very engaging figure, and with her three bright, bold, high-spirited boys clustered round her, a picture dear to the Australian heart. When she left Melbourne, the Lady Mayoress said, "There goes the nicest woman we have ever had in Australia."

She was a delightful hostess and leader. She made things go. Her parties, her receptions, it was admitted on all hands, were a great success. She enjoyed, and she set others on enjoying. Her success, however, was not bought without effort, for she was a martyr to severe and prostrating headaches, but she had wonderful spirit. Impulsive and rapid as she seemed, she was in truth extraordinarily diligent and methodical, and toiled unsparingly in her affection for husband, children, relatives, and friends, and for the good causes of Mercy and Religion, to which she gave herself. In particular she covered reams of paper, note and foolscap, in a series of letters which she sent to her mother during the whole of their stay, written in her fine flowing hand, in the intervals of social and family duty, and amid endless and incessant distraction and interruption. They form a complete journal of her life and that of her family in Australia. It is from them that the extracts, giving a narrative of Harold's childhood, are drawn.

It was the same when she came back to England. Fond of society, and fitted to shine in it, she devoted herself first and foremost to home and duty. She gave herself to her husband and his friends—before she went out she had helped him greatly with the preparation of the life of his father—and to her boys. She watched over their education, at home and at school, at Eton or Cambridge, in the Army and Navy.

But she carried on her own tasks. She was a leader in the work of the Mothers' Union.

She was for many years Chairman of the Ladies' Committee at the Workhouse. She was the head of a large Clothing Club, and she started a Penny Bank for children. Here too, as in Australia, she was at all times a faithful daughter of the Church; how faithful and helpful, successive rectors of Freshwater could bear witness.

As soon as the war came, Mr. G. H. F. Duncan offered his house, Afton Lodge, to Lord Tennyson, to do what he thought best with it in the way of serving the country. Lady Tennyson at once claimed it as a military hospital, to be worked under the War Office. As such she used it with conspicuous success to the day of her own death; as such it has been carried on since. Over 1800 patients have passed through it in the four years.

She died in its service. It was the last place she visited outside her home. On Tuesday, December 5, she was there at work, and though feeling very ill she persisted in going again on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon she went to bed—she did not then seem dangerously ill—but the next morning she was in a state of serious and high fever, and becoming unconscious during the day, Thursday, December 7, sank in the evening, and toward night passed away.

The swift blow of January, the death of her Harold, had by December worked out its fatal result. It could not deflect, but it had broken, her noble spirit, and those friends who had seen her in the interval had found her more and more changed and crushed beneath an unceasing heartache.

About a week after she died the following poem, by a very old friend, with the brief touching introductory lines, appeared in *Country Life*.

AUDREY TENNYSON

Obiit Dec. 7. "Lady Tennyson as Audrey Boyle was the most lovely creature. But ah ! how many years ago" (*Extract from a private letter*).

Alas and alas ! What word to be said
For beauty dying and gladness dead
And a world left grey ?
Every year the flowers arise,
Pass in a pageant before our eyes
And die, yet they
Come again with the same sweet face,
Each again in the same dear place,
But ah ! her beauty and ah ! her grace
That is dead to-day !
Earth shall not see it again, nor tears
Wash out remembrance of her bright years,
That a man might say
" Though she is dead there shall be her peers."
Ah nay ! Ah nay !

F. W. BOURDILLON.

FIVE YEARS IN AUSTRALIA
EXTRACTS FROM LADY TENNYSON'S
LETTER JOURNAL

NEARING ADELAIDE

It seems but yesterday I saw at dawn
The faint line of the soft Australian shores,
As fast we sped, borne o'er the whispering tide,
Within the grim heads of St. Vincent's gulf ;
And all the sea was barr'd with purple and green
And dazzling sunlight, such as southern climes
Know only : while afar in distance shone
Thro' tremulous haze the scanty-scatter'd farms—
Homed in the quiet hollow of the hills—
A land, they said, of golden air, where scents
Of sweetest flowers float, and where the grapes
In honied clusters droop, a paradise
Of glowing blue and tranquil loveliness.

T.

1899

THE Tennysons reached Adelaide early in April 1899, and had a great reception and as warm a welcome as one could wish, the Ministers saying to Lady Tennyson, " We only want you

and the Governor to be happy while you are with us, and we hope you will be."

In July they made a long pilgrimage to Oodnadatta in the centre of the Australian desert to visit the aborigines there. A large "corroboree" was called, and between three bonfires, under the most brilliant starlight and Milky Way, the naked black fellows, adorned with emu feathers and painted over their bodies with white gypsum in strange devices, danced their weird dances, to the accompaniment of clashed boomerangs and the monotonous chants of their women. They are the lowest type of savage and as simple as children, roaring with laughter at the least thing. They believe that when they die the man's soul passes into a woman, the woman's into a man, and so on in perpetuity until, as some tribes hold, they join the spirits of the North Wind. When asked whence they came, they answered that they came from Dreamland. They believe in evil spirits, which they counteract by magic. Very much has been done by the different State Governments for the protection of the aborigines; much remains to be done. Missionaries of the several denominations and the splendid body of Mounted Police have been invaluable in their services.

In the autumn the South African War broke out, and in December of that year came the never-to-be-forgotten "Black Week." As soon as war was declared Australia determined to send out contingents.

First Contingent for South African War

"October 14, 1899.

"There is tremendous excitement all over Australia about the war declared the day before yesterday. A great deal of cabling backwards and forwards to the Colonial Office. A great fight in Parliament here, and in one or two of the other Colonies, raised by the Labour Party about the money being voted and spent. Here the Prime Minister, Mr. Kingston, offered a contingent to the Colonial Office without asking Parliament. He is of the Labour Party himself, but had to speak and act strongly, which he has done nobly. The question was only carried by a majority of eight after two or three days' heated discussion. The Colonial Office only allow 125 men from here, and I suppose we shall treat them in some way at Government House before they sail on the 30th, and H. will probably address them. It is to be settled to-day who are chosen out of all the volunteers after a very strict medical examination.

"H. wants the Bishop to address our troops before they sail for the Cape on Monday the 30th. There is tremendous excitement in the whole place and all the Colonies about these Australasian troops going to Africa. H. feels most strongly that the Church ought to come forward on such an occasion and that the men would remember and carry away what the Bishop said to them."

In the Country

"November 12, 1899.

"I do so wish you could fly over here. Just now the hills are lovely. You never saw anything like the wild sweet-briar bushes up there, simply enormous bushes smothered in roses, and the orange-blossoms so scent the air, and other sweet-smelling shrubs. Somehow all your favourite scents from the flowers bring you constantly into my thoughts, and I almost say aloud to myself, 'How I wish mother were here, how she would *love* this scented air.' There is a tree here they call 'white cedar,' it is more like a mountain ash, with the most delicious bunches of white feathery blossom which turns into yellow berries. Many of the roads are planted with them in avenues, and they are lovely just now. The *Weigandia*, too, is very handsome, a large purple-flowered shrub with huge leaves, and the coral trees and flame trees, great big trees covered with scarlet blossoms, are out too, and the beautiful bougainvillia still going on in full beauty, really quite dazzling. The hills are now covered with what is called the 'tea tree.' It grows rather like broom, but has a lovely little white flower smothering the whole plant; the oleanders, too, are coming out fast in the gardens.

"Saturday we drove up to Dr. Stirling's in the hills at Mount Lofty, a beautiful place

brilliant with rhododendrons, azaleas, and oh, the trees of roses of every shade! lilies of the valley, hollyhock, Michaelmas daisies, ixias, one a most curious sea-green colour, and pink ones. Young fresh green oak-trees with great trunks and big enough for a large party to sit under, and only planted when he built his house sixteen years ago, lots of Japanese maples, all our spring, summer, and autumn flowers out together."

The Contingent for South Africa

"November 1899.

"Now I must tell you about our troops going off, as I hadn't time last mail. They were encamped not far from Government House, and H. constantly went in and saw them, and I twice, once with Harold, who took his gun and was firmly convinced he was going to find the Boers there and would shoot one. On Saturday we had the whole number to dinner at one and, including officers and band, who were not going to the war, we had about 150 to dinner in the Ball Room. They arrived with the band, paraded on the front lawn, and then H. and I met them at the main entrance and shook hands with them all as they marched in, and oh, the agony I suffered from the grip and Australian squeeze from all the men which made me many times almost disgrace myself by screaming out. After dinner toasts were drunk and cheers given for us all, but I

did not hear them, and then they all came out in the grounds, and sat and strolled about and smoked, while the band, which had been playing all the time, went in and dined, and all the officers and staff and the Governor and family and staff were photographed on the lawn.

“Harold was keenly interested, and insisted on standing by the big drum and beating his own in time, and he has caught the regular swing from the wrist by watching the drummers. All of a sudden he came up to me and said, ‘Mamie, the drummer *doesn’t* wear his drum with a string round his neck; how does he?’ ‘I advise you to look,’ I said; ‘probably round his waist.’ Then he was all impatience till he could get to the drummer and came running back to me, pulled off his hat and flung it down, pulled the string off his neck and made me tie it round his waist, having convinced himself *first* that I was right.

“Before that he had seen that all the soldiers wear brown boots and he had on his white, so he came to me and said, ‘Mamie, Nana won’t like me to wear my white boots, I must go and put on my brown.’ I, not knowing the reason, told him it did not matter, then he went to his father saying, ‘I must put on my brown boots, father, *not* my white ones.’ It ended by his insisting on going up and making his Nana change them, but he only confided the reason to one of his brothers.

“We have just come back from Melbourne,

and when I was carrying him up to his nursery and asked him if he had been good, 'There's plenty of naughtiness from Nana, none from any one else,' he said. There has been a terrific thunderstorm, Harold enchanted with the thunder and lightning.

"Well, now, to finish about our troops. About 2.30 they were all paraded on the lawn, and H. gave them his farewell address, which I believe they liked much. Then they marched off. The enthusiasm was perfectly wonderful and very stirring. Then we rushed down to the parade-ground to see them embark in the train. The crowds everywhere were something beyond description. It really seemed as if the whole Colony had collected in Adelaide. H. and Captain Wallington were on the ground, and the officers asked H. to go with them to the port, so he told Bee and me to jump into a carriage with him and Captain Lascelles, and we went down with the troops. When we got to the Port Adelaide Station we suddenly found ourselves behind the band and in front of all the contingent, many of whom as I passed them turned and gave me a grin of recognition. Then H. said, 'We are going with them on board and are going to march with them to the quay,' so Bee and I, with H. and the staff, marched to the drum at the head of the troops at a quick pace, and one of the officers told me that the men were so delighted it was all the officers could do to prevent their cheering us, and that they would never forget it.

“We were all packed on a Government steamer, and how there was no sad accident and half the crowd were not pushed headlong into the sea I can’t think. It was appalling to see a most excited unruly mob trying to get on the boat ; if it had not been for the dear bluejackets who fought the crowd back like tigers there would have been some awful tragedy. However, we got off at last and steamed down the river. A little private launch accompanied us which we could get on to if we liked, but we stayed with our men and their friends. After a little while we got on our launch again and steamed round the ship, being much cheered by the Victorian and Tasmanian troops. Suddenly all the members of the Stock Exchange on their vessel caught sight of H. and cheered him tremendously, and all sang ‘ God save the Queen ’ as we passed. And then we nearly had the most awful accident. There were lots of excursion steamers packed with hundreds of people like herrings, a most awful sight—never would have been allowed at home—but mercifully it was very calm, and we ran into one of them and damaged her a good deal, but mercifully high up from the water and we were going very slowly, but I saw it coming and said so, but they assured me it was quite safe, and there was one short minute when I expected to see the whole mass of several hundred people go down like a stone. Thank God no great harm was done and no one hurt, but poor Bee

was thrown flat down with the shock of the two vessels colliding, and was rather bruised. Then our contingent, who were down below, were ordered up to give us a parting cheer, and we saw them all running up helter-skelter waving their hats and cheering, and that was the end. We steamed back to Larg's Bay and got back by train."

Harold

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd.

"I like to do all I can for our Church of England, which is so terribly poor and has such a hard time out here," Lady Tennyson wrote, when she went to support Dr. Gilbert White, the Bishop of Carpentaria.

"Try and dwell on the best qualities of your children and if possible forget their faults. It is what I always try to do with mine; one only exaggerates them to oneself by dwelling on them. Of course one longs for them to be perfect, but they never can be."

"I am always regretting that you are missing these nice years of his," writes Lady Tennyson to her mother. "He would kill you with laughter, and he is such a pretty boy now, though his photographs don't show it; he has such bright colouring, intensely dark eyes, a mass of very fine, fluffy hair, all shades of golden brown, and a great deal of expression."

"I tell Harold stories, especially Bible stories. He prayed, 'Make Kruger a good man, and don't let him be bad any more, and if he is not good don't be pleased with him.' He also prayed, 'Don't let the Boers trample on the British flag.'

"I do so grieve that you and his uncles miss all this time. Harold would interest and amuse you immensely, he is so absolutely unself-conscious—a great pickle, though, and if you find fault with him he promptly changes the conversation. This morning when I went in to hear his prayers he had hidden under the nursery table and wouldn't come out, so I left the room. Later I found him sprawling on the floor in the passage and Mademoiselle there, so I said to her, 'Do you know a little boy has not said his prayers yet?' 'Look, Mamie,' he called out, '*this* would be a very good position to be photographed, it would.'

"I wish you could have heard Harold singing the hymn for those at sea, 'Eternal Father,' and 'Loving Shepherd' just now, at our little service. I really hardly know whether I shall dare take him to the Cathedral Children's Service, as I am afraid his voice will be above the whole congregation put together!"

"What I most enjoy is roaming about in the endless woods all about us, which are delicious, either alone or with Harold. He climbs the hills and rocks like a little goat."

"He met Mademoiselle along the passage the other day and made a hideous face. 'Oh,

Bébé, quelle vilaine grimace! 'That's Mr. Kruger,' he answered. He knows most of the Boer generals, and H. heard him this morning when he was playing with his brothers say, 'Now we'll march to Kimberley.'"

"1900.

"Harold informed me that he had been to see Lady Way. He likes going off to pay visits to ladies. She told H. last night at the Hunt Ball that she asked Harold if he was coming to tea again with her. 'No, I don't think so, because —— went and told that I ate fifteen cakes. Now *could* a little boy eat fifteen cakes?' He always gesticulates when he says these things, throwing his hands out.

"When sent up to bring his little friend Adeline Harmer down after tea, he said, 'You must come at once, her Ladyship's orders must be obeyed.'

"He wanted to go back to England, so I said, 'Very well, you can go by the mail to-morrow, but you won't have any one to go with you.' 'Yes, I shall.' 'Who?' I said. 'Oh, *she*,' pointing to his nurse. 'Wherever I go, *she* always follows.'

"He had been rather tiresome with Horn, so I asked him if he would be good now. After my having asked him two or three times without an answer, 'It's very hard to say,' was all his reply.

"I said, 'Good-night, my pet,' and I heard

him say to Lionel as he went out, 'Mamie is the *dearest* of all things, isn't she, Eila?' "

In June Lord and Lady Tennyson went with their boys for a cruise on H.M.S. *Protector* to visit the Islands and Port Augusta, where they went over an ostrich farm; down Gulf St. Vincent to Edithsburg and Yorktown, then by Spencer Gulf to Port Lincoln (all the places about were called by Lincolnshire names because Flinders and Franklin,¹ their discoverers, were Lincolnshire men), and on to Wallaroo. Some of the islands have beaches of beautiful mother-of-pearl shells.

"August 1900.

"Driving home after they had been seeing some 'living photographs,' Horn, who always spoils Harold, said to the boys, 'You wait and you'll have your youngest brother's photo like that, as a great man.' 'He won't be greater than us,' said Lionel. 'I don't want to be a great man,' said Aubrey. 'I want to be a Poet Laureate.'

"Yesterday we went to a Musical Festival at the Cathedral in the afternoon, and took the boys. Harold at luncheon asked what the collection would be for, as he now has money for his marks. I said for the choir-boys. 'Oh, I'm not going to waste my money on the choir-boys,' he said. 'I shall give mine to the heathen.' "

"One day he asserted that 'cloven tongues'

¹ Lord Tennyson's great-uncle.

(in Acts, chap. ii.) were tongues with cloves on them."

Australian Natives

"August 19, 1900.

"Here is my birthday. Little Harold woke me up this morning in a wild state of delight with a glass vase which he had bought 'all for my very own' with his mark money, with some sweetpeas in it; then a packet, all tied up in silver paper most carefully, what he called 'some jewellery,' in which was a long bead-chain he had threaded and a bead ring, which of course I am wearing.

"We entertained 60 and more blacks with their various teachers, in all 73, on Thursday. They ate enormous teas and then went out on the lawn and threw some boomerangs they had brought for the children. It is most wonderful the way they throw them towards the wind, and they go whirling about in the air and then curve round and generally fall at their feet again. They also ran races and I gave them prizes and a bag of 'lollies' to each one, men, women, and children.

"The next day the boys went to see them in their camp. They made a native 'whorlie' or tent of boughs to show the boys. They have such melodious sounds in their language and are very fond of double 'oo' in their names. We call one of our horses by a native name, 'Wooloomooloo.'

"We drove to Torrens Park, belonging^g to

Mr. and Mrs. Barr-Smith, such dear, nice Scotch people, a very pretty, big house. They took us round the orangery (in the garden), where there were several hundred trees *covered* with fruit, and all of us ate tangerines off the trees. The arums here are so beautiful, great clumps just like weeds."

A Squatter's Home

Later in the year they went to Mr. Gilbert at Pewsey Vale, whose father was an early squatter.

"You never saw anything like the wild white irises, and a few purple, in masses along the road. We drove up 2000 feet, and after crossing the ridge of the hills entered the park, so beautiful one might quite well have been in a huge English park, except for the great gum trees of enormous size, all now beautifully green, and the grass the same, but of course in summer not a blade to be seen.

"Mr. Gilbert has about 20,000 acres. He told me he had not *many* sheep, only 16,000. They have also about 50 acres of vines for making wine. The wild parrots put them to a loss of 900 gallons every year. Mr. Gilbert says the reason Australian wine is not better is that the people will not keep it long enough. His old mother, who came out when she was twenty-eight, had a very rough time. She used often to sit with her delicate first baby by the fire holding an umbrella over them to keep them both dry from the rains which beat into

the house, and her friends often came in to find her scrubbing the floor. Her great terror at first was the blacks, but she always treated them kindly and gave them food, and later on they came as servants and were most faithful. They were horrified when they first saw her putting the baby in the bath, and the first time they saw her washing it they thought she was killing it. We had a really lovely drive back to Gawlor and saw lots of wild cockatoos and pink parrots and parrakeets flying about. We met a man rabbiting. He snares from 40 to 50 a day, sometimes 80 or 90, and sells their skins for 1d. a piece. He also keeps bees and has about 100 hives. Mr. Gilbert says bees among the flowering gums are very lucrative [and that in some districts carts with hives on them journey from gum-grove to gum-grove].

"I read with great delight that the warm clothes and tobacco we sent for our men in South Africa arrived just when the water began to freeze in their bottles at night, and they had nothing but grass to smoke. The paper had a heading, 'We can hardly thank Lady Tennyson enough.'

"Yesterday we had races, and I had to present a cup to the winner of the Hunt Race. Six hunting men rode, four or five were thrown, one twice, his horse rolled within an inch of him. I do detest the jumping, and never look, but when one hears the crowd shriek out at a fall one cannot help looking, and the black

Ambulance Waggon, tearing about after them, adds to the horror.

"Some of our troops returned. I wish you could have seen your grandson driving off in grandeur, with Horn, to the Town Hall, with mounted escort in front and behind. Some one told Lord Richard Nevill, who loves Harold, that he received far more ovation than the soldiers or anybody else."¹

1901

Queen Victoria's Death

New Year's Day 1901 was the day of the Inauguration of the Commonwealth. They all went in state to the Cathedral for a special service for which Lord Tennyson had written a prayer,²

¹ At this time an Imperial Council of Defence was suggested. Lord Tennyson wrote that "so general is the feeling that an invitation from the Imperial authorities to unite in the constitution of a Council of Defence of such a nature and so representative that by degrees its functions might be enlarged and new duties invested in it, and so a true Council of the Empire emerge, would be *enthusiastically* received, were it made before the present sentiment wears off." The South Australian Government were anxious that the British Government should utilise some of the rich tablelands in the Northern Territory as breeding-grounds for the remounts required in the British Army, and thought that an interchange of Home Regiments and Australian Regiments would be beneficial, each part of the Empire retaining absolute control over its own troops.

² "O Lord God Almighty, high above all height, Whose lifetime is Eternity, we Thine unworthy servants give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness. We glorify Thee for that Thou hast been pleased in Thy providence to unite Australia in bonds of brotherly love and concord, and in one Commonwealth, under our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. And, we beseech Thee, grant unto this union Thy grace and heavenly benediction; that a strong people may arise to hallow Thy name, to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before Thee in reverence and righteousness of life. Furthermore we pray Thee to make our Empire always a faithful and fearless leader among the nations in all that

used at the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, and later to the Town Hall, where Lord Tennyson made a speech, and "God save the Queen," "The Old Hundredth," "Australia," and "Hands all Round" were sung.

Some three weeks later came Queen Victoria's death.

"We received the official news of our beloved Queen about 4 P.M. yesterday, January 23, nearly twenty-four hours after the hour she passed away at home, 6.30, Jan. 22. There is heartfelt grief all over the Colony. H. was inundated with telegrams of condolence from all parts. Dear 'Mother Queen'—it is just what one feels, I think, that one has lost a Mother, and as Lord Richard Nevill said yesterday, it is almost as if the sun had gone out. I like to think of all our happy little visits to her at Osborne, Balmoral, and Windsor, always received with the gentle, kind welcome and beautiful smile, and of our last visit to Windsor when she was so full of interest about Australia and all, asking about the children and laughing at their funny sayings about coming out here, and asking what they

is good ; and to bless our beloved Queen, and those who are put in authority under her—more especially in this land. Let Thy wisdom be their guide, strengthen them in uprightness, direct and rule their hearts that they may govern according to Thy Holy Will ; and vouchsafe that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be deepened and increased among us ; and that we, Thy people, may perpetually praise and magnify Thee from generation to generation. Blessed be Thy Name for ever and ever : through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

were going to be, and when I said, 'Their father wishes them to go into the Navy, Mam,' she looked up at me and said, 'Oh no, Lady Tennyson, not *all three*; it is such a hard profession; think of their poor wives.' Then at Windsor she said to H., in bidding farewell, 'Good-bye, Lord Tennyson, I shall miss you very much.' Before she got up to leave for the night she said, 'I should like to say good-bye to Lady Tennyson,' and she drew me to her and kissed me so warmly, and I kissed her dear hand. One felt sad, wondering whether we should ever meet her again, but she was so well then. The poor Empress too [of Germany] was at Osborne that January when we were there, so well and bright and kind, and told me with such delight that she was a great-grandmother, or going to be, I forget which it was; now I suppose she will soon join her Mother Queen.

"Most of the shops at Adelaide are draped in black. Little Lionel is quite miserable at my having to go into 'that horrible black' again. Harold said to his father, 'It's all *very* sad, father.' Then he came to me and said, 'I've got the Royal Standard half-mast, and now it will be King's soldiers.' The other day I had gone up to tell Horn that there was a slight rally and the dear Queen was a little better, upon which he jumped down and ran off saying, 'I must run and pull the flag up as the Queen is better, I've got it half-mast now.' He hoists the Union Jack every

morning at his day-nursery window and pulls it down before going to bed, and always wants to know what day he can hoist the Royal Standard, because up here we have no flag as at Government House, which he can see from his nurseries.

"The [Funeral] Service at the Cathedral was very fine. The Bishop preached a beautiful sermon, beginning it by quoting my father-in-law's poem on the Queen at length. H. asked for 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' [the favourite hymn of the Prince Consort], and it was beautifully sung by the whole congregation. Then we had 'Crossing the Bar' to Sir F. Bridge's setting. The military band played 'O God, our Help' and the 'Dead March.'

"In the afternoon we went to the other service held by the 'Council of Churches,' a union of all the Nonconformists, at the Town Hall. The Bishop again gave a beautiful address, and stood out from all the others. He is up here to-day and spends to-night with us. H. requested him to give as a message to the people some words the Queen said to him at Osborne the January before the last Jubilee. She said she had been making steady inquiries as to whether anarchic Socialism was increasing in England as was said, and that she found that there was *really* very little real Agnostic and anarchic Socialistic feeling, and then she added, '*If only my people will go on loving God, all will be well.*'"

Bush-fires and Harold

February 1901 brought terrific heat and drought, and terrible bush-fires.

“A most wonderful sight, all the hills bursting into great volumes of smoke, and great clouds of smoke rolling along the gullies. Our own gully-garden was on fire, and our men and our boys with Mademoiselle rushed down to help beat it out. They happily saved the cottage and most of the fruit-trees. Two days before, Lady Baker from the Bungalow telephoned for help, as a fire was raging all along the road from Norton Summit, our village. All our men and the chicks and Lord Richard tore off, and had to work hard to keep it off. The only way is to set light to a broad patch to meet the on-coming fire. I wish you could have seen one of the distant hills on Thursday night all blazing from end to end, miles of it . . . a most gorgeous sight. At a distance you can see no movement of the flames, it simply looks perfectly still, and like the most magnificent illumination. The cool change came Thursday afternoon, and Friday morning at 8 A.M. the thermometer, which had been 87 the morning before, was 57.

“Poor little Harold finds these days when he cannot get out for the heat very long and tedious. Yesterday, after romping, he complained of a pain at the top of his head. He is so funny when he is not well, like a man of

50. 'I think I'd better have my bath early and go to bed early. It will do me good. Don't fetch a chocolate. Father thinks it's liver. I won't romp any more when it's hot, and I'd better not have any more gingerbeer.'

"Lady Clarke was much struck by him. He took her to see his garden. 'These are pretty lilies.' 'Well, they call them Belladonna, but their real name is Amaryllis.' 'Now,' he said to Miss S——, 'I am going to tell you a most *curious* thing. You see that tree over there. It looks like white blossom. It is all leaves dried up.' H. and I had quite thought for days it was white blossom. She was amused at the way he spoke to the men about the place, as he was showing her round: 'Hullo, Mr. Mobsby, good-afternoon. Well, that was a splendid mist cloud we had, hadn't we?' meaning for wetting his plants. It would not be so funny and surprising were it not that he is such an absolute baby with it all."

Harold on his pony trotting said, "This is what is called 'saving time,' is it not? Is it because I go faster than time?"

As an excuse for hitting Lionel he observed, "You must do to others what you expect them to do to you." To his father he said, "I want very much to see my friend, the Sea."

The Visit of the Duke and Duchess of York

In May of that year, 1901, Lord and Lady Tennyson went to Melbourne to join in the

reception of the Duke and Duchess of York and assist at the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament. The Duke and Duchess were warmly welcomed. Lord Tennyson had an LL.D. degree conferred on him along with the Duke of York, Barton, and others. Lord Tennyson was interested at this time in the suggestion that the Home Government might reserve places in the Indian Civil Service Examinations for men from the Colonies, with a qualifying examination in the Colonies. Cadetships in the Navy were given somewhat after this fashion.

Lady Tennyson just now succeeded, thanks to the South Australian Company, and to Sir Stanley Clarke in particular, in getting an excellent site for her Maternity Home. She had seen the urgent need of such a home for bush-mothers and worked very hard to get it established. The Adelaide people had wanted it to be called Lady Tennyson's Home, but she herself wished it to be in memory of Queen Victoria. She asked the Duke and Duchess of York to come to the laying of the foundation stone, and the Duke to lay the stone.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess was the greatest possible success from beginning to end, the good sense and "understandingness" of their Royal Highnesses triumphing over every *contretemps* of weather or accident, and the Duchess's smiling graciousness winning all hearts. Most unfortunately Lionel and Aubrey developed whooping-cough just after it began and had to be packed off to the seaside. But Harold was

more lucky and came in for it all, and had a glorious time. He made his bow to the Duchess and immediately said unprompted, "How are your little children?" He, also unprompted, made a presentation of his friend Adeline Harmer, saying, "This is the Bishop's daughter." He accompanied the Duchess on a shooting expedition, seeing the shooting, the sheep-shearing, the buck-jumping, the breaking-in of wild horses, the bullock-riding, and then drove home with the Duke and Duchess both. The Duke chaffed him on the way and called him "Tommy Smith." This "drew" him for the moment, only too successfully, but did not prevent his waking up in the night crying because he did not want them to go away.

He stood with his mother to receive Her Royal Highness at the Maternity Home. He was sketched and photographed with "Nelson," the famous dog belonging to the first contingent, who had been wounded and taken prisoner by the Boers, and he walked about holding the Duchess's hand, and talking to Nelson and the veteran soldiers, and saw the whole scene.

When they left, the Duchess gave him a little gold tray, and he accompanied them at their departure as far as Glenelg and Larg's Bay, and later, when they wrote, the Duke sent his love to "Tommy."

His favourite books at this time were *Dot and the Kangaroo*, Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, *The Cockyolly*; but he also read *The Swiss Family*

Robinson and Don Quixote, and he insisted on learning by heart *The Passing of Arthur*.

*On the River Murray (the great river of Australia)
Socialist and other Settlements*

"October 16, 1901.

"We are going off a trip of a week on the Murray on Friday to visit the village 'settlements.'"

This trip on the Murray proved most interesting and exciting, full of adventure and experiences of nature and human nature. It had to be broken owing to business at home. Many deputations from the co-operative Socialist settlements begged Lord Tennyson to turn them into Individualist settlements, for they were sick of Socialism.

Between Morgan and Murray Bridge

"My letter was posted early at Morgan, where we were due about 1 A.M., but a few miles above there was such a hurricane that we ran ashore and were blown right into a tree and made a large hole in the top deck.

"On Tuesday we steamed from Lyrup to a station called Calperum to see a squatter family, the Robertsons: father and mother, three girls. They have a hundred square miles of property and sheared 11,000 sheep this year, which is considered a mere nothing out here. The station adjoining, called Cobdogla, took us 15 hours to steam past at 6

miles an hour. The girls help their mother do all the housework and cooking, catch the horses and saddle or harness them; the youngest girl of 12 gets up every morning at 5.30 and milks the cows and then does her lessons. She has lots of pets, one a baby eagle, and six dogs who will do anything she likes. She keeps down the rabbits with them, kills hundreds, and sells the skins to the trading steamers. She rides about with her dogs for miles. The other girls and mother can't make the dogs *look* at a rabbit. They love the home and hate going to Adelaide. The father's recreation is to make violins. Such bright, happy-looking girls. Their roses were glorious, especially a giant bush of 'cloth of gold.'

"At Renmark we drove round and saw all the irrigation works. The settlement has been started about 11 years, of course quite different to the village settlements. All the Renmark settlers are gentlemen and ladies out from England, with their own gardens—very paying, I should think—growing lemons, oranges, raisins, currants; the great expense is the water. This is pumped up from the Murray to each block every six weeks or month, and this pours on to the roots in channels all down between the trees, and the next day the channels are raked over with a horse-rake so as to cover them up and keep in the moisture. One man told me it makes a difference of £500 a day in wet seasons. A man at Renmark last year cleared £1500 on 10 acres with his lemons.

They grow the most delicious oranges with no pips, so sweet and juicy, and get 3s. or 4s. a dozen at wholesale price for them.

"In the afternoon we drove to the Tennis Court, right away in the bush, a space cleared and wired, with a pavilion where we had a tea given us, boiled in a billy-can with sticks, and met all the Renmark society. They told me the Club meets there every Saturday. They all seem to love the life and to be very happy. They gave me a lovely bunch of roses, and cheered us greatly when we drove off.

"We joined the steamer lower down the river and steamed to Overland Corner. There a carriage and four horses met us, and we drove right through the Bush to Lake Bonny, where Mr. McIntosh (the Manager) thinks there will one day be a large and prosperous settlement, but at present there is only one very old settler.

"The driver told me, seeing some kites flying about, that it is most curious the way small birds build in a kite's nest. He has seen as many as eight small birds' nests under a kite's nest. They do it for protection. The kite cannot get at them underneath his big nest, and his being there prevents other birds from touching them.

- "We saw masses of yellow and pink-crowned cockatoos flying about and different kinds of parrots, kites, hawks and pelicans, great monsters which are found chiefly on what are called *billabongs*, a sort of backwater with no

outlet at the further end. Also wild swans and a little bird which torments all other birds large and small, called 'Minor.' If by chance they find a snake they make a noise which calls all Minor birds for miles round, and then they all flutter round the snake and drive him into his hole. At another place a little lower down, when taking a walk we came upon a huge 'sleeping lizard' which looked like a small crocodile with a long black tongue; it lives on plants."

They called at the Socialist settlements, Pyapp, Holder, Lyrup, and others.

"Mr. McIntosh related to us a strange story of a widower in one of these settlements with seven children who advertised for a wife. A young woman answered the advertisement and was met by him in his boat at Morgan. But as he was rowing her home she didn't like his looks, and when he reached the place said she would go back unless she found somebody more suitable to marry. Two men decided to ask her and played a game of cards to settle it. The loser was to ask her for the other. One was black, the other white. The black won, and the white man had to ask her for him. She agreed, and they were married by Canon Bussell, the Murray clergyman who has the boat *Etona* and works among them. The marriage turned out very happily."

A black woman told Lady Tennyson that,

when Englishmen on horse-back first rode through her country, she and all her people thought that the man on horseback and the horse were one animal, and that from fear of these monsters they all spent days up to their necks in the Murray River.

A beautiful seaside Township

“GROSVENOR HOTEL,
VICTOR HARBOUR, Nov. 29, 1901.

“We are just going out on an expedition to a high hill called the Bluff, with a family who live here called Cudmore, such nice, kind people, who till four years ago lived on their far distant station on the Darlings, which, although they were 16 miles even from the nearest little township, they still regret having left. It is extraordinary the fascination the bush life has for men, women, and children, and I can myself quite understand it.

“Everybody is impressed by Harold’s cleverness, both the hotel people and the villagers, for he always goes up and talks to everybody, but in a most dignified way. He allows no advances to be made to him, though he is very civil. There are two Dominican nuns staying in the hotel, one is the Mother Prioress. The Mother Prioress knows a little of the Latin names of shells and tells them to Harold, and she says almost before they are out of her mouth he repeats them perfectly, great long names, and remembers them.”

While the boys were at Victor Harbour Lord and Lady Tennyson went over to Tasmania, where they were delighted with the scenery and vegetation, tree ferns with stems 6 feet round and fronds 15 feet long, and every kind of bush and shrub, gigantic gums, huge hart's-tongues; Hobart Harbour, most beautiful, with gorgeous views of Mount Wellington; New Norfolk, with its fish-breeding station, a delicious spot; Port Arthur, also lovely, but clouded by the tragic memories of the convict prison described in *For the Term of His Natural Life*.¹ Lord Tennyson asked why the Tasmanians used American axes, and the answer was because the British manufacturers would not take the trouble to make the axes which the Tasmanians found most useful.

“Victor Harbour is, I think, the most delightful seaside place I ever was in; it is very pretty, hilly country, beautiful sea, lovely sands and rocks of all sizes, bathing, beautiful shells, good sea-fishing; then there is the most delicious little river for boating and very good fishing. We had a blissfully happy little time there, the boys rowing us about on the river, driving for expeditions, etc., and learning to swim.

“Harold met a little girl on the shore. The following conversation took place. ‘I am going away to-day. I have to go back to the hills for I’ve such a lot of work to do. I have

¹ A remarkable book by Marcus Clarke.

to chop all the wood for the fire and do all the garden. Which do you like best, chopping or gardening?' 'I don't do either.' 'Well, I do. I have to do all the chopping, and it's very hard work.' It was all said quite seriously. He really makes himself believe he does everything in this way."

1902

*The Opening of the Queen's Maternity Home, built
in Memory of Queen Victoria, and Coronation
Day*

"May 26, 1902.

"I want to tell you what an enormous success the opening of the Queen's Home was on Saturday; I know you will like my little speech because *I* made it. I am thankful to say I got through it without a break, having learnt it by heart; but I was trembling all over when it was done, and was glad to hide my face in my bouquet. People said that though they could not hear most of the men, they could hear every word I said, and what makes me very conceited is that lots of people, I hear, told other people not there, that it was a far better speech than those of the statesmen who spoke. What it is to be a woman, and the Governor's wife! There were some 1500 people all grouped in the piece of ground in front of the building outside the palings, more than inside, and piles of carriages, endless flags, etc.

"The generosity of everybody and all the

tradespeople has been extraordinary. I feel very proud of the Home, for it really is very perfect. The pictures are beautiful and give such a homely look to the wards, and the entrance hall is really quite fine with the wide staircase coming down into it.

"Still we hear nothing from Mr. Chamberlain. It is supposed that H. will have to be Administrator and take Lord Hopetoun's place on July 16, when the Governor-General has now settled to leave Australia, but whether for days, weeks, or months we know absolutely nothing.

"Another event of the week is that Harold is learning the violin. Our new piano and organ teacher and Director of the Conservatorium, a Dr. Ennis from home, has a wife who plays and teaches the violin most beautifully. She is trying whether Harold is old enough to learn. He takes great pains and remembers what she tells him so far ; she only keeps him a few minutes. He came in the other morning saying, 'I've eaten a big breakfast. I only eat a big breakfast once a fortnight, because it makes me so lazy.' Horn [his nurse] teaches him English, reading, writing, and sums, which I believe he does in bed before he gets up.

"Life is so busy one way and another, and the only thing I mind about it is that it shortens my little times with the chicks, as of course public duties cannot be put off, and sometimes my free times do not agree with their lessons :

still, I always ride with the elder ones whenever I can possibly manage it, and Harold I see plenty of, as I can often take him about with me, as he has no afternoon lessons.

"I wish you could see him riding; of course he is still led by Dow, the coachman, as he has not long ridden on a proper saddle. Dow is as proud as Punch of him, and wishes he had just a little fear, but he has none, and likes cantering and galloping any pace. He is beginning to rise in his stirrups.

"The other day he suddenly said to Horn, 'I have got a word "discipline" in my head.' He had heard his father use it in a speech. 'Can I go up to a boy and say, "How is your discipline?"'

"He said the other day, 'I must do all you want me till I am twenty-one, mustn't I?' 'Yes,' I said, 'but a nice son tries always to do what a mother wants. Your mother will be an old woman when you are twenty-one.' 'Will you? That is if you're not dead. You might die to-morrow; we may die any time.'

"We celebrate the Coronation Day here by an Official Service at the Cathedral. Then we go to a Methodist Service. Then from there to a great feast, a treat to thousands of children. Every child in South Australia is to be treated, and all poor people to have some sort of help. In the evening we have an official reception for everybody who has the *entrée*, with their wives and families. We

intend after receiving them and shaking hands to have one of our principal singers to sing 'God save the King,' just at the hour when the King is crowned, and the whole party to sing the chorus."¹

The Peace

"June 4, 1902.

"At 8 o'clock M. came in with the joyful news in a cable from Mr. Chamberlain that Peace was settled, and H. had to send down messages to Lord R. to send off the news to the Premier, the General, the Postmaster, the Chief-Justice, and the Mayor, who was also asked to have the Town Hall bells pealed. In a quarter of an hour they were pealing, and by prayer-time flags were flying and the news was known everywhere. Then at 10.45 I had to drive off with Mademoiselle to the Queen's Home, as there was a Ladies' Committee there, and we thought, as it was the first after the opening, it would be nice to open it with prayers, and to prevent any feeling among the various sects on the Committee I read them. Then I came back, and at 1 o'clock we drove in state to the Parliament House, large escort

¹ Lord Tennyson wrote a new verse for "God save the King," founded on some lines by his father, instead of the "knavish tricks" verse:

Lord God, show forth Thy Power,
And guard us every hour,
God save the king.
Clothe him with righteousness,
Crown him with happiness,
God with Thy blessings bless
And save the king.

of troops in uniform, servants in full livery, etc.; and it was quite wonderful the huge crowd that collected in that short space of time, and as we drove to the Parliament House we were greatly cheered. Harold drove with us; the boys, Mademoiselle, and Mr. Jose went ahead, and were waiting for us on Parliament House steps with the Premier, Mayor, and others. H. said a few words and then read out the cablegram from Mr. Chamberlain; then the Premier, then the Mayor spoke, and this short but very impressive and delightful little function was over."

Governor-Generalship

"July 1902.

"Captain Wallington comes back as Private Secretary, which will be delightful. I am thankful to say (that true patriot), Mr. Deakin, the Acting Federal Premier while Mr. Barton is in England, has written H. two most charming letters since Lord Hopetoun left Melbourne, and says they feel proud to be associated with the name, and that it is a curious coincidence that he should be G.G. *when his father and mother were the first people to write out here in sympathy with Federation at the time it was first thought of.* These letters have cheered and encouraged H. a great deal, and made all the difference in his entering on his new duties.

"We are congratulated on all sides at the high position we are entering on, and S.

Australia is greatly delighted that their Governor has been chosen, and the Government are most kind in wishing us to keep this house and Marble Hill in case we want at any time to come here. H. has given up all his salary here, and the Chief-Justice will be sworn in as Acting Governor.

"I send you a nice article in connection with H.'s speech at the Bishop's Home Mission Society, in which H. advocated religious teaching in the schools. [The New South Wales system of opening the schools to ministers of different denominations had proved very successful.] He has received grateful and charming letters from the Bishop, and one man says 'that future generations of children, tho' they won't know it, will owe him a debt of gratitude.' All these things are worth living for and giving up one's personal wishes, and longing to see you all, my dear ones.

"With God's help and blessing H. may have the opportunity of doing a good work, and even if he fails he will have done his best.

"Everybody here is convinced that he will be offered the permanent Governor-Generalship, but of course the 'wish is father to the thought.'"

Swearing-in of Governor-General

"ADELAIDE.

"Well, to-morrow we leave here for Melbourne as Governor of South Australia, and

return, if all well, on Saturday as Governor-General. H. has a military guard of honour to the station. All the honorary A.D.C.'s have asked leave to come in uniform to the station, and the naval captain sent this morning to say his men want to come up from the port to see him off officially, so they are to come here to the house as a guard of honour—all these marks of affection are very delightful, of course, but terribly trying.

"As G.G.'s wife I am afraid I shall have too little to do, and I like a busy life full of interest, but of course one must be careful not to clash with the Governor's wife and not to do anything to win popularity from her, which would be very unfair. I hope we may do things together, and Lady Clarke is a very nice woman and greatly liked."

In July 1902 came the move to Melbourne to take up the Governor-Generalship. Lady Tennyson's mother was very unwell, and she was much tempted to go home to England. But she writes, "We both care enough for Australia to be willing to undergo any inconvenience if H. can help in any way," and she felt she could not leave him.

South Australia regretted their going, but considered it an honour that their Governor was chosen. A large crowd gathered to cheer him; as he started to be sworn in, guns were fired, bouquets presented.

"No Governor's wife," wrote "Lady Kitty"

in the *Adelaide Critic*, "has so fully gained the love and respect of all classes of the community as Lady Tennyson. It would take too long to enumerate the many good and kindly things she has done since coming to Adelaide, but the Queen's Home stands for ever as a monument to her always-ready sympathy for sorrowing and suffering womanhood."

At Melbourne there was a great reception by Sir Edward Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Deakin, and Captain Wallington, guards of honour, the station decorated, etc. Lord Tennyson's little speech was a great success. The gist of what he said was that he would try to hold the balance level between the Central Government and the States.

From Melbourne on August 11, Lord Tennyson's fiftieth birthday, they set out for Queensland, *via* Sydney, in bitter, freezing cold. At Sydney they were entertained by Sir Harry Rawson, the most popular Governor of New South Wales, and then travelled on to the border station. Queensland was suffering from a terrible drought, which had lasted so long that some of the children had never seen rain. What is wanted in Australia is much more water-conservation and irrigation, and closer settlement. As the train wound among the hills after Toowoomba they saw a kangaroo in the bush and a dingo. They were much struck with the vegetation north of Brisbane—sugar-cane, paddocks of pine-apples, riotous sub-tropical scrub of amazing thickness, with countless orchids, palms, and gums, bracken

and blackberries all growing together ; acres of "Grass Tree," colossal blocks of rock 800 feet high, named by Captain Cook "the Glass Houses," and cottages built on piles to baffle the white ants. They admired the beautiful woods, cut from the forests of Queensland—beautiful for furniture and panelling. The question of the hour in Queensland which Lord Tennyson had gone to Brisbane to discuss was the deportation of the Kanakas (mostly employed in sugar plantations) to their islands in the Pacific.

Marble Hill, 1902

They went back for Christmas 1902 from Melbourne to Marble Hill, South Australia. "We are all delighted," Lady Tennyson writes, "to be back again in this lovely home, with its wild, fearsome hills, valleys and sea, and H. asks if I would like him to buy it and come out every December for two months !! I of course jump at the idea, loving that long voyage so much."

Here Harold gave them all a terrible fright, going off with his friend Tom Dow, the coachman's son, also aged six, wandering into the bush, paddling in a water hole, and only at last being found by a search-party, all dirty and wet, and having to be sent to bed for punishment and rest. Said Harold one day, "I don't like those smiling lizards," which he had seen in the bush with gaping mouths.

"To-day we came on a new little hut, and at the door two men standing in their shirts and trousers, the regular bushmen's dress, one eating a huge bit of cake, the other, a splendid specimen, a very handsome fellow. They bought a plot of twenty-five acres last year, and are now working hard at digging it and fencing and planting it. It's frightfully hard work the clearing and digging of this rough country, but you can put anything in and it grows at once. The elder told me he had been out to South Africa and was wounded three times."

Sydney, 1903

The Tennysons greatly enjoyed Government House at Sydney, with its windows and great verandah giving on the harbour, to which the gardens ran down.

"It is very fascinating looking out of the window and watching all the ships and boats of all kinds, sorts, shapes, and sizes, and the funny little launches dashing about so full of importance; then out of the side windows we look on the port where all the great mail-steamers lie, each with their own wharf—P. & O., Orient, Messageries, etc. The bay which makes this port is called Circular Bay. There go big guns again! Another salute, I suppose. The flying-foxes swarm, and make as much noise almost as cats fighting at night; poor beasts, they shoot them by hundreds; we

hear them popping away most evenings in the Botanical Gardens which join these grounds, but these flying-foxes are so destructive they have to kill them—it is said if their wing only grazes a peach it cannot be eaten, the smell is so strong.”

Investiture

“You would love all the life that goes on in the harbour. Constant guns, sunrise, at 1 o'clock, and at 9, with bugles and bands and salutes when the Admiral or Governors visit any of the men-of-war. Then it is like a busy bee-hive, with boats sailing and rowing, launches, steamers, ferries, etc., all puffing and steaming about right at the bottom of the garden. Towards evening there is a lovely view, like fairyland, the many promontories lit up like gold from the setting sun, the sea a most lovely blue, and numberless yachts with white sails.

“The men-of-war, however, are really quite an eye-sore now, for the new rule is to paint them all iron-grey, every single inch of them, funnels and all the same shade, with nothing to relieve them. We have a German man-of-war in now, all white, and she looks so much better than our grey ships, and last week a Chilian training-ship was in, also all white.

“It is a very fascinating and spoiling life, every luxury, comfort, and pleasure; a large steam-launch to telephone for whenever we like, and we have been on her most afternoons,

and take tea with us to have on board. All the children thoroughly enjoy it, everybody pleased to see us, or at any rate pretends to be, and the slightest thing one does is thought so kind and gracious it would not be human not to enjoy all one's advantages, and any life after it must necessarily be very tame and dull."

Among the ships Lady Tennyson describes was a huge liner about to make the "apple trip" to Tasmania to take home 30,000 cases.

"The Ball on Thursday was very brilliant," she writes; "it was a lovely warm evening, so that the people could walk and sit about the garden, and all the Fleet was illuminated, which made a lovely scene; it was wonderful to see them all blaze out with little electric lights in one moment as the 9 o'clock gun went off. There were about a thousand people present."

Lady Tennyson danced in the vice-regal set of Lancers with the Austrian Consul-General in an amazing uniform.

"I let the three boys just stay up to watch this dance from the gallery behind the palms."

The next excitement was a race between the English crew of the *Royal Arthur* and Australian Naval Reserve men. The English, being in more regular training, won. The Australians took their beating in very good part, saying they would win it back another time.

Then came the great "Investiture" of men from the South African War, one of the most beautiful and brilliant scenes, with the naval and military uniforms and the resplendent dresses of the ladies. The boys saw it all, sitting on the dais at their mother's feet with their cousin Betty. It was the first great ceremony symbolic of Commonwealth Federation and of Imperial Unity, attended by all the Governors except the Governor of Tasmania.

All this time their mother insisted on the boys playing cricket steadily every day.

*Horse-racing and a Camp of the Reorganised
Australian Forces*

"Easter Tuesday, April 14, 1903.

"We had a very successful day yesterday.

"For the Sydney 'Cup,' the principal race, one of the horses somehow threw his rider the moment they started and ran the whole race alone, thoroughly understanding everything. Poor beast, it was so pathetic, he passed all the other horses, and, having done so, went to the inner ring, and just at the last put on a tremendous spurt, came in first, and then slowed down and turned round and bolted into the paddock, through the little gate, all in right order, dear beast, little realising that it all meant nothing as he had no rider. He, poor man, had been taken off in an ambulance, but I don't think he was much hurt. There goes saluting again from

the flagship ! We live among salutes. I think Sir Edward Hutton is paying his official visit to the Admiral. I wonder these great guns don't break the windows. It is so delightful to see all the men-of-war, though they are such a hideous colour, lying off the wall at the bottom of the grounds.

"We left the races early, had tea as we went along, Sir E. Barton travelling with us to a place called Richmond, where the Mayor awaited us with an address ; a crowd of people who cheered us both. Outside, a bigger crowd, and a very smart escort of N.S.W. Lancers, who escorted us to the camp about a mile off. We inspected the camp, all so beautifully neat and smart and trim ; the men, the General told me, so excellent in their conduct, and the horses really wonderful when one thinks they came straight out of the bush many of them. One regiment, the General told me, marched 80 miles to their nearest station, and then travelled 300 miles for this three-weeks' camp. We had dinner in a beautiful Indian tent. I sat between the two Generals, General Hutton¹ of the Commonwealth and General Finn of the State. The Austrian Consul-General, I forgot

¹ While Sir John Forrest was Minister of Defence, Sir Edward Hutton had reorganised all the Australian military forces on a territorial basis. That his work was very successful has been proved in the Great War. Lord Tennyson wrote at this time that they "could not make Australia a recruiting ground for the British Army Reserve." "Australia," he said, "looks upon herself as in alliance with Great Britain, and as a self-governing community will not bind herself further. Thousands of volunteers would anyhow be always forthcoming in any crisis to help the Mother Country."

to say, was with us in the train, and changed in the train into his smart uniform, and was a great object of interest to the soldiers. He is a nephew of Count Deym. It turned out a most lovely evening, with golden clouds peeping above the dark blue hills and then the most beautiful moon. After dinner we went into another tent, and H. held a *levée*. Then we sat outside and the massed bands played to us most beautifully, till it was time to go back by train. We got home about 10.30 after a long but most pleasant time."

One day soon afterwards there was a sudden thunder-clap, like an explosion, and then torrents of rain. Harold assured his father that the head of the General's wife had blown off and pierced a hole in the clouds and let the rain through.

Another day came a visit of 247 bluejackets to receive medals for the Chinese Expedition.

Harold's Birthday

Harold's seventh birthday, April 27, 1903, was a very special and characteristic occasion.

"Yesterday," writes his mother, "we all started off, the whole party before 9 A.M. by special train to the Hawkesbury River, most lovely scenery, a succession of beautiful lakes in every direction for hundreds of miles, with high wooded hills and peaks coming down to the water's edge, or delicious little sandy coves where the people catch thousands

of prawns. A delightful family of Dangars, such nice people, father and mother, six daughters and four sons, have an island here, and they entertained us there yesterday. We had a most exquisite day."

A launch sent round by sea met them; they steamed about seeing bits of the river, and then had a "very merry and sumptuous" luncheon. After luncheon Mr. Dangar, who knew the child and had told his mother on the way that Harold was a splendid little fellow and would do something one day, got up and proposed Harold's health, saying he hoped his life would be as bright as this birthday had been to them all. Harold, who had amused them by shouting out "Hear, hear" to this, at the end stood up, and in a most solemn voice said, "I thank you very much for proposing my health, and now I propose yours." This, which took Mr. Dangar quite aback, and was received with much laughter, he did in the most spontaneous, unconscious manner—his great charm.

After luncheon they went off in the launch again and steamed to the mouth of the river, where it runs into the South Pacific Ocean, and then, after a merry tea, some went home by train and some, keeping to the launch, round by sea.

At this time the boys were a great feature, riding with their mother or attending their father at many of his functions. People liked to see them, and they enjoyed greatly the free, while full, life.

"SYDNEY, *May 16, 1903.*

"Mr. Wingfield, H.'s secretary, told us yesterday afternoon that all our letters must be ready by 11 this morning, as the mails, owing to the strike in Victoria on the railway, were to go by the mail-steamer from here this morning. Suddenly the news was carried all over the house that the strike was at an end and the men surrendered unconditionally. Mr. Irvine, the Victorian Premier, has behaved splendidly, and I only wish, and it is the wish of everybody out here, that Australia had a few more men as strong as he. Happily for him he has the whole of Australia at his back, excepting the strikers."

Sir George Clarke, now Lord Sydenham, helped Mr. Irvine greatly by his wise counsel.

"Everybody has put their shoulder to the wheel. It is said that Melba's father, who is 74, and who began life on an engine, has been running an engine for several days, and the shipping companies have worked splendidly, facilitating transport whenever they could.

"Sydney certainly is a delicious place, and the most delicious place in Sydney is this Government House. We shall never think any other view can come near it, I fear. Alas, one might enjoy it all so much more, but *every* afternoon I have to go off to visit one of the many admirable 'Institutions.' It is rather hard work sometimes, day after day, hurrying

off, coming back too late for a walk or a game with the boys, but still I feel it is one's duty to do all one can for the short time we are here, especially as it seems to give pleasure. Every afternoon this week and every afternoon next week are filled up except Saturday, and that I *do* stand out about, as it is the boys' half-holiday."

Reception of the Japanese Fleet -

"SYDNEY, June 1903.

"The Japanese Fleet arrived, and we all went out on the balcony with our glasses to see them come in. They look very much like our ships, all dark grey, but they only have *one* mast in the middle and one funnel. This morning the Admiral Kamimura and his three Captains, Commander, etc., and the Japanese Consul arrived at 10, and H. and the boys and the Staff met them in the entrance hall, and I and the rest met them in the drawing-room, and we all went out into the verandah and talked a little, and then they wrote their names in my book and then went on to call on the Governor. H. waited to give the Admiral time to get on board his ship again, and then went down to the launch and on board the flagship. We watched them from the terrace, and were surprised to hear them play 'God save the King,' as on board English men-of-war they may blow a bugle Royal salute, but never 'God save the King' for *any* one but the King.

“The harbour looked lovely when I got up and threw open all my windows, as all our men-of-war and the mail-steamers were decorated, and the Japanese Fleet also.

“The Lord Mayor is giving a luncheon in H.’s honour, and to the Japs and all the swells of the State collected together. We are going to the Gallery to hear H.’s speech, one he says he feels more anxious about than any he has made, because it is so difficult as G.G. to say anything with any meaning in it without going beyond bounds, but he is so careful that I feel sure it will be all right. I am taking the boys, as they may never have another chance out here of hearing their father, and it is an historical occasion with the great Japanese Admiral Kamimura and his Staff present. We have our reception for them on Thursday night, and are going to have ‘Hands all Round’ sung in honour of our Allies.”

What Lord Tennyson did say was that if he had had any measure of success in his administration it was mainly due to his wife, and also that he was glad to inform the people of Australia that £10,000 a year (and the Government Houses kept up by the Government) was ample for a Governor-General to live on and to entertain on as he ought to do. He was strongly in favour of State Governors not being done away with both for the sake of the connection with the Mother Country and of Australia herself. Demo-

cratic Australia (he wrote) likes a Governor-General's (or a Governor's) establishment to be well found and "turned out," but dislikes any formal ostentation.

"June 28, 1903.

"I must finish about the visit of the Japanese Fleet, which was a great success. We had a number of the middies up one day, and they gave us a fencing and wrestling performance, which was most interesting and wonderfully done. Then they had baths and dressed in their uniforms and had tea, and then I showed them the pictures in the drawing-room. My father-in-law's portrait they beamed over, saying, 'Lord Tennyson—Oh, we know "Charge of the Light Brigade." Oh, he taught in all our schools; we know him quite well, ha ! ha !'

"They always say ha ! ha ! to everything. I asked them if it means I see, or I hear, or I understand. They said yes. We went on board their ships, and whenever the Captain spoke to any one he was answered 'Ha !' meaning 'Yes, sir.' They gave us lots of presents and photographs, and wrote a most amusing letter of thanks. The poor Admiral Kamimura was so ill most of the time that he could not come to our official reception for him.

"It was a most gorgeous night, and although mid-winter, by great good luck so warm and balmy that everybody remained outside in the garden and verandah, and the rooms, after

everybody had passed our door and shaken hands with us, were almost empty. We had all the two fleets illuminated, which was quite lovely, and I do not ever remember the sky at night looking such a perfect blue; there was a waning moon, and the whole thing was really ideal and a great success. One of the little middies who was up in the afternoon for the wrestling said good-bye to me, and then put his head in again to say, 'I very glad I see you again to-night,' and as he passed in the evening he beamed again and said, 'I very glad to see you again.'

"When I showed one or two of the officers Queen Victoria's photographs they pulled themselves straight and made a bow to it. One of the captains, Matsumoto, gave me a funny little Japanese tree 50 years old in a pot. They all went off to Townsville, Queensland, at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, and we went down to the bottom of the lawn and waved to them, the boys with large towels, as they steamed off past the *Royal Arthur* amid loud cheers.¹

"And now five of our own fleet have steamed for Melbourne, to be away three weeks, and we have only a little gunboat, the *Sparrow*, lying off the bottom of the lawn to guard us, and the harbour looks so empty. One misses the ships very much. We can see distinctly

¹ The chief poet of Japan sent a poetical salutation to Lord Tennyson, saying that, though they could not meet in the flesh, their spirits would rush to meet each other in the unknown, speeding across the illimitable spaces of the universe.

on the decks of the nearest and hear the words of the hymns and the service on Sundays. This morning one missed 'God save the King' and all the bugles at 8 o'clock, instead of which there was only the cooing of the faithful little turtle-dove that never ceases for one morning, although it's mid-winter, and there are still some of the sweet little swallows with red breasts remaining, who sit every morning on the telephone lines in front of my window and clean themselves with a sweet little chirp."

"MARBLE HILL, *June 1903.*

"Here is Tuesday, and we have just arrived at our dear Adelaide, greeted by numbers of friends, so affectionately and kindly, at the station. The kind old R.C. Archbishop O'Reilly said, 'Why, Your Excellency, you get younger and younger every day.' 'Yes, and *we* all feel younger when Lady Tennyson comes among us,' said Sir Jenkin Coles, the Speaker. It does touch me, their true, simple affection, and it gives one regret that after to-day we shall perhaps never see more of them again.

"At Government House we were received by our good friends, Sir Samuel and Lady Way, and it is touching the way they have thought of everything—they must have brought down half their household gods, all to make the house pretty and comfortable for us—my much-loved sitting-room all ready for me,

with a photograph of my three darlings on the table !

“It seems to strike everybody as very delightful ‘our family life,’ apart from the public one, and the happiness of the children, and all of us together—they charm everybody, men and women, young and old, by their pretty manners and happy looks, and are so un-selfconscious.”

Sir George Reid only expressed what Australians feel when he said that instead of the British Squadron at Sydney “they want to have some little Naval Show of their own.” The Governor-General and Sir Harry Rawson spoke and wrote strongly, advocating some sort of an Australian Navy.

“Harold can generally tell what line any ship belongs to and where she is going and what the signals and flags mean. It is really astonishing how the boy picks up his knowledge, and when he has got it remembers it.

“We had a delightful little visit in Adelaide. There was never anything like the kindness and warm affection of the people.

“We are hoping that our Queen’s Home Nurses will always do honour and credit to the Home. I just had time to rush round the wards, all looking so lovely and bright and peaceful, with nine babies, all but one enormous, six boys and three girls—one or two I longed to bring off. The Matron told me as I was talking to one mother that she

had come from Clare up country, and that three of her children, the eldest aged 11, had started to walk off alone, 'to walk to mother,' and were out three nights when they were found on the road by a policeman, who took them to an aunt at Adelaide, and they were sent home again, alas, without seeing mother, poor mites ! I could not ask why before her, as the poor soul wept as the Matron told me, and I had no time after, as we had to rush off and catch the train."

In another letter Lady Tennyson tells a story related by the Duke of York to her of two small boys in New Zealand, aged nine and seven, who walked from up country 130 miles along the railway lines to see the Duke. They were found lying half dead on the road from exhaustion and were taken to the hospital. T.R.H. went to see them; the elder was frightened, afraid he was going to be scolded, but the younger was very talkative. The Duke asked, "What did you eat?" "Turnips." "And what did you drink?" "Water from the puddles." "Didn't your feet get very sore?" "Yes, because we wore out our boots the first day." "What did you do it for?" "To see the Duke and Duchess." "Well, and have you seen them?" The little fellow looked up with the most funny little expression and said, "I think so." The father had arrived to fetch them back, and begged that there might be no fuss made or they would be ruined and think themselves heroes, but T.R.H.

gave them their photographs, with which they were delighted.

The National Park

(a Reserve of Wild Bush and Wild Animals)

“SYDNEY, *June 29, 1903.*

“We went by special train, which they are always ready to give us if the ordinary trains are not at convenient hours, to the National Park, a beautiful bit of bush of 30,000 acres that the Government has enclosed [and reserved], keeping up the roads for the public, with enormous trees, the most beautiful being the turpentine gums with rough bark stems, and all kinds of huge palms, all growing wild—such lovely varied and tangled semi-tropical vegetation. Of course this is mid-winter, but in the spring it is smothered with wild flowers. Such splendid great rocks and boulders everywhere, and it is marvellous how these enormous trees grow on the rocks without any soil. It was a most ideal day. Harold and I sat on the coach-box, and he got every sort of information out of the old driver. There are lots of parrots, wallabies, native bears and opossums, also lyre birds, but they all come out more in the early morning and at night. We heard the stockwhip bird (with a voice like the crack of a stock-whip), and down by the water saw a kingfisher with the most brilliant bright-blue back and wings

and buff breast I ever saw. It was so tame, too. The driver told us that on Bank Holidays ten and twelve thousand people are here picnicking, and often fourteen excursion trains come in during the day, all crammed, from Sydney.

“At the end of the drive we came to a little village called Audley, where the fresh river finishes and the salt tidal river, Hacking, begins, which goes out to Port Hacking, an arm of the sea running in from the Southern Ocean. There we found a Government oil-launch awaiting us. We steamed away towards the Heads, the opening into the sea, and saw a majestic pelican sailing along on the water; also passed a pretty little promontory where several Sydney people have their summer villas, and along the shore several cottages belonging to the Government—any respectable person can get the loan of one for fishing; also a deer-park, where the Government have placed 150 rein and roe deer. On the shores are oyster-beds with millions of oysters, small, but very good, and anybody may go and eat as many as they like on the spot, but must carry none of them away.”

“August 26, 1903.

“Harold is tremendously keen about stamps and knows every stamp he has, and it means of course that he learns a great deal of geography with it. Lady L. went with him to

one of his stamp shops, and he knew all the stamps they had.

"On Saturday Harold went an expedition with Horn by train to Paramatta, and returned by boat after seven, pitch-dark—and frightened me out of my wits by saying, 'What do you think I have done, Mamie? Well, I'll tell you. We got on the steamer, and I talked to the man who manages the gangway and asked him what places we should stop at (and a few more questions too, poor man, I'll be bound), and then I asked him his name, and he said "Marshall." "Oh, where do you live?" "I live at Government House." "Are you the Governor's son?" "No, I am the Governor-General's son." "What's your name?" "Harold Courtenay Tennyson." "Oh, are you the Governor-General's youngest little son?" (Harold is a well-known character.) "Yes." "Oh, then you would like to see the engines," and he went and asked the chief engineer, and he gave permission and said, "Oh yes," and I went down and saw all the engines.' He was beaming with pride and delight at having seen them. When we got into the train at Como he nodded to the engineer, who was bowing and laughing as the train came in, and said, 'That's one of my friends,' and later he rushed up to me saying, 'Oh, Mamie, *do* let me go on the engine, he wants me, he is beckoning to me.' He often rode on the engines of our trains and helped to drive them, or else thought that he helped."

Swearing-in of the High Court

"MELBOURNE, August 1903.

"Sir John Forrest was here the other day. Speaking of H.'s work he said, 'I think everything is comfortably and smoothly settled and arranged, and everything will go smoothly now the great machine has been set rolling.'

"The boys now often go across to the Grammar School and play cricket.

"We have Mrs. Harmer staying with us now for a few days, and Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, delightful Canadians. He had been to Aldworth to see us in Jubilee year, I think it was. He is now travelling to all our Colonies to arrange about the Rhodes Scholarships, and is a most interesting man to talk to. You would like them both.

"Last night H. took the boys and most of the party to the Observatory, which is just outside the grounds, to see the moon and Saturn and Jupiter through the telescope.

"Our garden-party was a very great success, as we hear from all sides. We received them in the Fountain Court, and then they went into our enormous Ball Room (larger than that at Buckingham Palace),¹ where we had endless little tables for six, beautifully decorated with yellow roses and purple irises; this was quite a new plan, and the people were delighted.

¹ Government House at Melbourne is much the best of all the Government houses for entertainments, as the Governor's part of the house is quite distinct from the part to which the public is admitted.

The gardens just now, with their fresh green English trees and shrubs, oaks, laburnums, and lilacs, and the masses of roses everywhere, look lovely.

"We had the swearing-in of our High Court yesterday. It was a most interesting little ceremony. H. says he can feel he is probably the only man living who has sworn in, on its inception, a High Court of a great country—Sir Samuel Griffith, a wonderfully able man, former Chief-Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of Queensland, Sir E. Barton and Mr. O'Connor, both New South Wales, and very clever; all the members of the Victorian Bar, upwards of 150, were present in wigs and gowns. It was all extremely well done.

"Sir Edmund Barton resigned the Premiership for a Judgeship in the High Court after a great fight with himself.¹ I do not suppose there ever was a set of appointments (also Mr. Deakin's taking the Premiership) which has given such absolute satisfaction. (Mr. Deakin's battle-cry was 'Fiscal Peace and Imperial Preference for a White Australia.')

"The boys treat me exactly like an elder sister, and always want me to share in all their games and amusements."

"SYDNEY, *October 1903.*

"Our visit to Ballarat was a great success. We were very warmly received, the bells of

¹ Unselfishly giving up the Chief-Justiceship, which he might have had, to Sir Samuel Griffith.

the Town Hall pealing most of the day, and crowds waving and hurraing all along the streets. We had a very amusing luncheon, with a 'killing' speech by the Mayor, simple and genuine, amid roars of laughter. He said he had spent many sleepless nights because he had been told he could never entertain a Governor-General, but he had found Lord T. a man like himself, and that he and Lady T. had become 'quite chummy.' There were shrieks of laughter at the last expression. He told me all his history. He was one of the very early settlers.

"I am working now to get Premiers and Governors to arrange a universal close season all over Australia for the native animals, opossums, wallabies, platypus, kangaroos, etc., which otherwise will soon be extinct. The Premier here agrees with the proposition, but writes that not very many skins are exported from Victoria, only a few hundred thousands annually!!"

Some of the biggest Trees in the World

"GRACEDALE HOUSE, HEALESVILLE,
November 1903.

"We arrived yesterday with Bishop Welldon, who has been staying with us. Such a glorious day, hot sun and delicious air and the scenery gorgeous, thousands of tree ferns and magnificent huge gum trees 200 to 300 feet high and 50 to 60 feet round—the tree cicalas are perfectly deafening. Oh, I do love all this

Australian bush, and it just tears my heart to think in three weeks' time I shall never see it again. All the scents are so delicious, and we heard the whip-bird quite close as we walked along the bush track, and the beloved native thrush with the most beautiful of all notes woke me this morning."

Now at last, in December, came the taking leave of Australia. They had a great send-off at Melbourne, yet again at Adelaide, and again at Perth.¹

¹ LORD TENNYSON'S FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA

"I am deeply touched by the innumerable tokens of goodwill on my farewell received from yourself (the Prime Minister) and the Ministers, and from all parts of Australia. Though of course, for many reasons, we are glad to be going home, still Lady Tennyson and I leave with unfeigned sorrow, for we have spent in your midst five most happy and interesting years. We have received nothing but kindness from your hands, which we shall never forget. Your affectionate leave-taking is a gratifying proof that in your opinion at all events our efforts to fulfil important and responsible duties have not been wholly unsuccessful.

"May I repeat what I said before—that it was my fortune to inherit a strong and passionate desire to endeavour to the utmost to share in helping the British Empire to realise her mighty and manifest destiny. My belief is that this destiny will find its accomplishment through a closer union which, while preserving, strengthening, and developing every individual part, will so bind the whole together with a common loyalty and common patriotism, that we shall be able fearlessly to lead the nations in the path of truth and justice, righteousness and freedom, peace and progress. In the same manner the more real the union of the Australian States is, the stronger the individuality each State retains within the limits of the Constitution; and the more keenly and the more deeply every Australian feels the personal sense of responsibility in the heritage of citizenship, the greater will be the Commonwealth, and the more potent your influence for good throughout the world. Will you, my friends, accept our warm thanks for the kindness, courtesy, thoughtfulness, and consideration shown to us since our arrival in South Australia? No one appreciates more the noble qualities of the Australians, their loyalty, warm-heartedness, and true generosity. We shall ever remember your sympathy, and beg you to keep us in affectionate memory. Good-bye, God prosper you!"

PART II

A SON AND SERVANT OF THE
EMPIRE

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD

THE Tennysons had been five years away from England, and Harold was now approaching his eighth year. The governess who now took him in hand, Miss Lisle, wrote after his death: "I always longed to be able to paint a life-like portrait of him, there and then, with his brown eyes sparkling with happiness, and his pretty, rich golden hair." He was in that delightful stage—

Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And again: "Could one ever forget the tiny boy of eight playing his fiddle with infinite enjoyment and expression?"

His great-uncle Frederick, it may be remembered, whose strong passionate nature Edward FitzGerald so greatly admired, had been a great pianist, and some of his grandmother's settings of the Tennyson lyrics are well known.

The tutor who succeeded Miss Lisle says: "I have never met a child so loving and so lovable, so responsive to every noble impulse, and so quick at grasping each new thought."

In May 1908, when he was just twelve, he

went for the rest of that year to "Evelyns," the well-known Preparatory School kept by Mr. Worsley at Uxbridge. Before he went he sent his mother a little poem :

FROM A CHILD

Never another
Can love like a mother,
Never another,
Be it sister or brother.
Wander north, wander south,
Roam east, or roam west,
Home, home, home is best !

It was now decided that he should enter the Navy. Accordingly he went to Osborne in the beginning of 1909, and remained till 1911. In the September of 1910 he wanted to go to France, because he intended to compete for the French Prize, which he afterwards won. He took his father to Paris, arranging everything. "I often think back with delight of our stay in Paris," he writes the next term. "I am longing to go again."

In 1911 he passed on from Osborne to Dartmouth. There he was equally successful. He won the English Literature Prize, showing, so the examiner said, "more mind and knowledge of life than any of the other candidates." He was still not fifteen when he entered, and not seventeen when he left, but the Naval training develops character and capacity very early and remarkably.

Harold's character now became distinctly marked. It shaped itself consciously and un-

consciously, and took a very visible form, and there can be little doubt that he owed much to the colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, especially to the latter.

The present head of Dartmouth, Mr. C. E. Ashford, writing to Lord Tennyson, said, it is true, that "Harold must not be taken as typical of the average Cadet, being above that average, more alert mentally than most, and more capable and willing to profit by the opportunities given at this College than many."

But however that may have been, he was certainly typical of the education given, and the temper and character sought to be impressed, there.

He was, it would seem, typical in particular of the combination of practical and academic elements laid down by practical and University men in collaboration when arranging the Naval training of to-day; and of the introduction of humanistic studies side by side with mathematics and science.

While the Dartmouth course necessarily includes, not only more physical and practical drill and training, more science, and more engineering than are found at a Public School, a strong effort is made, not only to teach adequately a modern language, such as French or German, and English literature, but even, through translations, and by means of history, to give some acquaintance with, and taste for, the thought and life of Greece and Rome.

Harold Tennyson possessed naturally a strong

taste for literature.¹ His artistic instincts found expression in his music. He had an inquiring mind, a love of knowledge,² both for purposes of use and for its own sake. He had also a fine physique, a keen intellect, and well-trained practical gifts. All these will appear in the pages which follow. If they appear in something like a due and happy blending and proportion, not a little credit must be given to Dartmouth College, which certainly turned him out well fitted, not only for the beginning of his career in the Navy, but for that career itself, and, further, for life in its fullest sense and its most various aspects.

To those who cared about him it is all the more satisfactory that his name, and the literary tastes which go so well with it, and were so strong in him, will be kept alive in the College by the Prize for English Literature, which his father has founded there in his memory.

He wrote, in an examination paper, an analysis, very remarkable for a boy of fifteen, of character, entitled, "About Character, especially in the Navy." For its motto he might have adopted his grandfather's lines :

O well for him whose will is strong !
He suffers but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers but he cannot suffer wrong.

It has the same terse vigour, the same resolute fortitude of spirit.

¹ An incidental remark in one of his letters led Mr. Harrison (of the Harrison line of steamships) to provide our battleships and battle-cruisers with additional libraries (amounting to upwards of 250,000 volumes) for the men.

² For instance, during his holidays at Dartmouth he called at the Japanese Embassy to find out some one who could teach him Japanese.

"About Character, especially in the Navy (act. 15)

"Character is built up mainly of two things—heredity and environment (and then a man has Free Will). He who chooses his own path of life, doing what he himself thinks right, never swerving to the right hand or the left, living a straight life of truth and honesty, sympathetic with others, is the great man. He must be always cool and calm when others are blaming him, in many cases for what he has not really done.

"There are many tests in the service which are trying for the man in the service, for instance when the captain finds fault with the commander—this finding fault is often continued down and magnified at each step, until the midshipman suffers, but supposing the commander has control of himself, he saves junior ranks from much unpleasantness. The man of character must meet triumph and disaster with the same cheerful outward look, not showing to others what he feels, not blaming his luck when another is placed over his head, nor rejoicing when he triumphs over his rivals or his enemies. But the hardest thing of all, that requires all the grit a man possesses, is to see the things of which he had a vision from his youth up, for which he had slaved and toiled, and perhaps given up his life for, destroyed in a moment. Then the great man will start without a word, and build up again that which has vanished."

THE NAVY, SPECIAL SERVICE CRUISE (AET. 16-17)

WITH the beginning of the year 1913, when Harold was a little short of seventeen years of age, he started on a "special service cruise" in H.M.S. *Cumberland*. This lasted some six months, as they dropped anchor in Plymouth on their return on July 8. It was a voyage full of variety, interest, and even adventure. Among the midshipmen, a year or rather more older than Harold Tennyson, was Prince Albert, the second son of the King. Already Harold had developed a very mature power of description, and the main incidents are best told in his own letters, which, for a boy of barely seventeen, are certainly very striking.

The first letter¹ is headed H.M.S. *Cumberland*, Special Service; written Wednesday afternoon, January 22; posted at Teneriffe. It should be remembered that it was his first experience of the open ocean and of a real storm.

¹ "I am returning Harold's letters, which I fear I have kept unduly long, but I found them absorbingly interesting. The extraordinary accuracy of his accounts is so thoroughly in accord with the truthfulness of his nature. I am so glad you are going to have them printed, as they cannot fail to inspire many a lad with all that is best." (Letter from Rear-Admiral Sir W. R. Hall, K.C.M.G.)

MY DARLING MAMIE—I am writing this on our way to Teneriffe, so that I can post it there. We shall get no mails there, as they have all been sent to St. Lucia, so I shall not hear from you for months. I am simply loving every minute of my time on board, although we get no spare time at all. We have just come through, so to speak, the “jaws of death.” The weather got steadily rougher, and on Monday night from 4 P.M. till 7 P.M. I believe we were in considerable danger. I was hanging on for dear life on the boat deck, the ship simply diving and rolling in the most awful manner, and seas breaking right over her, when suddenly a terrific green sea struck her and carried away a lot of gear. The Captain flew alone up to the bridge, and we altered course at once so as to get head to it. It really was the most appalling time I have ever been through, and you can't imagine what it feels like to be in a great ship that is rolling gunwale under. A few minutes later a signalman came down from the bridge on his way to the wireless room. It was apparently the most terrific gale he had ever seen. A little later all the officers went up on the bridge.

At the same time as all this a wireless message came through to say that a ship had foundered between us and the land. We were then twenty miles due north of Finisterre, just out of the Bay, when the gale was worst.

During Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,

till 4 P.M., it was bad enough, water six inches deep washing all over the decks, and the chest-flat where we sleep in the same condition. The doctor said he had been through the Bay twenty-two times and had never seen it so rough. Our only chance was, when the gale came on, to steam away from the land, as we were off a rocky lee-shore with the gale driving us on it. Before, we were going about two knots the latter part of the Bay, and we were rolling gunwale under nearly every time, and of course this means shipping water by the ton. I thought to myself, Lionel complained about being wet on manoeuvres this last time, and here we had water up to our knees for three days in every part of the ship. We got out of the gale about 70 miles from Finisterre due W. at midnight on Monday. On Tuesday it was calm, but with a tremendous swell. Anyhow, we started doing duty after 9 o'clock.

We are divided into three groups, A, B, and C, and the groups are each divided into three "subs," A1, A2, and A3, consisting of six cadets and a cadet-captain. I have got B2 to look after. For the first month A has Seamanship, B Engineering, and C Gunnery and Navigation, and so you can think of me keeping watch down in the engine-room all day. We turn out 6 A.M., do watch from 6.30 to 7.30 and from 8.30 till 11.30 and from 2 till 4. All the other time we get is filled up with divisions, quarter, etc. Yesterday

we did Fire Drill, and to-day "out collision mats." Our only time except meals, half an hour for each, is from 7 P.M. till 9.30 P.M., and we can turn in between those two when we like.

Please give my fondest love to father, and tell him my next letter will be to him. I have lots of episodes, etc., to tell you which I have logged in my diary. Everything is down in it, even when a delightful goat, the ship's pet, falls down the ash-hoist and a seaman had his trousers pulled right off by a green sea.—Ever your very loving son,

HAROLD.

P.S.—It is quite calm to-day, Wednesday, and we are going fifteen knots to make up for rough weather, but as it is we shall be thirty hours late at Teneriffe.

H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND,"
SPECIAL SERVICE,
Tuesday, February 4.

I am writing on my way across the Atlantic from Teneriffe to Santa Lucia. I will just tell you briefly what I have been doing, as I have got all the details down in my diary, which I am keeping diligently.

On Sunday, January 26, the Captain asked me to motor with him to Orotava. We left the ship about 10 o'clock, Prince Albert and Lieutenant Spencer-Cooper also going, and got to Orotava about 11. The country is all

much the same, gaily coloured houses wherever you look, but round Orotava there are large banana plantations.

We went to see a certain Captain and Mrs. Denny. They have a very nice bungalow sort of house to which they come out every year. They are extraordinarily nice people.

They have got the most lovely garden, and it seemed quite like old times seeing the crimson bougainvillea, the large borders of maidenhair, and the bottle brush. They gave us a very good lunch, and we were waited on by black men in white liveries who looked very smart. Orotava used to be a most fashionable place for people from England for the winter, then Egypt took its place, but now they have built a first-class hotel, and people are beginning to come out again. Lady Goodenough and two ladies, Lady Vincent and her sister Mrs. Hawkshaw, were staying there. We played golf croquet all the afternoon on a most perfect lawn. Sir William Vincent showed me what cochineal is. It is a sort of maggot that lives on the prickly pear leaves, and when you squash it between your fingers you get a most beautiful deep red stain. It is used a great deal for dyeing, especially for pink coats. We got a magnificent view of the Peak from their garden, just the snow-cap above the other ranges. It does not go down sheer into the sea, but is in the middle of the island surrounded by other ranges. There was a slight

eruption in 1909, so Captain Denny told me. They felt several slight earthquakes and heard rumblings for a fortnight or so, and one day there was a terrific explosion, and he dashed out and saw a red ball hurled up into the sky, which was found the next day to be a large boulder. A small hill about 100 feet high was also thrown up near the foot of the Peak. No one, however, was injured.

About a hundred years ago there was a big eruption and lava streamed out. Their garden is in the channel formed by the lava on its way to the sea, and there is a lot at the bottom of the garden, like rocks of pumice-stone, where there was a slight stoppage.

On Monday we, the Engineering Group, stayed on board to coal ship, while all the rest of the term went ashore for a picnic. It was really quite fun, and excellent exercise. I had charge of the empties, that is, to see that empty sacks were returned and evenly distributed to the four coal-lighters alongside, two on each side. They are thrown down from the deck of the ship to the Dagos in the lighter underneath. I saw a good chance of a little fun, and so threw down three sacks one after the other on a Dago's head, disappearing after each shot. I got a splendid volley of Spanish language, accompanied by a volley of coal, from two or three of them when I appeared again after about ten minutes with some more sacks, and again after another ten minutes when I placed another sack

lightly on his head. The whole coaling stopped abruptly, and I quickly disappeared down the nearest hatch. When I came up again things were going smoothly, but I heard there had been a frightful row between the Spaniards and the Lieutenant, he cursing them for stopping, and neither party understanding each other at all.

We steamed off at 4 o'clock, all very hot and tired and dirty, and it took me three baths to get clean again.

On Tuesday the sea was like a lake, and the Engineering Group did a day on deck just for a breather before our ten days below. I kept watch on the bridge.

On Wednesday the Atlantic roll started, and ever since then we have had the fiddles on. This infernal old tub rolls when the sea is quite calm.

Wednesday evening I was very liver-sick, and stayed all that night and all the next day in the Sick Bay.

On Friday I went back to duty, and spent all my time down in the Engine-Room and Boiler-Room since. My trouble is that I cannot get enough exercise, but since my little siesta in Sick Bay I hit upon the brilliant inspiration of doing two hours' stoking a day, and I am really becoming an efficient stoker, so they tell me. To give the thing a good start-off I volunteered to do two hours on Saturday afternoon, as it was the last spare time we have had except in the evenings from

7 till 9.30. (By the way, I may as well tell you now that this is the only spare time we get except on Sunday and Saturday afternoons.) Every one thought me mad, including the Engineer-Lieutenant, but I kept the pressure in my boiler above that in the others, with occasional helps from the stoker when the engineer wasn't looking, and as a result he told me I could come down whenever I wanted to, and when I am on duty in the Engine-Room I get leave to go in there for an hour. It does not seem a popular sport, for no other cadets have followed suit.

On Sunday I had a *tête-à-tête* lunch with the Captain. He certainly is a particularly nice man off duty, and has been very kind to me. He told me all about how thirty years ago he did the same track as we are doing now in a sailing-ship, and it took him a month to get across, all on salt beef. I am thankful to say we are fed perfectly, and have had fresh meat the whole time. The food is really excellent.

As regards my violin, I play four nights a week with the ship's band. They play all dance-music, so it is not much practice. At the same time it keeps my fingers in, otherwise, as I have already told you, we are at work from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M., with only time for meals in between.

Ever since Monday week we have not seen a single ship at all, much less land. I have just come up from afternoon watch down in

the Engine-Room, having spent $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours stoking myself.

That is of course optional. You are simply put in charge of a stoke-hold, and are responsible for the boilers and feed-pumps, temperature 120° F., and then $\frac{3}{4}$ hours on top of the cylinders, where everything is so hot that you can't touch it, and the temperature is 150° F., the highest they have ever known. I had to take indicator diagrams, that is why I had to go there. I should think it is the next hottest place to the reciprocal of heaven, and I should quite believe I lost six or seven pounds.

As to going on deck, I have not been near the place, and not a chance till 7 P.M. This engineering only lasts for a month, and then I shall live on deck.

ST. LUCIA,
Wednesday, February 5.

We arrived here about 2.30 P.M., and went right alongside the quay, where there was an open-mouthed gaping crowd of niggers all dressed in the most gaudy colours. St. Lucia is certainly very beautiful. It is nothing but valleys and hills about 2000 and 3000 feet high, and all densely wooded with tropical vegetation.

The harbour of Castries is beautiful, and the blue of the sea lovely. Alas! alas! I see on a notice that there is no mail in till Thursday, February 13, and none out till Sunday, February 16.

At present there is a tremendous yapping and squeaking of negroes gazing at the ship.

ST. LUCIA,
Thursday, February 13.

Hurrah ! the mails have come at last, and I have got yours and father's letters up to January 25. That seems months ago, and only a week after I left. I am finishing this letter off in the evening at 8 o'clock, after a very hot day. This place, the actual harbour, which is surrounded by hills, is beautiful, the islet is nothing but hills and valleys, all covered with this wonderful tropical vegetation, which is all so dense that no one can penetrate it. Castries is the only place where any one lives, except at Gros Islet and Soufrière, two small villages on the other side. Castries is quite the dirtiest little place I have ever been in. The houses are all hovels. You cannot get a decently clean glass of lemon-squash. There is only one at all respectable shop in the place, and that is a chemist's. There is absolutely nothing to do except that there is one tennis-court, always monopolised by the officers, and a cricket-ground, where I have played once. As a matter of fact I have been very busy and very happy the whole time, as we only get two hours ashore, except on half-holidays, and we usually go and have the most delicious surf bathing, the water being like a hot bath. On

half-holidays we have "socials," which consist of afternoon dances at Government House.

There is a high hill at the back of the town called the Mome, where the wealthier people live, Government House being right at the top. From here you really do get a glorious view looking right down on the harbour with its lovely blue water. I have found a negro fellow, who lends me a three-speed cycle of his for nothing whenever I go ashore. As a matter of fact I have only been on it twice. There are only two places one can go to, one is to the top of the hill, and the other is to a place called Union, about four miles out of Castries, where they experiment with plants for agricultural purposes. It is about the only road in the island, very rough, and it simply goes through the tropical jungle, whose colours and shadows of green are very bright and beautiful. One can never realise that so many different kinds of trees could be got into so small a space, otherwise along the road there is nothing else to see. The island is about the size of the Isle of Wight, and after Union there is a sort of bridle-path, very rugged, to Gros Islet, where a few peasants live on fishing. The people of Castries live chiefly on coaling ships. Fruit grows here in abundance, but beside the usual amount one gets in England, I think all the native fruits are not nearly so good as they are painted, in fact I don't care for any of them, except limes, which are the substitute for lemons and make

lime-squash, and grape-fruit, which is excellent. I live on the latter, as the food is getting beastly on board, I am sorry to say. It is no wonder, as we are still living on provisions brought out from England, the butter, milk, meat, etc., here not being fit to eat. Everything is frightfully expensive bar fruit. A bicycle costs 2s. an hour and a pony 3s. an hour. I can't understand this nigger lending me his, as if you ask a man, woman, or child the name of anything or the way or any ordinary question they expect a penny. These niggers treat a penny as an Englishman treats a shilling. I believe 5d. a day is considered high pay. The only people who make anything are the little boys who dive for money when the ships come in. One made 5s., a small fortune, from us. They really are wonderful. One went right underneath, and there was only three feet between the keel and the bottom, for one shilling. Never mind, with all the drawbacks I am blissfully happy, as I love the life on board and all the routine and discipline, and we are on shore very little.

We sleep on the upper decks in our hammocks at night, which is delicious. I finish my engineering on Saturday this week, and we had our first exam. this morning. On Monday I start my month's seamanship, which means that I shall be watch-keeping, and I shall only be able to go ashore once every other day at Trinidad, where I believe there is lots to do, and I know Sir George Le

Hunte. It is rather sickening, and I would far rather have done my watch-keeping here. We leave here on Wednesday. Will you pass this on to Aubrey, and tell him I am sorry I have absolutely no time to write to him.

On Sunday I am going to Soufrière with Prince Albert and Spencer-Cooper.

TRINIDAD,
Sunday, February 23.

The mail is leaving early this morning, and I only heard last night, so this will be a hurried letter. A yacht came into Castries on Friday, February 14, with some very nice Shropshire people called Harrison, and we had a small dance on board in the evening, to which they came. Four people were asked over to lunch the following day, I being one, and we had a most splendid time.

She is most beautifully fitted up with endless bath-rooms, boudoirs, and cabins. In the afternoon I went to watch a cricket-match with them, "The Ship" *versus* "St. Lucia," in which "The Ship" were beaten by 30 runs, and we then went back on board again to tea.

On Sunday, February 16, I had the best day since I left England. The Captain, six other officers, Prince Albert, and myself left the ship at 8 A.M. in riding things, borrowed from officers in the picket-boat, and we had breakfast on board. We arrived at Soufrière,

twenty miles down the coast, at 9.30 A.M., where we were met by the whole nigger population of the town, who closed in immediately round Prince Albert, and howled and shouted. As soon as we landed we were all mounted on ponies, Spencer-Cooper and myself having the best, as we proved afterwards in a race, Prince Albert's having got rather frightened by all the cheering and yelling—it was rather nasty for him, but we trotted up and soon got out of the town. Ever since this ride I have completely altered my opinion of the beauty of St. Lucia.

When one gets right into the interior or the “cultivated” part, as they call it, which looks to me far wilder than the “wild” part, it is really the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. They call a part cultivated because of the cocoa plantations, which are planted pell-mell among the other trees, the wild trees giving shade to the cocoa. We rode through a valley circling up and up among the hills, while far below us was a rushing torrent, with waterfalls here and there. All down the sides of the hills, and from the trees, hung heavy green creepers, which also overhung a rock-wall through which the river ran. All around us was cocoa, with the beautiful golden bean, while upon the hills were bananas and palms mingled amid the dense tropical forest. The tree-ferns struck me as the most beautiful, being a far more delicate sort than the Australian sort. They had thin

stems, while at the top huge leaves overhung most gracefully. We also saw cotton, nutmeg, pine, apples, coco palms, yams, etc., all growing higgledy-piggledy in wild profusion. After we got through the forest we came out on to a beaten track leading to the sea. We stopped at a Monsieur Lafitte's house, who has a boy at Dartmouth, and who has a lot of cocoa, and here we saw the process of drying it for transhipment. The big yellow or crimson pods are split up, and the beans, of a sort of white sticky appearance, are put into a big bin with leaves kept at a high temperature and sweated for a week. Then they are taken out and are now a dark-brown dull colour, and are put into great trays and dried in the sun for three days. They are then danced on by niggers with bare feet to give the beans a polish. They are then dried again in the sun and then shipped in boxes. It is quite a big bean. When it gets to England it is ground up, mixed with arrowroot, etc., and made into chocolates and cocoa. We then went on to our host's house, who had provided the whole expedition with horses, and whose name was Mallet-Parret. His house was in a thick cocoa plantation, and here we had the best lunch I have ever had in my life. We sat down at twenty-five minutes to 2, and got up at twenty-five minutes to 4. I am sending you a menu. The Ramiers are a sort of wild pigeon, which is very good.

Then I had my first sucking-pig, with all sorts of excellent "Creole" vegetables, and then came the great delicacy of the day. This was the Coco Cabbage. This is the cabbage of the coco-nut tree, and it is the very heart of the tree. It necessitates cutting down the tree to get it, and as coco palms are very valuable indeed, and are getting more so every year, for every part of the tree has its use, it is very difficult to get. Every palm does not grow it, and so you have to go on cutting till you find it. It is supposed to be the greatest delicacy there is, and is really perfectly delicious.

We then had a cream made from the raw cocoa, which I liked as much as anything, and also an excellent fruit salad made of all sorts of Indian fruits. We left about 4.30 P.M., and rode down by a shorter route into Soufrière. On the way we passed the sulphur springs, all round which for several miles there is a smell of rotten eggs. We got off and went and looked at them.

All over the ground there are small puddles which are all bubbling and boiling, and all the ground underneath hisses and crackles. I believe the crust is very thin, as if you make a hole in the ground a little spout of steam comes up. The biggest puddle has great clouds of steam coming off, and if your leg sinks into the mud it gets burnt off. We got a most glorious view of "Pitous" [headland] going away from Soufrière.

On Wednesday Spencer-Cooper took thirty of us over a sugar factory, and I drove the engine of a small train which took us up through the plantation. I have got everything down in detail in my diary, and I have filled up the book you gave me and started another.

On Thursday we left at 6 A.M. and spent the day firing off St. Lucia. I fired my first 12-pounder and did a gun-layer's test, getting six hits out of six. At 7.30 P.M. we did night defence, supposed to be an attack by torpedo-boats. I had charge of one of the 6-inch guns, and I believe my casemate did one of the best runs.

On Friday morning we came through the Dragon's Mouth, a narrow passage between two high hills, between Trinidad and South America. We are now lying in the beautiful Gulf of Paria, with the Trinidad coast stretching round to form the Gulf and Venezuela meeting it at both ends, in the distance forming two narrow straits at both ends. There were a lot of small islands off Trinidad uninhabited, but very beautiful in colour.

We were all taken up on the fore bridge to go through the Dragon's Mouth, as it is particularly beautiful. We spent all Friday afternoon firing torpedoes about 15 miles off the Port of Spain, which is the town. I went on shore yesterday and saw the finish of the Test Match, The West Indies v. England, in which the blacks beat us by an innings

and twenty-seven runs, which was pretty disgraceful. Port of Spain is a pretty big place, with electric trams, etc., I should say about as big as Bournemouth, with first-class hotels, a great change from dirty little Castries. As regards us, they give receptions everywhere, which we are not allowed to go to. The Captain says he thinks the cadets have far too much jollity, so he has wired to the places we are going to and says he wants no more "overdone receptions." I personally have seen no jollity, but I must admit he has been extremely nice to me, and I have nothing to grumble about. Although it is very hot I do not seem to mind it as much as other people.

Well, good-bye. I wish you were both out here, as you would love it.

Written on the way from Trinidad to Barbadoes

March 3 and 4.

The last mail went out on Sunday, February 23, which I went without breakfast to catch, as I didn't know it was going till then.

We left Trinidad this morning 9 A.M., after a most delightful time there. It is easily the best place we have been to so far. As a matter of fact we are cruising about through the Dragon's Mouth, a fine pass with narrow wooded slopes, forming an entrance to the Gulf of Paria. We are firing, etc., and are going to do night defence to-night, which is good fun. We have just come back from an

hour's boat-sailing, directed from the ship by signals. The town of Trinidad called "Port of Spain," which I think I just mentioned to you, is quite a big town, with an enormous park in the middle called the Savannah. There is a race-course round it, with a golf-club in the middle.

On Sunday, February 23, Sir George Le Hunte came on board to church, and after church gave away the prizes won at Dartmouth.

When I went up he said, "Well, we are old friends, aren't we?" and I am so pleased to see you again and to congratulate you on winning a prize for a subject which will be most useful to you throughout your career in the service." I got Rose's *Life of Napoleon* as a prize; I am only sorry it was not in French. I did not see Sir George again that day, as he lunched on board with the Captain, and when he sent for me at 2 P.M. I had gone ashore. I went ashore with Reid and the two McMasters. We hired a car and drove up to the reservoirs about eight miles away, a beautiful drive through far the finest tropical scenery I have yet been in, far, far finer than St. Lucia, as the bamboos grew wild in profusion and met each other, forming an arch across the road. In the evening after tea we went round the Savannah in a tram. It is the most animated place at that time, in the cool of the evening. On Monday I went up to Government House to tea and tennis, and after tennis had a most delicious bathe in the private

swimming-bath there. I talked with Sir George here for the first time, and he asked most warmly after the family, and we talked about Australia, and he insisted on calling me "Harold." He certainly is a dear, and I quite lost my heart to him. Captain Boyle¹ is his A.D.C., and is a simply splendid fellow and one of the best, and I like him immensely. He is now with us here on board, as we are taking him to Barbadoes, where he is to meet Lady Le Hunte, who is on her way out. Sir George told me he finished up next year, and was going to settle in his little place in Ireland and grow cattle.

Do you remember John, the second gardener [at Adelaide], a big fellow? He went home to Ireland, but thought it a poor place compared to Australia, and he is now safely installed again as second gardener at Adelaide.

On Tuesday and Thursday I also went up to Government House to play tennis with Prince Albert and Boyle. It is the most magnificent building inside, with large rooms and high ceilings, though not very imposing from outside. They gave a Ball there on Thursday night, which Sir George begged for us to be allowed to go to, but it was no use. The only effect it had was to make the Captain say he hated all these receptions for the cadets, and in future we should do much more boat-sailing. And so he has wired to the other

¹ Grandson of "E. V. B."

places we are going to, and has said there are to be no receptions at all for the cadets.

There were twelve horses put at our disposal here by the Mounted Police, who are very smart men and have splendid horses. In two hours we were ashore at the Pitch Lake, which is very interesting. The Lake itself is 140 acres of pure asphalt, like a big tennis-court, and the pitch is dug up and put into trolleys. As soon as a hole is made in it, it is always filled up in a few days, and as they have also sounded to a depth of 800 feet and still found pitch, the supply is inexhaustible. After it has been dug up it is boiled to remove the impurities, especially the water, and it is then poured, in a molten state, into barrels for transhipment. What they have also got there, and what was much more interesting to me, were the oil-wells. They have only started three years, and forty-nine separate bores have been drilled. These bores at first give from 40,000 to 60,000 barrels a day, which fetches 10s. a barrel, and then decrease, and they may stop altogether in a few weeks, but they have still got some that have been going three years. The amount of money in the Company must be wonderful. It is by far the richest in the world of its kind, as not only do they get the pitch and oil-fuel, but also they do all the actual paving.

They did, for instance, the Thames Embankment. It was rather interesting that they failed to meet the Admiralty's specification

for oil-fuel by having too much sulphur by 2 per cent, and the day we went there Sir George had heard from the Admiralty saying that this had been reduced, and so he now hopes that Trinidad will supply the Navy with oil-fuel. There is one thing evident if this is so, oil-fuel will no longer be scarce, as they have great lakes and rivers of it running about as reservoirs, after it has come up. Directly a hole is bored, usually about 1700 feet deep, if there is oil there the gases formed will send up clouds of oil, and no one can get near it for two or three days. Channels are first cut all round and laid to a big basin to catch it, but even then much is lost. After these gases have been exhausted, a two-inch pipe and pump is fitted, and the oil is pumped up. As soon as the well is dry, the period being quite uncertain, as I said before, gases are again formed, and all the earth and sand from the bottom are blown up to a height of 200 feet, and smother everything all round, covering up the trees and bushes. We saw one which had just finished blowing sand, and even the highest trees were all parched and sandy. The oil comes out quite cold, and is only dangerous from the fire point of view. It is of course the pitch before it is solidified which is oil-fuel. After the crude state it goes through stages of distilling, which means that it is boiled, and the vapours given off are collected in retorts and condensed. The first vapour given off when it is only slightly warm forms,

when it is condensed, motor petrol, the next gasoline, light machine-oil, heavy cylinder-oil, and so on, until at last you are left with a hard residue resembling pitch. I knew all this before from my engineering, but I had never seen the actual process going on before. The only objection to the visit was the heat. The sun's rays are reflected back by the pitch, and it is one of the hottest places known. Here again, driving from one well to another, we passed through the most beautiful wilderness of bamboos, cocoa, rope trees, and every imaginable plant growing in wild profusion.

There are no houses near except for the employees for the factories, all enclosed in mosquito gauze.

On Sunday Sir George Le Hunte asked the Captain, Spencer-Cooper, Prince Albert, Edmund Boyle and myself to luncheon, and afterwards we all motored up to a lovely spot in the hills called the Blue Basin, where there is a lovely waterfall tumbling down into a sort of basin. It is only about 100 feet high, but it comes straight out of a green wall of leaves and falls sheer down. We had a deliciously cool bathe here, quite the most refreshing and cooling since I left England. When we got back we watched the flying, the first man to fly in the West Indies, and the first aeroplane (a biplane) I had ever seen up in the air. He flew every evening about 6 o'clock in the evening, and every man, woman, and child turned out to see him. Another

fellow tried to fly there about two weeks ago, but he was only in the air a minute before he was killed, owing to a gust up one of the valleys, and his not having had time to get high enough. Well, here we are anchored in a small bay, with the town of Bridgetown in front of us. The island is exactly like a piece of England, very flat and fields, and hardly any trees. All the other islands have been thickly wooded everywhere.

Heaps of love to you both, and I wish you were out here to enjoy all the lovely places.

Good Friday, March 21, 1913.

It seems simply years since I have written to you, and since then we have had the most interesting and beautiful part of the cruise at Martinique and Dominica. My last letter left on Wednesday, March 5, the day after we arrived at Barbadoes, so I will go on from there. Barbadoes is quite flat, and from the sea looks like an English county, as there are fields and hedges.

The green fields are not grass but sugar-canes.

On Wednesday there was an At Home and tennis at Government House. I had some very good tennis with Turner, Phelps, and Harrison, but as regards the social part of the business I am afraid we did not do our duty. I was very lucky in meeting a most extraordinarily nice, genial Inspector of

Police, who proved a most valuable friend, and was really kindness itself.

The next day, Thursday, he took four of us in his car to a place called Crane on the coast, where we had tea. It is a wonderful piece of coast scenery, like Australia, with huge crags and boulders, lovely white sands and deep blue sea. The actual countryside is all the same, very flat, and roads going everywhere between huge fields of sugar, with little wooden huts, in which the niggers live, dotted about here and there. Bridgetown itself is quite a big town, and has some of the best shops in the West Indies. It is also much cleaner than the average place. I believe in the N.E. corner there are some beautiful deep canyons or gulleys, with underground caves, and tropical forest scenery, but we did not get to it. The windmills dotted about are rather picturesque; instead of grinding corn they are crushing sugar.

On Saturday we had the most delightful day. There is a lovely race-course on the Savannah or park, and the Polo Club got up a pony gymkhana for us and lent us their polo ponies.

There really was some beautiful horse-flesh knocking about, and I rode in every race and had some excellent mounts.

The gymkhana was limited to cadets and officers, and I think the wonderful part was that they got through without the slightest accident, because several people had hardly

ever been on a horse before. I have cut out the programme, which I have stuck in my diary.

We had a perfectly excellent day, and everybody loved it. It really must be great fun riding in a big race, as those Two and Four Furlongs were simply thrilling, riding full gallop down the lines of shouting blacks, and then past the stands where the white people were.

On Monday the Savannah Club gave an afternoon dance for us, which I much enjoyed.

I have missed out Sunday. All the people with cars in the island lent them, about thirty in all, and two cadets and two ladies went in each, and we all went for a motor-picnic. We went to a church on the top of a hill called Christ Church, where there is the famous Chase Vault. The following story is said to be absolutely authentic, as it is in the church books, and the Society of Psychical Research have gone into it. The Chase family had been buried in this vault for years when one day they buried a stranger there. They opened up the vault some months later, and this stranger, who was buried in a heavy leaden coffin, was found out of his coffin and the coffin up-ended in a corner, and all the other coffins in an awful state of chaos. They put them back and shut up the vault and opened it a few weeks later. Exactly the same state of affairs. The authorities suspected foul play or water to be the cause of this, and so,

to find out what it was, they placed fine sand all over the floor and shut it up for the night.

The following morning it was just the same, only the heavy leaden coffin, which had required three men to lift, had been carried far away up the steps, but the sand had no footprints and no signs of water. The mystery was never solved, and in 1820 the vault was opened and the coffins buried in the cemetery by order of the Chases, as the niggers became too frightened to go to church. We went down into the vault on Sunday. It is believed that the Chases in their coffins objected to the intrusion of a stranger, and so chivied him round the vault. We left Bridgewater on Tuesday and arrived at Martinique the same afternoon at 4.15 P.M., but as usual we were not allowed to land but sent away boat-sailing.

On Wednesday, however, we had, I think, the day I most enjoyed of any so far. The English Consul took forty of us in his yacht to see the ruined St. Pierre (ruined by the volcanic outburst). We were anchored off the present capital, the Fort de France, and it is about an hour and a half by sea to St. Pierre, and the coast scenery on the way is beautiful.

Martinique is very mountainous and volcanic, and these hills are covered with forest. We only stayed an hour at St. Pierre.

I should have liked to stay a year. It is all left exactly as it was after the disaster, and untouched save for the negroes having taken

everything of value on the surface. I should love to stay there for some time and dig, as there has been no excavating at all. When one walks along the paved streets it all sounds hollow underneath, and one comes to a great hole going down to the depth beneath. One can only see the tops of the walls of the houses, which rise to the height of about six feet, except in a few cases, and it gives the city an air of having been razed to the ground. It was the finest in the West Indies, and in one second 40,000 people were sent to their doom. Only one man escaped—a prisoner in the “condemned cell”—and he died two days after from his burns. There was no life left at all. The eruption of Pelé (the bald mountain) occurred in the following manner. The hillside of the mountain, which overhangs the town, split open, and a huge sheet of flame, carrying with it poisonous fumes, scalding water, and boiling mud, swept over the town. It even went so far as literally to drive the sea in front of it, and ships; one a liner, about three miles out, cut her cable, and escaped with three of her fifteen alive, and reached St. Lucia terribly burnt. Mont Pelé stands at the back of the town, with its peak enveloped in cloud, looking like a huge sinister monster watching for its fallen prey.

It is not in the least volcanic, and the theory of this extraordinary occurrence is that a cavity must have occurred in the bed of the ocean between St. Vincent and Martinique, as the

Soufrière at St. Vincent belched out fire and flame on the same day.

This water must have been boiled up in the bowels of the earth. The pressure of steam got excessive, and it consequently broke out where the crust of the earth's surface was weakest. The buildings whose walls are more or less intact are the Cathedral and the Opera House, especially a big flight of marble steps leading up to it, the Prison and the Bank. Here and there one saw fountains, iron gates, railings, etc., twisted and torn into unrecognisable shapes. I got a watch and chain from a negro for 2s., which is, I think, the best souvenir that any of the cadets or officers found, as it is in a fairly good state of preservation, and I am bringing it home as a great treasure. When we got back we went into Fort de France, the new capital, a very good town for the West Indies, where I used every opportunity of rubbing up my French. The town band played the "Marseillaise" and "God save the King" alternately all the afternoon.

We left Martinique the following morning and arrived at Dominica, fifty miles off, about 3.30 P.M. It is the most beautiful island we have seen, in fact it is by far the most lovely of all the West Indies by a long way. We steamed all along the Southern coast and quite close in shore, and the lovely blue of the water with the reflections of the mountains in it was beautiful. It is much higher than any-

thing we have seen so far, and these mountains stretch away in ranges, and are covered with the richest vegetation in the world. We dropped anchor off Roseau, opposite the most perfect view, looking up the lovely Roseau valley right into the mountains, with palms, bananas, oranges, and limes growing on either side of a big mountain burn. As usual we did not land first day, but went boat-sailing.

The next day a lot of us went off to Government House to play tennis, and here I met a very good fellow called Archer.

I always try to make a friend in every place, as they are most useful, and make the whole difference. This sportsman arranged to get six horses for us the following afternoon, so that we might ride right up into the mountain and see the gorgeous vegetation and the view. I asked five other fellows, and at one o'clock on Saturday we started out. A gentleman called Watts, son of the head of the Botanical Department of the whole of the West Indies, came as a guide, and pointed out all the interesting things, knowing all the names of the plants. It was quite the most beautiful and wonderful scenery I have ever seen in my life.

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows

And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller-thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices :
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

Enoch Arden.

We zigzagged up the side of a mountain on a little path about three feet wide, with a precipice down below us and the vertical side of the mountain above, and everywhere covered with a huge tropical forest quite untouched by man, which covers nearly the whole island, the only part that is cultivated being the Roseau valley. The path was completely covered in at the top by the boughs of the trees, and when one glanced below at the thick jungle one could see tree-ferns, bamboo, bananas, and wild palms of every description going down hundreds of feet below one, while overhead enormous bamboos of a beautiful

pale green colour formed arches for us to pass underneath. Here and there we could hear the sound of rushing water, though we could not see it, as some rushing torrent dashed down the side of the mountain. We climbed up, circling round the side of the mountain, and here and there, where there was a clearing, we got a glorious view of the valley far below us and the other hills all round, and here and there, on the sides of the hills, one could see a thin, white streak, which was some big waterfall, two or three hundred feet in height. The path towards the top got very rough, far too rough for any English horse to keep its feet, and here and there there was a split in the path, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet.

It was distinctly nervous work. We had one of the finest days that Watts had ever seen up there, as being all up in the clouds you get incessant tropical showers, and we got more sun than rain. One is soaked through in a second, and as soon as the sun comes out one is dry again.

Right up on the top of the boundless hills we came to a fresh-water lake, held in great dread by the natives, who believe in a green-eyed monster which swallows any mortal who approaches his domains. We could only see it through the trees, but as we got to the top of the pass we looked down on it. From the top of this pass we got, I should think, the most wonderful view in the world. One

looked out over these hills, over this huge expanse of valleys, over deep crevasses and overhanging craters, to the sea beyond, on which the sun was shining. We were looking right across the island to the other side, and I have never seen anything so wonderful.

We rode back again and got back to the ship about 8 P.M., after a most glorious ride, only marred by the fact that by the time I got on board I could hardly see out of either eye from my hay-fever. This was the first day I have had it, and that ride has more or less given it a start, and now I get it slightly fairly often.

The next day, Sunday, I went over the Botanical Garden with Watts, where every species of tropical plant is grown.

One palm, the Traveller's Palm, in the shape of a huge fan, was particularly beautiful and graceful. The humming-birds darting about from tree to tree like flashes of fire, and the little green and yellow lizards everywhere, were very fascinating. I took Watts back on board to tea, and at 6 o'clock we got a message that a steamer had broken down about sixty miles off, and, according to King's Regulations, we fired a gun and hoisted a "Blue Peter" to call all men and officers ashore. We left at 8 P.M., and got to her at 12.

Great excitement and a lot of naval jokes flying about. We stood by all night and took her in tow and got back to Dominica at 4 P.M. on Monday, and left at 5 for Puerto Rico.

We went to an out-of-the-way bay instead of the capital, St. Juan, the result being that we missed our mail, which we shall not now get for weeks, and arrived late at Jamaica on Saturday at about 3. I have been put to endless trouble trying to get to Uncle Ernest, who is inaccessible, and wants four days' notice at least. The Captain very kindly wired to him, and asked him to come and stay on board as long as he liked. I really think he might come down here to Kingston to see his nephew.

I of course went to Early Celebration on Easter Sunday, and thought a lot of you all and longed to be at home with you.

I got two letters from you both, with some splendid cuttings from the *Spectator* about poor Scott from father.

By the way, these people coming into the Navy over our heads from the public schools is disgraceful, after all the work we have gone through at Dartmouth and Osborne.

I hear we have to do two years' foreign service at once as midshipmen. The *Swiftsure* is going out as flagship to Egypt in September. It is a splendid ship and a tip-top station. I wonder if father could find out about it and when she is going and if I could go, as, after your first two years, it is not advisable to go on foreign service until you are a Senior Lieutenant, as you must be at home to work. The only thing I have to complain about this cruise is that the book

and brain work, after Dartmouth, is far too little. We do not do nearly enough, and there is a good deal of time wasted, and one so easily gets out of practice. Well, in six weeks we shall be at Portsmouth, God willing, and my last word is, if we get an invitation to Stratford-on-Avon from the Murray-Smiths, accept it and make father go.—Ever your very loving son.

On the way from Havana to Bermuda

H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND," JAMAICA,
SPECIAL SERVICE.

Before I do anything else, I must thank you both a thousand times for your dear delightful letters. I cannot tell you how one longs for letters from home, and a mail day is quite an event on board the ship. I have just finished my month's seamanship, which includes watch-keeping, which I think I have done well in—signals ditto, due to being friends with the yeoman of signals, rule of the road, and torpedo. The latter is rather hard.

The last time I wrote to you was on Monday, March 24.

The next day I turned out at 4 A.M. and caught a tram at 5.30 A.M., determined to get to Uncle Ernest somehow. The tram took me to a place called Papine, about 45 minutes' run right through the town of Kingston, through the big main streets, and then through the side streets and slums where the

niggers live, on past the fruit-market, where crowds of old black women were clambering and bustling to get rid of their produce, and then on past the camp where all the officers and their wives live, most of them quite nice houses of the villa type. The regiments there are the Royal Engineers of Port Royal, the Royal Garrison Artillery, and the Royal Army Medical Corps. These people gave a gymkhana for us on the army polo ground. There were two races, stone-throwing, and riding with an envelope to a lady who draws a picture of an animal, and you have to guess what it is and ride back over two jumps. The other events they rode in themselves.

In the big race of the day, the 8 furlongs, a certain Captain Buchanan asked me to ride his mare Kathleen, and he said nobody would ever notice I was a cadet, so I was rigged up in his colours, white with purple sleeves and a jockey-cap half over my face, and weighed in and got ready for the fray. I came in fourth, and enjoyed it immensely. It was a much bigger show than the one at Barbadoes, and every one wore jockey colours. The only objection is that one cannot see anything if there is a horse in front, as the dust is awful, and practically blinds one. Anyhow, it was a very good day, and we all enjoyed it.

Now, to return to the tram. After passing the camp you get out of the actual town and you pass all the big gardens and pleasure parks, "King's House" (Government House),

and some quite nice houses. When I got to Papine, which is just a cross-road with a few houses, I found a nigger with a fairly respectable horse waiting for me. As the day before was Easter Monday, I had not been able to communicate with Uncle Ernest in any way whatsoever, and so he had not the faintest idea I was coming. I left Papine at 7 A.M. and crossed over a huge river-bed, which was dried up. I soon got to a small rugged path about three feet wide, and in the wildest bush imaginable. The vegetation was entirely distinct from any of the other islands. There was much more fruit, oranges, bananas, "jack"-fruit, like big green sponges, bread-fruit, and grape-fruit. It is not nearly so dense as in the other islands, and therefore one can see much more of it, and there is hardly any undergrowth, and so one can see the stems and the trees so much better. The path circles round and round up into the hills, and works its way up one long valley with a river in it to the top of one range, and then zigzags up the side of the next over some most appalling places, where I should never dare to take an English horse, but these West Indian ones are absolutely sure-footed. The amount of rivers there are is perfectly amazing; they are all very like Scotch burns with those light grey boulders, only of course their banks are lined with tropical forest and trees. The path continually crosses over these streams, and the water is never very deep. The path went

up and up into the mountains, another celebrated range of "Blue Mountains," though not the ones you know. I got perfectly magnificent views the whole way up. One looks back over the hills to the plains of Kingston with just the end of a deep blue arm of sea coming in, and in the distance are other ranges of a lovely blue colour. The sides of the mountains, after they reach a certain height, are covered with a sort of dry grass. I went on and on, asking the niggers, whenever I passed them, the way. Luckily they understood me. In no other island out in the bush would they have done so. I dismounted at one little log-hut and asked an old woman (this was 8.30 A.M.) how far it was, and she replied, "Massa, it is far, very far, across the mountains." I thought, "Goodness me! I shall never get there." It seemed like a sort of Napoleonic transalpine journey, and the sun was getting very hot. I went on and on over hill and dale, and presently, about 9.45 A.M., a solitary nigger with a donkey told me it was "not too far," and eventually at 10.45 A.M. I reached the house. It was exactly like being transported back to an English house and an English mode of living, with all the delights of tropical scenery. Uncle Ernest and Hayes came out to meet me, and I spent the most delightful day up there. Although I had come 22 miles instead of 12, due to my not knowing the way, the ride was glorious, and as I was very hot and tired at

the end, the lovely coolness of the place and all its delights appealed to me much more. It is right at the top of a mountain 4000 feet high, and one gets a glorious view of the sea from it. One looks right down a long valley to the sea beneath, with a silver line along the coast, which is the breaking surf. On a clear day the sea horizon is 50 miles. On the other two sides one has a magnificent view of the mountain ranges. On the west side one looks down on to the plain I told you of before. The house itself is delightful, and is the biggest and finest house in the place. It is a square stone house, and you go up some steps, in through the front door into a most lovely inner hall, which is the drawing-room as well. Round it are hung all the old Turners which I remembered so well, and which made it worth while going all that way over even for nothing else. On the left is the dining-room, also a big room, though not so large as the drawing-room. If you go straight through you come to a big hall where the staircase is, rather like a ship's stair, in the form of a half-circle, and made of very old mahogany.

Over the drawing-room half way is the smoking-room, a cosy room, with some very nice things in it, and a delightful balcony. I spent the most happy day up there, Uncle Ernest was so warm and nice and kind, and it was a day of peace which I had not had since I left Farringford. We lay in two long

chairs in the lovely cool, which was refreshing after the hot plain, and Uncle Ernest told me heaps of interesting things. It is one of the old planters' houses, and is very old. The old black housekeeper came in and shook hands with me, and she and I talked for ten minutes, neither of us understanding a word the other said, but she retired curtseying and beaming all over. Uncle Ernest and I both decided that you, father, and Aubrey and myself ought to come out there at once, as soon as I get back. You would love it, and it would give you such a splendid rest, besides the beauty of the place and the climate. It is never too hot and never too cold, always between 65° and 85° , and a gentle breeze blows up there all day. I left at about 4 P.M., and Hayes took me back a short cut, which was like the side of a house, and I got back on board at 7.30 P.M. I certainly give that day 12 marks out of a possible 10, and write it down as one of the happiest days of my life. The rest of the week was most uninteresting, as we played tennis on appallingly bad grounds, except Wednesday, when I went to the theatre, a matinée, and saw *A Woman's Way*, a clever play, and not badly acted by an American Company.

On Saturday, March 29, I went to luncheon with a Lieutenant and Mrs. Stringer, and afterwards to the gymkhana which I have told you about already. Before we got to Jamaica the Captain sent a wireless message

asking Uncle Ernest to come and stay on board as long as he liked. As Uncle Ernest cannot ride at present, he could not go, so asked the Captain to go up there and stay. The Captain said he would come up, a party of six, on Sunday, March 30.

On Friday he sent for me and said, "I am going up to see your uncle on Sunday, and I suppose one can't very well go without taking you." This struck me as being horribly rude, and I nearly refused on the spot, but it was only the Captain's way of joking. Well, the Captain, Spencer-Cooper, Dr. Greig, Prince Albert, Buist (a cadet) and myself started off on Sunday at 6.30 A.M. I did not see very much of Uncle Ernest, as I entertained the officers and Prince Albert, while Uncle Ernest tackled the Captain, and after lunch we three cadets went and sat in the smoking-room, while the others sat in the drawing-room. Dr. Greig said when we got back, "I propose a vote of thanks to Tennyson for having such a splendid uncle," and Spencer-Cooper seconded it.

We left Jamaica the following morning, arriving at Havana on Friday morning, a vast place, really enormous. I was on watch coming in, but I must say I would not have taken a big ship in there for pounds. The entrance is frightfully narrow, all sorts of small craft dashing about. Going out I was also on watch, and I think it was even worse. Personally I hated the place. If you

sit down on a chair anywhere they charge you a dollar (4s. 2d.).

BERMUDA, *Friday, April 11.*

We left on Sunday morning at 6 A.M. for the Bermudas, and after a calm passage, but quite rough on Wednesday night as we got a bad gale, arrived here on Thursday by noon. The temperature at Havana is very high. By Tuesday it had dropped 20° F., and I slept on deck on Tuesday night with about twelve others, and it was bitter, and I got a chill and went sick the next morning.

I am quite all right again now, but still in Sick Bay, and I am in no hurry to get out. Instead of going to Hamilton, where there is golf, tennis, etc., the Captain took it into his head to lie off "Grassy Bay," off "Ireland Island," where there is only a naval dockyard. It is quite the most desolate, barren, God-forsaken place I have ever seen, without a tree or a shrub, simply dockyard, warehouse, and house. I am sending you a programme of the next three months, which I have copied out. It sounds very interesting, and I should like to hear you have got this and all my letters, and if you answer immediately I shall get it before we leave Bermuda.

The St. Lawrence will be wonderful.

H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND," R.N. DOCKYARD,
IRELAND ISLAND, BERMUDA.

I have very little news. My object in writing is to tell you we are going to a naval

camp for a fortnight. It is run on naval discipline lines, and everything, as far as I can make out, is to be on service. It is to be on a desert island, joined to the mainland by bridges. We had our firing course there, and the range is four miles off, which means a nice little daily constitutional. We shall probably not be able to write, as there are no comforts of life there at all from what I hear, so don't expect a letter till you see one. Depend upon it I will write whenever I can.

On Friday everything was got ready for coaling at 5 A.M., which means an awful business. It was put off and off, and then never took place. Naval wit! I stayed in the Sick Bay all day and finished my long letter to you.

On Saturday we actually did coal. I stayed in the Sick Bay in the morning and landed for the first time in the afternoon and went for a long walk. The *Terror*, *Syrius*, and *Melpomene* are here, and the mere fact of being in a dockyard makes everything very "servicey." It is a fairly large dockyard for a place like this, and used to be very important when we kept a fleet out here, but now, with these three obsolete old cruisers, has ceased to be so. What they call the mainland is a string of islands joined together by bridges with "Ireland Island," the dockyard at one end.

The other islands are dotted about, as you will see. The mainland is 18 miles long, and a beautiful, smooth, white road runs from one

end to the other. No motors are allowed. On "Ireland Island" there are two football grounds, where we play "soccer" every day, as there is no time to play anywhere else, except on halves and Sundays. I went over to Hamilton on Sunday. It is a large place, and very bright. The islands are low and covered by a very dark kind of cedar, and all the houses everywhere are dazzling white. The little coves and bays are delightful, but we only get a sidelong glance at them if we happen to be in charge of the Picket Boat. Otherwise the dockyard walls are the only view we get. We shall go to manoeuvres on July 13, and we come on leave at any time between then and July 28, that is, as soon as we get put out of action.

I got another splendid letter from Aubrey. He really is a good fellow the way he writes to me, and I only wish I was at home with him playing golf. I really have not time to write to him; what with my diary and these letters home I have not written anything else. But I am afraid they little make up for the dear letters you and father have been writing me. Father's letters are full of such splendid little stories and interesting news, and you tell me all the home news, and I read them over and over again. Father did introduce me to Lord Wolseley one day when we went to tea with Lady Wantage, and Sir Evelyn Wood was there, and when we came away father said, "You have seen two of the greatest soldiers of to-day."

April 27.

Well, this camp has been the best ten days of our cruise by a long, long way. We had ten days' perfect rest, and we did absolutely no work in any form or shape, except to-day when we struck camp, and on Wednesday when we pitched it, which were strenuous days. I am sending you a map of the Bermudas, and I have marked various things on it.

We camped at a place called Whale's Bay. A dockyard tug took us round to Evan's Bay, and then we had to take everything across to the other side of the island. Where we pitched our tents was quite one of the most delightful spots I know. It is on a typical piece of the low rocky Bermuda coast, with great boulders going out into the light, light green water. We were in a small valley and the officers on a raised portion at the back of the camp. It is quite a desert place, with no houses near, and two thick cedar woods on either side of the valley.

We had six cadets in each tent and about twenty marines for servants and cooks, and about five seamen for markers at the butts.

I was in the tent marked X with Mack and Kirkland, Roper-Curzon, Liddle and Townsend.

In the morning, provided we had no firing, we had absolutely nothing to do, and so we used to go and bathe and bask in the sun. We were not allowed to leave the camp on bicycles

till 12 o'clock, as it interfered with the range. I don't think I have ever enjoyed bathing more. The water is that light green which one always gets with coral, and you can see the bottom easily at 40 feet. The rocks, coast, and water are very like bits of Australia. We also fished and, what was really quite exciting, we found boatswain birds' nests. These birds are like big gulls, only they have one single long tail feather about 2 feet long, and they are very fierce when on their nests. We got over a dozen, and there is always a tremendous fight to get the bird off at all, as they don't hesitate to fly at you. They build all along the coast in the cliffs, and one gets five or six in batches within five yards of each other. The males are very fierce, and fly round you quite close in large numbers while you are at the nest, which is rather alarming. The birds here are brighter than any I have ever seen. There is the red or cardinal bird, which is the size of a thrush, only bright scarlet, the male having a red crest. There is the blue bird, which is like a large robin, only with a bright light-blue back and a reddish-brown breast. These blue and red birds, which with the sparrows are the commonest, are a really wonderful sight when the sun is on them. The other birds are the blackbird, starling, and cap-bird. The latter are like minute doves about the size of a robin, and are too sweet for words. They always go about in pairs, and you see them waddling

along the ditches and hedge-rows. They are built just like doves.

In the afternoons we always bicycle into Hamilton, either to play golf or to visit people or something. It is about 8 miles from the camp, and a wonderfully pretty road all along the islands. Coming back the sunsets were perfectly glorious over the islands and the water, which is usually like a mirror.

On Thursday, the day after we came to camp, we had to walk into Hamilton to fetch bicycles, and I didn't relish a 7-mile walk in the heat, which is considerable in the middle of the day, and so I got a very good sort of gentleman farmer, who was going to the agricultural show in Hamilton, to drive me in, and he told me a lot of interesting things. He farms nothing but onions, lilies, potatoes, and celery, the latter only being grown where it is marshy. One sees all these things growing everywhere except here at Ireland Island, where it is nearly all buildings and works. The fields of lilies are glorious sights, and I am sending you a typical picture of one. Hamilton is a frightfully gay place in the winter, a very large and wealthy place, as all the rich Americans come there. They sell lilies at a dollar a bloom to these Americans, and before Easter they pack them off to the New York churches at 5s. a bloom. They sell them to Englishmen at 1s. a bloom. There are numbers of hotels in Hamilton, two enormous ones, and very swagger shops,

but they all shut to-morrow, as the season is over, and only Cook's tourists come here in the summer for two or three days.

These hotels have dances every night and concerts, etc., in the season. This stops about April 1, and the only things that remain are the high prices. As I said, celery is grown here a tremendous lot, and one sees carts going down with great boxes of it every day to Hamilton, whence it is shipped to New York. They grow three crops a year, and the ground is never given a rest. Strawberries are also grown to a large extent.

No fruit trees will live owing to blight. It is fairly tropical, as one sees bananas, palms, and paw-paw here and there.

The flowers of every description out here are beautiful, and all the hedges are oleanders, which flower all the year round.

The cedar woods are full of oleanders, which grow to an enormous size.

On Friday the 25th there was an afternoon dance, and no other men were asked except Cumberlands. It was great fun, and I enjoyed it.

On Sunday (not to-day) four of us had a farewell luncheon on the *Clementina*, and we took a tender good-bye at the dance on Friday, as they left for England on Saturday. They really are an awfully nice family and have been extremely kind to me, and I have quite lost my heart to them. Ditto Spencer-Cooper.

I think I told you we are divided up into

two divisions, and Lieutenant Cowan has the first and Lieutenant Gibson the second, my division. Spencer-Cooper and Cowan both got their $2\frac{1}{2}$ rings last week, so now we have four first lieutenants on board, which is rather terrifying. Gibson is quite a nice chap, but very young.

We got back here to the dockyard to-day, as I have already told you, after easily the best fortnight of the cruise. The rest of our stay will be very dull. There are two football grounds covered with flints, where we may possibly get a game.

On Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays we are all right, as we can get over to Hamilton and have tennis and golf. I have completely gone off my game at the latter. I think I shall give it up till I get back, and can go to Newbury and get put right, as I only get worse. The conditions of temperature, climate, etc., are so different, and all the links are very bad, so I shall not miss much. I must say I am rather glad we are not going to Aldworth. I think I would rather stay at Farringford and work up golf and sailing, two essentials for the Home Fleet, but don't let this influence you and father at all if you would rather go away.

We have finished half the cruise, and my results for the three months are in the B group, as we no longer work as a whole.

Navigation	.	.	.	3
Seamanship and signals	.	.	.	2

Pilotage	1
Torpedo	1
Engineering	1
Gunnery	13

I must do better in gunnery this next half. I made a mess of my batt. and company drill for some unearthly reason, but I did fairly well in 6-inch gun drill, etc., which matters most.

I am starting off the next three months to-morrow in the old order, first with engineering, which I like as much as anything, as on the upper deck one is always wondering what the next thing will be, and one starts doing something, and then one's boat is called away or the Captain wants the midshipman of the watch or something, whereas below one can settle down.

The Admiralty House party are coming here to-night, which means I shall have to play in the band, and so I must stop. The Captain always likes me to play, so he said.

May 15, 1913.

I must first of all thank you for the delightful little book about Scott in the Antarctic. It really is splendidly written, and when Peter grows up I should think he would have a good cry over it.

I lent it to "Scoop," who likes it immensely.

Nobody knows who the author of "*Where's*

Master?" is, and I think it is certainly a woman. Spencer-Cooper said he had heard it was Queen Alexandra.

I must also thank you for my birthday letters, which I loved getting. It is nice to be able to think we are on the homeward path and well on in the second three months. We are also getting closer to each other, as a letter only takes six days now, which seems nothing after three or four weeks. This Canadian trip sounds nice in a way, but it will be frightfully expensive, and my funds are running very low. One has to get a square meal ashore occasionally.

On Monday 28th we started off on our second three months with engineering. In the evening the Captain gave a dinner-party on board to the Governor's party, Sir George and Lady Bullock, Miss Bullock, the A.D.C., and the Captain in charge of the Dockyard and his wife. The band played from 8 till 11.30, and so we got in a good play.

On Tuesday I played hockey, and enjoyed it immensely.

On Wednesday, the one day when I could get over to Hamilton and go for a picnic with some people called Tucker, as I had promised, of course I was running the Picket Boat. We had a nice little programme, viz.: 12.30, Picket Boat called away, went to Hamilton with officers. 1.30, returned and did trip to Dockyard, with washing. Returned and went on board 1.45, hoping to get a little nap.

1.50, "Away, Picket Boat's crew," and we had to tow targets up and down, up and down, up and down, and up and down in the blazing sun till 4 P.M. Came on board and managed with great luck to get some tea. 4.30 P.M., Picket Boat again called away, took *Liberty* men to Dockyard, and did duty boat trip. About 5.30 they condescended to let the first steam-pinnace do a little work, and so I got off at last. I thought you might like to see what we do, and so I put in this detail.

On Saturday afternoon we gave a dance on board, which was a great success. The dances which these American girls all do out here are really most startling, but they did them at Government House. There were only two waltzes on the programme, all the rest were 'Turkey Trots, Wedding Glides, One-steps, and What-nots. What with their Jimmy and Dandy and Bully this, that, and the other, and all their words cut off—for instance, if one says, "Do you like X. or Y.?" "Oh, so fond," is usually the answer—some of them *are* odd. I hear that in the American Navy they don't say "Port" or "Starboard," but "Left" and "Right," and their compass is graduated into 360° , so that if you want to steer N.W. you say 315° . At these dances we give on board we have a rifle-range rigged up. The bullet is taken out of the cartridge, and if a hit is scored a small hole appears. In reality there is a man behind who switches on a lamp, as of course the charges are only blank. It

is most amusing hearing some of these officers who are crack shots talk. One officer of the *Queen's* bet another a fiver that he would get five bulls out of six, and they never gave him a hit at all, and of course he couldn't make it out.

On Monday we weighed at 7 A.M. and went down to the other end of the island to a place called Murray's Anchorage, just off St. George's. Here we arrived with tugs and targets about 8 A.M. We laid out the buoys, etc., and fired one round from each gun to test the mountings, and pottered around generally. I kept watch down below and had charge of the Main Engines. It really is a very fine thing having charge of a big set of engines like that, and well worth four years' training in the shops. One has to be pretty nippy on these Gun-Layers' Tests, as one minute one is going "full speed ahead" and the next "full speed astern," and then "stop," and the pressure simply races up if you are not smart with the drains. I have always envied Railway Engine drivers, but I think working a big set of Marine Engines is a much finer job.

What one has to do is to keep calm and keep one's head. We returned to the Dockyard at 6 o'clock and landed Lieutenant Cowan, who developed measles. He will not join us again till Halifax or Quebec.

The next day, Tuesday, we weighed at 6 A.M. and returned to Murray's Anchorage, to carry on with our g.l. tests. There are

three lines of buoys parallel to each other a mile long. We steam along one of these at full speed and fire at the target.

The lines of buoys are the different ranges for 6-inch, 12-pr., and 3-pr. tests. The firing was rather bad, as it was quite choppy. It was won by a sergeant's gun-crew with four hits out of six rounds in $34\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. The target is only 2 feet 6 by 1 foot 6, and you fire at 1200 or 1800 yards, so it is pretty small.

The noise is rather dreadful, but one soon gets used to it. The worst by a long way are the 3-pounders. I stayed by the muzzle of one of them for taking the time, and I didn't like it a bit.

The 6-inch are a sort of roar, and not a bit nasty.

In the evening I went ashore to a little cove with Lieutenant Adams in the Whaler, and six other cadets, to bathe. It was beautifully warm, and I loved it. We swam out to a couple of Bermudian fishing-smacks. These smacks are quite unique and have their mast-head back at a large angle, and inside there is a well, connected with the sea by small holes with bars across.

Inside one were two small sharks about four feet long. We stirred them up with a stick, and they got quite furious. Inside the other were a lot of crabs and lobsters and two things which looked like enormous bugs or fleas, about the size of a large crab.

These things, when stirred up with a stick, rush up to the surface and snap over a small tail, which takes a firm hold of the stick. They are most unpleasant beasts, and I should think, if met with on shore by people who didn't belong to a Temperance Union, would give them a nasty shock.

As to drinking, we only get lime-juice or water. I used to love lime-juice, but now I hate the sight of it, as the stuff we get on board is vile. The condensed water is nearly as bad, so I drink nothing but tea. Two other things which I loathe, only more so, are marmalade and Golden Syrup, as we have them for breakfast and tea every day of our lives; there is only enough service jam supplied for supper. As a midshipman you are allowed to spend 10s. a month on drinks, and no spirits are allowed. Personally, I usually drink mineral waters or Pilsener when I go ashore; the ordinary beer in these hot climates contains stuff to preserve it, which is very bad for one.

As regards smoking, I smoke a cigarette occasionally, but I am not particularly fond of it. I think you will find most fellows in the service do smoke. Cigars I do not smoke at all, as it is too expensive, except occasionally when I am offered one.

I tell you all this because I think father wanted to know, from his letters, and it is much better to be open about things, and now I have arrived at an age when it is more or less

time to think for myself, as out here it entirely rests with you what you do and what you don't do. Very few fellows drink any spirituous liquors. A lot smoke.

Well, to continue. On Thursday we did our 6-inch gun-laying tests, when the shooting was bad. The after turret won with 5 hits out of 6 in $50\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. Each size of gun is allowed a certain time, and if they don't get their round off in that time they don't count them. If in less they gain marks. I had the first dog-watch down below that afternoon in the stoke-hold, and we drew fires. I have never known anything so hot. Afterwards I had to go up on to the top of the boilers and shut all the valves, etc., and it literally burnt one's feet, and you could not touch anything with your hands. It was 184° F. Boiling-point is 212° F. We stopped the night there, and then on Friday morning we returned to Graspé Bay and anchored off the dockyard. We played "rugger" in the afternoon in the boiling sun, which was hot work.

On Monday, May 12, we left Graspé Bay at 7 A.M., and again went to Murray's Anchorage for the cadets to do their 12-pounder gun-laying tests. I got three hits out of six in 50 seconds. I fired first of our lot, and had to find the range and deflection with my first two shots, which was annoying. It is good fun firing a gun, but one funks a bit the first shot one fires, although there is no need

for it. After a bit you don't think anything about it. I sent most of the servants post-cards, as I thought they would like them. As the mothers (of Freshwater) appear to be interested, I wonder whether you would send me some names and addresses. Mrs. Lock, Mrs. Gale, etc., used to be very kind to me, and I think it might please them.

We passed out through the narrows about 4. It is a very narrow channel and a very easy one, as you simply have to go between two rows of buoys. Outside this channel there are most awful rocks and reefs, and you pass quite close to some. They had an anchor ready on the fo'c'sle to let go if we got out of the channel. We did 12-pounder and 3-pounder night defence at 8 P.M., with all the search-lights on and the ship darkened.

When I have not been on watch down below I have slept. They talk about seeing whales and icebergs, but I don't think there is much chance.

Now, at 8 P.M., it is 45° F., as we have left the Gulf Stream. It is wonderful how it alters. In these two hours the thermometer has dropped from 65° to 50° . It is a change after Bermuda, which, except for the first few days, kept at about 80° F. I have been reading *In Memoriam* lately and a little book given me by father, *Tales from Wagner*. The former is really marvellous, and I think inspires one enormously. That verse—

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave,

appeals to me immensely. It is so true how quickly it is all over and the sailor left there right away in mid-ocean, while those at home are none the wiser for days. We have one poor fellow, a chief mechanic, who has gone off his head, and I was unfortunate enough to see him having a fight with a sick berth's steward while he was trying to escape from a casemate where they had put him. I had never seen a more awful sight, as he was in a terrible state. I will not describe it. It will haunt me for days. I have never seen any one so changed. They have put him in a padded cell to-day, and they think he will soon die.

HALIFAX, *Thursday, May 15.*

We arrived this morning at 12. I slept on deck through the night, and the temperature dropped to 45° F. Halifax is a large, smoky town, with a big harbour and a lot of docks. I am so cold I can hardly write.

HALIFAX, *May 27.*

Cheer up about the scolding-sheet, as you call it. The day I wrote everything seemed to go wrong. We steamed up the estuary here about noon, with a bitterly cold north wind blowing, and I happened to be seeing about the cables that day, and so was on the fo'c'sle.

It really was the coldest thing I have ever felt in my life, and the wretched men could hardly touch the cable.

I have sketched the shape of the harbour for you on the other side.

When you land here you have to go up a big railway goods-yard and a street I have labelled the slums. You go down this for about a mile and a half, and then you come to the main street and a respectable part of the town. As luck would have it, the very first day we arrived the trams went on strike. I landed not knowing this, and walked down this slum street, and it really was an amusing sight. Barrels, blocks of wood, bricks, tables and chairs were littered over the tram-lines.

The main streets, Barrington Street and George Street, are the only respectable streets. It is really quite a small town, only 60,000 inhabitants, and a fellow told me that in no other town in Canada or America did the same slums exist. You see, Halifax is entirely isolated from any other place, and there are no industries. In the last 25 years the population has not increased by a thousand. I wandered about the town all the afternoon, but there is nothing of any interest to see, no museum or picture-gallery. However, I had quite enough excitement, and it happened like this. When there is a strike out here the employers get Strike-Breakers, who are men who travel about from place to place doing

nothing else but break strikes. The public feeling against these fellows is enormous.

The employers had got wind of this strike, so on Friday, the day the men went out, about 100 Strike-Breakers arrived from Montreal about 5 o'clock. While I was walking about I saw a huge crowd in one street, and found a perfect riot going on. These Strike-Breakers, or scabs as they call them out here, were trying to drive the cars along, and there had been a block and the three cars jammed up together. The mob, who were really angered, were smashing these trams up, throwing bricks, etc., at the windows, and also at the Strike-Breakers. I never realised before what a nasty and completely uncontrollable thing a big crowd is when it begins to get angered. The police were absolutely powerless, and I should imagine in a funk of their lives, but one of the Strike-Breakers who was driving a car got a smack in the face, upon which he whipped out a revolver, and the police arrested him on the spot for carrying firearms. This caused an outburst of enthusiasm for the police, as every one was yelling, "Down with the scabs," "Kill them if you can," etc. One car just began to move when some sportsman climbed up on top and pulled away the trolley-pole, but didn't quite succeed, and so left it with a spark about one foot long, hissing and cracking. I thought it very lucky that the whole of the wires didn't fuse, and I also began to think of getting out

of it to catch my boat. It took ten of us twenty minutes to fight our way out.

The next day, Saturday, about thirty of us went to a Music Hall. It was quite a change, as we had not seen a stage since we left England. It is the only place with a stage in the town, and the entrance is ten cents (five-pence), so you may imagine it is not very high-class. All the other places of amusement here are cinemas, three of which take place in churches. It seems a dreadful come-down, but most of the houses are wooden, and I suppose they have built stone churches to take the place of wooden ones, which have been given up to this wretched form of amusement. We really saw quite a good show at the Music Hall, and most respectable. They have always two policemen outside, and if any one even shouts he gets turned out. You are only allowed to clap and stamp with your feet. We all shouted *encore* after one song, and were almost expelled. Would you believe it? the manager had never heard the word before, and didn't know what it meant.

You really can have no idea how wretched it is when you are in a place like this where there is nothing to do, except a mild walk through the slums. If the trams had been running one might have seen a little of the country.

On Tuesday we left the ship at 7.15 A.M., with the band and two companies of sailors, and were towed down the estuary to Bedford.

After you go through the narrows you get into Bedford Basin. This is like an enormous lake, and all the ships in the world could anchor in it, as it is very deep. I should think it is the most wonderful natural harbour in the world, but there is no use for it out here. So far I have seen nothing of the actual country, except the edge of this basin, which is all surrounded with Scotch fir and birch, the silver stems of the birch looking really lovely against the dark background. Well, we landed at Bedford, and marched through these woods by byways to Dartmouth, about ten miles, and got back to the ship at 1 P.M.

On Wednesday we managed to get a football ground, and B group played A group, and we beat them 6 points to 3. I guess we can play some, yessir, as they say out here. It really is awful the way they talk, and in the papers "through" is spelt "thru," and all that sort of nonsense.

On Thursday the trams started running again. "Great event in history!!"

On Saturday we went to Government House, where we danced from 4.30 till 7 P.M. It was a most formal affair. All the captains and commanders of the ship here were in full uniform frock coats, and the soldiers in their tunics, etc. We had some tip-top dances out of *Fire-Fly* and *Red Rose*, the two latest American musical comedies. As regards the Governor, he never allows an intoxicant inside the house, and proposes the King's health in lemonade.

We are having a sing-song on Wednesday, at which I am going to sing "Hitchy-coo." The Captain asked Reid and myself to go to the Cathedral with him on Sunday, and come on to luncheon afterwards. He was most nice and kind the whole time, and after luncheon told us some quite interesting yarns. Well, we went to the Cathedral, the Captain in full-dress uniform, likewise we. It is a very long church, and we stamped the whole way up the nave to the front pew, which was roped off for us. It really was an awful performance, as Prince Albert was to come, but didn't, so they took one of us to be him, and every one stared. Then the man gave out from the pulpit that two verses of "God save the King" would be sung, and it was done then and there. I can't tell you how nice it was being in church again after four months, though the music and singing were not very good. It is the oldest cathedral in Canada, which is not saying much, as it looks twenty-five years old at the most.

The sing-song last night went off quite well, again rather nervous work, but as the ship's company sing "Roll on September," which is when they re-commission, so I will sing "Roll on July 10," which is not far off.

Now to get to work, or *revenons à nos moutons*, as the French say.

On Friday, May 30, we put to sea from Halifax at 5.30 A.M. It was blowing pretty hard inside the harbour, but when we got

outside it was blowing a regular gale, and a terrific sea running on the beam. I have never seen anything like the way the old tub rolled. It was 2° more than in the Bay, and one of the boats was completely stove in and smashed to bits by a wave. I got wet through by 8.30 A.M. by a wave which came on board as we rolled gunwale under, and there was water up to our waist when she came over that way again. Some most exciting episodes took place during the day, as people were washed across from one side to the other, and I was standing on deck and a big wave came, and I saw a fellow, a cadet called Roome, who was standing next to me between a gun and the ship's side, up to his neck in water nearly. He got quite a nasty fright. I was lying on my chest, and in a big roll the whole thing capsized and was completely telescoped, and I have kept it as a keepsake of what one of my legs might have been. I think every one had exciting moments that day, and there were some very amusing ones, especially once when a ten-foot table got on the loose and waltzed about the half-deck, and most of us were able to make a lot of fun out of things, as we did not feel in the least ill, and so on the whole it was more cheerful than the Bay.

That evening we got into the Gut of Canso, where peace and calm reigned once more, and we steamed the next morning up the Northumberland Strait and arrived at Charlotte Town about noon.

It is a town of 6000 inhabitants. There is absolutely nothing to do in the whole island. Prince Edward Island generally is very flat, never rising above 500 feet, and on the grey day on which we arrived looked very desolate and barren. The inhabitants, what there are, fish a little, farm, and keep live-stock. The whole island is sparsely covered with a sort of cypress, and the fields are a lovely fresh green, so that on a bright sunny day, with the bright blue of the three rivers, wide estuaries at first until they narrow down, the green fields and the dark firs, which contrasted well with the red clayey cliffs, quite like the Devonshire soil, it was a lovely picture of a desolate kind which grew on one, and I thought it beautiful by the time we left. There was a Garden Party at Government House and a dance. I danced the lancers with a girl to whom I could not think of anything to say. About half way through she asked me if I was a mystic, to which I replied, "Yes."

Tuesday morning at 3 A.M. we left, on a glorious day with lovely sunshine. As we steamed along, with Prince Edward Island on our starboard and the mainland New Brunswick on our port side, it was perfectly delicious, enough to make anybody happy and contented.

About 4 P.M. we passed through hundreds of small fishing-boats, fishing for cod on the banks. There was not a breath of wind,

and there was a slight mist over the sea from the setting sun, and these little white sails looked like phantoms dotted about on the glassy sea. It was like a little basin, with toy yachts on it. We entered the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence about 9.30 P.M., and that night there was an extraordinary after-glow, quite a sort of *Aurora Borealis*. The black outlines of the headlands and mountains stood out in relief against the red sky, with the lighthouses, which are very numerous all the way down, like stars twinkling in the darkness, making a really perfect picture, and I stayed and watched it for a long time. We kept close in to the left bank the whole way down, and we did not sight the right till 12.30 on Thursday.

The St. Lawrence scenery is nothing wonderful. On the left bank runs a low sort of hilly range, which one just cannot see over, about 100 feet high, until we get near Quebec. There are little white hamlets all the way along nestling at the foot of these hills, and between these hills and the water on the left side there are about four miles of fields or woods.

We got into Quebec about 7 A.M., and we packed our bags and started off from the ship at 12.30. Quebec is built on the side of a hill, with the Citadel at the top. On a level with this Citadel, and running down the river for about a mile, are the Heights of Abraham. They are distinctly disappointing.

I had expected to see a wall of rock 300 or

400 feet high, looking practically inaccessible and going sheer down into the river, instead of which, from the Citadel onwards for a mile or two miles, there is a grassy slope going up to a height of 200 feet, on the top of which are the plains. This slope looks as if one could make its ascent with the greatest ease. The country round Quebec and the view from the Citadel, with the blue Laurentian range in the distance, which I will describe later, is one of the most lovely views I have ever seen and more than makes up for the other. Quebec is divided into more or less two halves, the lower city or old part, and the upper city or modern part, where all the shops and hotels are. The lower city is full of funny little old streets, filthily dirty, and slums most of them, but very quaint and interesting, and like a bit of the old world of the Middle Ages, and the only bit of old world in the whole of Canada or America. Of course we landed in the lower city, which is the part nearest the water. We got into a tram in the old market-place and went up a lot of little old streets—passed the canal to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station.

I do not know why, but it has always been a wish of mine to go in one of the big transatlantic railways of America. Of course everything is done on a much bigger scale than with us. The rolling stock and engines are much bigger and heavier and everything rather interesting. We got three sleeping-coaches

at the end of the 1.30 P.M. express for Montreal, and the last one was reserved by the officials for Prince Albert, for they thought, as most people do out here, that he would go about in state. He went with a party in one of the front two carriages. We stepped up into the last carriage and the conductor said, "For the Prince."

I said, "Yes, all right." So I got in and the other fellows I was going with, Kirkland, Mack, Harrison, and Liddle. The coaches have a drawing-room, smoking-room, and lavatory at either end, and a saloon in the middle in which the bunks let down at night.

The officers who came with us, the First Lieutenants, Spencer-Cooper, Deacon, Mr. Percy, and the Fleet Surgeon, had the flat at the front end. The conductor went up and told Spencer-Cooper that he had got the Prince at the back. I had already told S.-C. about the mistake. He kept up the joke, and told the conductor to keep an eye on him, so we got no end of attention. The conductor, with many touches of the cap and "Your Highness," got some camp stools for each of us, and made us very comfortable. It was very nice sitting at the back in a sort of glass case and watching the line stretching away behind one and all the country. We passed through absolutely nothing all the way to Montreal except green fields and green woods of maple, elm, or silver birch with their lovely white stems. The green of the grass out here

is really wonderful, much fresher and greener than in England. I don't know that it was because we had come from the West Indies where everything is burnt up, and after being on a ship and now being more or less free again, that the sight of this freshness of spring seemed to me one of the happiest of things. I sat there from 2 to 6, when we got into Montreal, loving every minute of it. After being cooped up in a ship and subject to the strictest discipline one loves these times and learns their real value. It is extraordinary that I didn't see a single field, of roots or corn or maize or anything, just these vast meadow fields and the cattle, with their little white log-cabins dotted about here and there. We got to Montreal about 6.30 P.M. and had dinner at the big hotel with everything of the best. One thing made the whole difference, that the officers left us entirely to ourselves, allowed us to go where and do what we liked, and we had mufti food, as we called it. In fact, but for the uniform, it was just as if we were on leave, only, instead of paying for things, the bill was sent in to the First Lieutenant. Our party stuck together and had meals everywhere together the whole time, and when there was something to see we had some quite amusing times. I rushed round the place in a motor with Algernon Percy, a very good fellow whom we took on board at Trinidad, a friend of the Captain's. I expect you know who he is better than I do, some

relation to the Duke of Northumberland or some other Duke. We only had half-an-hour. We managed to see the interior of the Cathedral, which was fine, and all the principal buildings, of which the Bank, G.P.O., and Parliament Houses are magnificent. It is a magnificent, great big place, and wide streets, and I only wish we could have seen more of the capital of Canada. We got into our three coaches again at 8 P.M., and from now onwards we had a special. I spent a most comfortable night, and we arrived at Toronto the next day at 7 A.M. on the wharf alongside the steamer at which we started off at 7.30.

From Toronto we crossed the bottom corner of Lake Ontario to a place called Niagara on the Lake, being out of sight of land the whole time, and then entered the Niagara river, which is about two miles wide, with orchards on either side, the right bank Canada, the left America. It is one of the greatest fruit-growing districts of Canada, and pears, peaches, grapes, plums and apples grow out in the open in abundance. We went up the Niagara river about 20 miles to a place called Louistown. Here the Niagara Belt line starts, and we got into a special tram to go up the Niagara gorge, one of the most wonderful bits of scenery I have ever seen. One feature of the trip was that the arrangements and connections were perfectly excellent and there were no waits anywhere. It was all done by the C.P.R. As one goes up, the

gorge gets deeper and deeper and the water faster and faster until it becomes a rushing torrent, with seething, rushing rapids at the Devil's Hole. As you go on farther up the gorge the tram lines run on a ledge between a perpendicular face of the gorge and the rushing water underneath, about ten feet above the water, so that if a rock came down from above or anything happened which made you fall into the water it would mean instant death. Next you come to a round basin with sheer sides, covered with rich green foliage, a lovely sight, with the river rushing in at one end and out at the other, while the water in the middle is whirling round and round, the basin being about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles wide. This is where Webb's body was found. You go on again and come to the finest rapids of the lot, the whirling rapids. I have never seen any rapids before. It is a most fascinating sight. The river comes rushing down at a tremendous pace, all bubbling and boiling, and then is lashed into great waves and clouds of spray as it comes to the drop, which you can see distinctly, and then between the spray you could catch a glimpse of the water slipping and sliding down over a submerged rock at some 50 or 60 miles an hour.

I have taken photos of all these things and have got postcards in my book, which I am longing to show you. We went on for another mile, the gorge being seven miles in all, and then branched up the side of the gorge

into the town of Niagara, the province of New York. There are two towns of 50,000 inhabitants each on either side of the gorge, on the American side "Niagara New York," on the Canadian side "Niagara Ontario." Luckily there are masses of trees everywhere, and from the Falls, and their surroundings, one cannot see either. Going up the side of the gorge we got our first glimpse of the Falls, and I think one of the finest, as one sees them there away in the distance enveloped in a misty spray, looking more like some far-off phantom Falls, through a frame formed by the big bridge which joins the two towns. After going through the town we got out and walked to Point Prospect, where we had the first view of the Canadian Falls.

It really is a wonderful sight watching this water getting faster and faster as it nears the top, and then tumbling over with a roar as it leaps and thunders down into the river beneath. As the face of the American Fall is much more jagged than the Canadian or Horse-Shoe Falls, the water is much whiter and sprayed out, and the sunshine on this water makes it sparkle and glisten like snow, while the mist-like spray covers the bottom part in hues and forms a rainbow suspended in mid-air. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I do so wish you and father could have been there, as you would have loved it so, and I should have liked it a thousand times more. Thank goodness!

I went about all day with a fellow who really did enjoy it to the full. After going out on Prospect Point we crossed over to Goat Island and looked at the American Falls from that side. We also from here went underneath the Falls. We all got into sweaters and oilskins and then went right down to the river's edge. From there you clamber over the rocks on the wooden bridge arrangement which stretches from rock to rock, and by degrees work round until you could get underneath the Falls to the "Cave of the Winds," as they call it.

Now comes the real part of the business. The spray is simply blinding, and it is like going through a terrific blizzard. You hang on the rails for dear life, as you cannot see a thing, with your breath taken away at intervals, wondering how long it will last and thinking was it really worth coming after all, but you eventually get through it, and then it is simply splendid watching this great cataract of water shooting out from the face of the rock above you in a compact mass, and spraying out in all directions as it comes down.

We then climbed up to the top again, got out of our oilskins, and walked back to the town and across the bridge to the Canadian side, where we had luncheon at an enormous and perfectly ruinous hotel called the Clifton. After this Kirkland and I went and made friends with the Captain of the *Maid of the Mist*, who gave us a free trip up to the foot of

both Falls, which otherwise would have cost us 4s. each. You go right into the spray and foam and get some magnificent views, I think about the best of any. We were very lucky, as we had a lovely sunny day when everything looked at its best. The Canadian or Horse-Shoe Falls have not such a jagged face as the American ones, and so the water goes over in a sort of blue wall, which is lovely. After the *Maid of the Mist* I went in a tram up the river to Chippewa, where one has a view right across Lake Erie, with all the chimneys of the great Power Houses on the far side and Buffalo in the distance. Going up to Chippewa one passes all the big Canadian Power Houses and a big sea of rapids above the Falls, where the two branches of the river join above Goat Island. We spent from 11 A.M. till 5 P.M. there, and then came back to Louistown in the tram, only this time on the Canadian side and at the top of the gorge. We stopped half-an-hour at Brock's Monument in some huge public gardens, which, like everything else out here, are beautifully kept, with "No walking on the grass" freely distributed everywhere. This monument marks the spot where Brock is buried who won the battle of the Queens-town Heights between the Canadians and the Americans, when the Americans rose against the English for searching and pressing ships in 1812 to 1814. We made friends with the Director, and were the only people who went up to the top of the monument, as the

others thought it too expensive. We also kept the special tram waiting, much to the annoyance of the people who were in it, but we were determined to see everything. Harrison and I had even got up at 7 that morning and rushed round Toronto, and just caught the boat at 7.30. The view from Brock's Monument is wonderful, where you can see miles, as the country is so flat. In front lies the Niagara river leading to Lake Ontario whose opposite bank we could not see. Behind stretched away the Niagara gorge leading to Lake Erie, and on either side miles and miles of orchards with their rich green. They have no oaks or anything tending to darken the green at this time of year. We got back to Toronto at about 9 P.M. after a terrific thunder-storm. Once there was a huge flash and all the lights went out, and we had to wait till they went on again to pick up our steering-points. It was blowing hard, too, and the boat was packed with trippers and a lot of Methodist Congress people, who all started singing hymns, the women shrieking, although there was not a ripple on the water. We got up a rival chorus of Dixie popular rag-time, probably unknown to you, and they thought it terrible. One old chap told us we should never go to Heaven if we did such a dreadful thing. We left in our special train for Kingstown, turned out there, and went by boat for Montreal and Quebec, passing through the same field and wood scenery as before.

We got back to Quebec on Sunday. I have written a huge description of Niagara in my diary and have stayed on board to write this. I am posting it from Gaspé Bay, a lovely spot, and a nice rest after our busy life at Quebec, as on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday we had dances.

ST. GEORGE'S BAY, *June 21.*

The next time I write will be from Plymouth's sunny shores. We get home on July 10, re-provision and coal, and leave on July 13 for manœuvres, which, it is rumoured, are going to last till August 3. Such is life, and we must make the best of it. I hear we are going to guard trade routes, which means that we shall cruise up and down probably off Ushant, and not touch land anywhere between July 13 and August 3.

I stopped my last letter with our arrival on board on Sunday, June 8, after returning from Niagara. That afternoon we again got on the move at 3 P.M., and on our landing were met by the Chief of Police in full uniform and very important, a typical Frenchman, with a little black fiery moustache. During the afternoon I made great friends with him, thanks to being able to talk a certain amount of French, and he insisted on showing me off to the populace as Prince Albert, he being really at Government House.

It seemed to cause him vast amusement, chiefly because it gave him a chance of talking

to the mob, I think, but I managed to give him the slip after this performance had been repeated twice. He escorted us from the landing-place to a special tram, which took us through the little old-fashioned streets, with everything written up in French, to Victoria Park.

Here we all got out. He placed himself at our head, with me on his left and some one else on his right, and proceeded to march us across the park to Queen Victoria's statue. I have never seen anything like the way the crowd behaved. They stared at us as if we were wild animals and, one might say, pinched us to see if we were stuffed. Monsieur the Chief of Police was in all his glory, and we were kept here for about five minutes completely hemmed in while the mob gazed at us. It was a wonderful proceeding. After this we moved on about 50 yards to a tree planted by King Edward, where the whole process was repeated. We then went back to our tram, followed by the crowd, and drove to the station, from where electric trains start for Montmorency. It is a 7-mile run and you cross over the St. Charles, go through the Quebec suburbs, and follow the left bank of St. Lawrence. From the station at Montmorency we got out into a huge sort of park, with a fair going on and a tremendous crowd of riff-raff, merry-go-rounds, booths, swings, etc., all in full go on Sunday. In the middle of this park, with 30 motors drawn up in front,

was an hotel called the Kept House, and a verandah on the ground level running round the bottom with a railing round it. In this verandah we had our tea at enormous tables, and on the railing a crowd at least 20 deep watched us eat our tea, which consisted of one plate of toast and one of biscuits, for which they charged the city 2s. 6d. per head. After tea, when I asked to see the Falls, they seemed quite surprised.

These are about a quarter of a mile from the back of the hotel, and one watches them from a little look-out about half-way down. The surroundings of course are not to be compared with Niagara and the Rapids, but I must say I think the actual Falls are finer. They are of course nearly 100 feet higher, but one doesn't get a quarter of the volume of water going over, still, there is plenty, so as not to make it look the least thin. The way it comes tumbling down and adapts itself to the curve of the rock and then splashes into the St. Lawrence beneath is very fine, and I stood and watched it for a long time. I don't know whether it is the novelty or what, but a waterfall has a great attraction for me. After this I went and saw the moose, cariboo, ermine, beaver, etc., belonging to a great fur company, who have two huge places in Quebec, called Holt & Renfrew. They keep this small Zoo to show the people what the beasts are like before the fur is taken. The little beaver had a most piteous expression and looked as

if he were going to cry. I don't know if this is a common trait of the genus, but I have never seen one before.

Also, a big wild cat was most ferocious, and spat at me forcibly for a long time after I had insulted his cage by throwing in a pebble.

The next day we had a dance up at the Citadel, given by the officers of the Canadian Garrison Artillery. It was the best dance we have been to so far. They had an absolutely lovely band of about 40, which played outside the ball-room window, and the floor was perfection. The Citadel is right up at the top of the hill, above the town, on the original site of the old one of Wolfe's day. The actual battlefield is about a quarter of a mile farther along at the top of this hill. The present Citadel and the Barracks were built in 1806, and cost so much that a question was asked in the House at home whether it was true that the Citadel of Quebec had been built of solid gold.

One door of the ball-room led out on to a long terrace running the length of the battlements, from which one is supposed to get one of the finest views in the world. The panorama is certainly wonderful. Directly beneath is the *Château de Frontenac* and the Dufferin Terrace, with the old lower city below, while beneath all runs the mighty St. Lawrence. Away to the left are the docks and the St. Charles, with its large green fertile valley, while beyond are the blue, blue hills of the Laurentian range. The day we were up there

it was perfectly gorgeous ; the blue of those hills was exactly like the blue of those Italian hills which we have got in some water-colours at home.

To the right stretched away the great valley of the St. Lawrence, with the low *Notre Dame* range in the distance. I wish you could have been there, as it was really beautiful.

The next day we had a half-holiday, and our old friend, the Chief of Police, met us as before in the market-place with a special tram, only this time, instead of having an ordinary tram, we had a great huge open thing with gold lines painted on it, and a man with a megaphone up in front. We went on a tour of the town. Nothing struck me particularly except Wolfe's headquarters, a little house now used by an enterprising barber, and the Parliament Buildings, an extraordinarily fine block.

The interior of the Roman Catholic Cathedral is rather fine, built in a handsome sort of white stone.

We finished up at Government House, where we had another dance, with the splendid band, which I much enjoyed.

Next day, Wednesday, we had a tennis-party at the Quebec Tennis Club. I played one set, but I was determined to see the Heights of Abraham and Wolfe's Monument before I left, so I went off there with a Miss Hewstiss. The plains have narrowed down considerably now, and there is only about a

quarter of a mile between the bank of St. Lawrence and the first row of houses at the edge of the town. They are building over them more and more. The plains are just undulating ground with Wolfe's Monument where he fell, with his helmet cased in bronze at the top. There are a golf-links and baseball ground, a football ground, and a cricket-ground on them at present. They have begun making an enormous park on a very big scale, which is to enclose the whole thing, and will not be completed till 1918. I came back and walked along the Dufferin Terrace, which runs along in front of the huge *Château de Frontenac*, the most expensive hotel in the world.

From here you look down on to the old market-place and the lower city, a fascinating view.

We left next morning for Gaspé, one of the most lovely places I have ever seen. On the day we arrived it was rainy and misty, but the other two days we were there were lovely, and it looked perfectly beautiful. You enter between two headlands about 10 miles apart into a large bay, at the end of which stretches across a long sandy spit. You squeeze round the end of this and then come into the lovely Gaspé Basin, surrounded on all sides by high hills, which stretch away range upon range. It is completely landlocked, except for this entrance round the spit.

The following day, when we had brilliant

sunshine and blue sky, the surrounding panorama was glorious—the lovely dark blue of the water, the ranges of hills all round, their sides densely covered with pine woods, with here and there splashes of light green from the silver birches, the two seeming always to grow together out here. Two arms of the basin stretch away at the end, one forming the mouth of the Dartmouth river, and the other the inner harbour. All was so still, perfect, and fresh, a great change after our busy week at Quebec, and every one was glad of the rest. There is only a very small fishing village and nothing to do except go for walks, and as we only land for two hours on ordinary days we cannot get far.

On Sunday, however, a party of us went and fished for sea-trout in the St. John's river at the mouth, but you fish with a worm, so it is not real trout-fishing. We got 23 between us, I getting 7. They are delicious eating, some of the best fish I have ever tasted. Their flesh is pink like a salmon and very fresh and sweet.

We left on Monday at 6 A.M. and arrived at Sydney on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday we coaled ship, and left again that night. The cadets did not coal, but got a day off. In the morning we all went over a great Steel Works. It was the most interesting piece of engineering I have seen, and I have written a full account in my diary, which I must explain to you when I

get back. I made friends with the manager, who got me permission to go down the biggest coal-mine in Canada, 14 miles away, at a place called Glace Bay. I have always wanted to do this all my life, and I loved it.

ST. GEORGE'S BAY, *Saturday, June 21.*

P.S.—I went ashore at 1.30 P.M. and I got in nine holes, and was playing better than I have played on this cruise, but it came on to rain and blow very hard, so I came back by the 3.30 P.M. boat wet through, and after I had changed rescued this from the letter-box, so I can write some more. I will go on from Sydney. We went over the Steel Works, which took us about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, as we saw the iron ore go in in its rough state, when it is just like a piece of red sandstone, and come out as nails, railway lines, wire stanchions, etc. It really was most interesting. We sketched a lot of the appliances and went into it all thoroughly at Dartmouth in our engineering, but we never saw it working on a big scale, and so that made it doubly interesting knowing all about it beforehand.

They make 100 miles of railway lines a week and 1000 barrels of nails a day, and what was extraordinary is that human hands don't touch it from the time it goes in as stone and comes out as nails, railway lines, etc. Steel arms come out from travelling cranes and pick two or three tons up and push it

about, and do what they like with it, as a human hand does with a piece of sugar.

The coal-mines belong to the same Company, the Dominion Steel and Iron Company, and there are sixteen shafts out at Glace Bay.

I made friends with the manager. He telephoned over there, and one of his officials met the electric train which goes out there 14 miles and took a fellow called Roome and myself to Number 2 shaft, the largest and most up-to-date mine in the whole of Canada. It was a terrific rush, as we had to be on board at 6 P.M., because the ship was under sailing orders. This meant going without luncheon, and I asked if any one else wanted to go, and nobody thought it was good enough to go without luncheon and with such a rush except Roome.

When we reached there we went to the Davy-lamp room and changed into overalls and got out lamps, and then, under the charge of a great burly miner about 6 feet 6, the underground manager, we went to the shaft. There are four shafts, the man-shaft, the coal-shaft, an air-supply shaft, and an air-exhaust shaft. You go down in the lift or tank, as they call it, 1000 feet, and most of the time at a terrific pace of 40 miles per hour. It beats any lift hollow, and the air sings in your ears owing to the high pressure. Half-way down, when you are going fastest, it feels exactly as if you were going up slowly owing to the pressure or

something that I can't quite make out. It is probably due to the fact that you are sort of compressing the air, which acts as a kind of buffer underneath, and you feel this, but your eyes cannot help you, as you are going so fast that you cannot see the sides of the shaft. When you get down below a man seizes your Davy-lamp and blows all round and shakes it to see that it is all right. Near the bottom of the man-shaft is the coal-shaft, which is in the main gallery, and makes an awful noise. The stables for the few ponies they have are also here, and sidings for all the spare trucks, etc.—in fact there is plenty of room and space. The main gallery, which is about 10 feet high and 20 feet wide, with a double rail laid in it, runs the length of the mine north and south, and another smaller one east and west. Along these lines runs a compressed-air locomotive, no other being safe owing to sparks, which pulls along a train of 25 trucks, each truck containing about 5 tons. The trucks are brought to the lift and hoisted up bodily. Along these main galleries run hundreds of other galleries, which are, so to speak, main side-galleries.

These are laid with rails, which have a wire running along the middle wound on a drum rotated by a compressed-air engine in the main gallery, which thus pulls a train of trucks along. These side-galleries are about 6 feet high and 6 feet wide, and from them branch off the working galleries. We were lucky, as

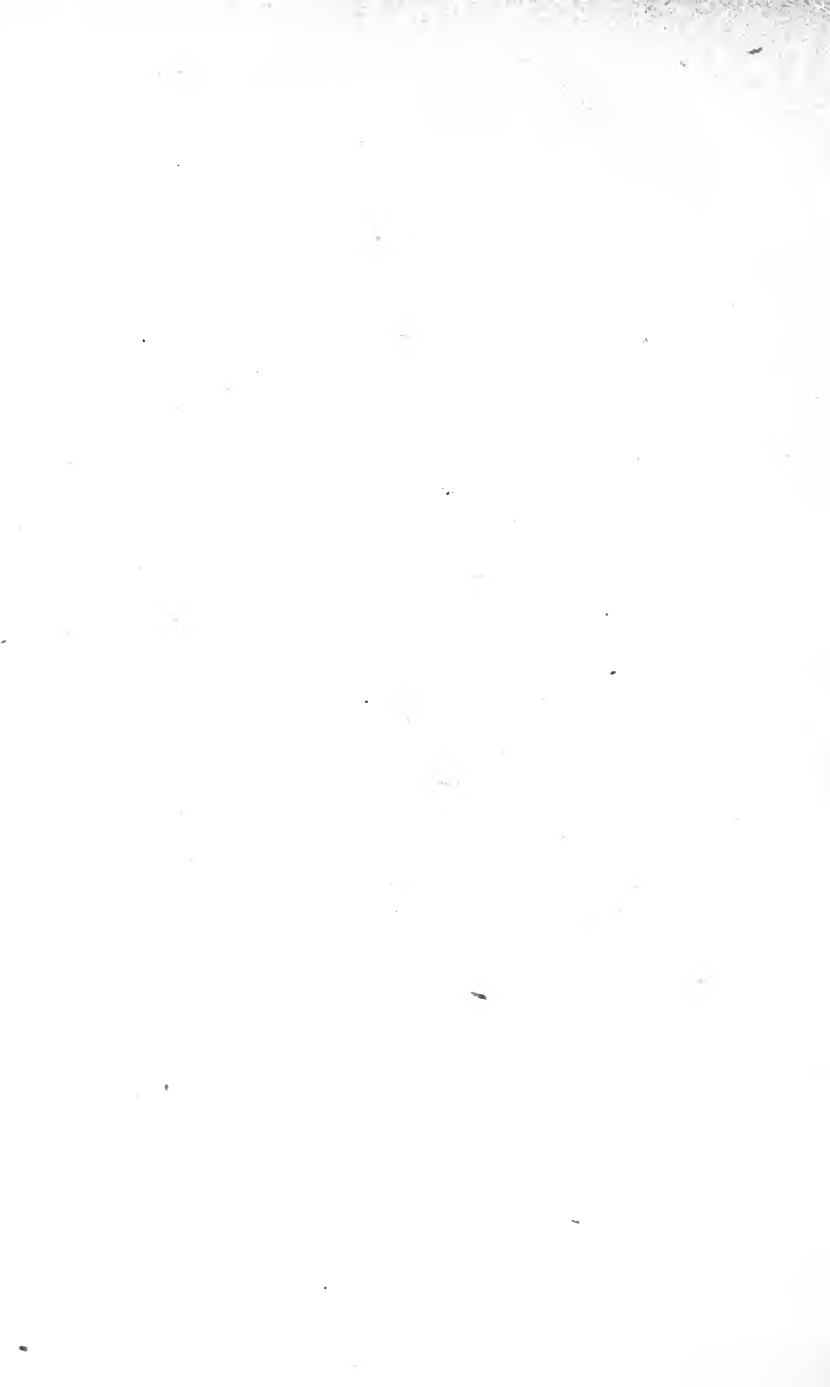
there was a working gallery about 2 miles away from the shaft bottom, most of the others being 5 or 6 miles away. To get to it we walked down the main gallery for a bit, which has its sides and top and bottom cemented, and then we branched off into a "Deep" (*i.e.* side-gallery), with its walls of solid coal with log-props supporting log-beams overhead, which give a certain amount of support to the top of the gallery. How on earth our friend the underground manager found his way to the place where the men were working I can't imagine, as it is a regular network of galleries. There were two miners there, and they cut a gallery about 5 feet high and 4 feet wide as they go, and a man comes along behind and lays a rail and puts up the birch log-props. It is along these rails that the ponies are used. The two men were using an automatic pick, which is worked by compressed air, and which you ride like a motor-bike, and a more unpleasant contrivance one could not easily devise. They jerk, jar, and throw the man about like a cork, but 50 tons are obtained a day to an ordinary hand-pick's 8 tons, and of course in this up-to-date country they are used universally. The men dig along for about 6 feet and to a height of 2 feet at the bottom, and then they blast the chunk out with a special sort of powder after carefully testing for gases. The whole mine gives from 3500 to 4000 tons a day.

PLYMOUTH, *Tuesday, July 8.*

We dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound this evening at 7 P.M. and the mail goes at once. We have had a splendid trip across, and very quick—only 6 days. . . . I am longing for home . . . still, I have had the best six months (away from home) of my life, and I shall never get it again nowadays in the Navy.

PART III

H.M.S. *QUEEN MARY*



THE *QUEEN MARY*

IN September 1913 Harold joined the *Queen Mary*. He left Farringford for this ship on September 13, and wrote the first of his letters home from the historic "Keppel's Head" Hotel, Portsmouth. On the 30th he sent for his dance-music and songs, and shortly after they left Portsmouth, and steamed out, with the band, as he says, "playing cheerful music," for Portland. He was now Assistant to the Navigating Officer, or "Tanky."

On October 1 they sailed with the *Lion* (Flag) and *Princess Royal* for Cromarty, which was reached on October 3 at 6 A.M. From Cromarty he visited Strathpeffer and Invergordon, and then returned *via* Bantry to Portland.

From Portland he went over to Bournemouth to see his great-aunt, Miss Matilda Tennyson, "Aunt Tilly," now ninety-six years of age, the last survivor of his grandfather's large and long-lived family of brothers and sisters. It was she who more than eighty years before, as a child, with her elder sister Mary, had seen the phantasm of Arthur Hallam in the lane at

Somersby in that memorable September of 1833, when

Within Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

Cheerful to the last, her young great-nephew found her much pleased to see him. "She seemed very happy," he writes, "and told me I was not nearly so dark-skinned as father, who always looked like a thunder-clap when he came into the room."

PORTLAND.

I have read all the *Spectator* articles.

On Wednesday, when the ship went to sea at 6.15 A.M., I took the umpire to the *Hercules*, the postman into Weymouth, the butcher into Portland, and then I went and lay alongside the *Achilles* till 12.30 P.M. The ship came into harbour at 1.30.

I started off, brought off butcher and launch in tow with provisions, got alongside ship at 2 o'clock, went to *Monarch*, returned to ship, off again to *Hercules* and *Assistance*, back to ship, off to *Lion* with immediate letter, in to Weymouth with stewards, back to Portland for postman, and so on till 10.30 P.M., from 12.30 one continuous run. I slept on the floor of the cabin till 5 A.M., when we went off on an immediate letter trip to the *St. Vincent*, and then back to the ship to fetch the postman, and so on till 11.30 P.M. Last night to Weymouth for Naval Patrol. Yesterday, as we were Duty Steamboat for the Fleet, we did

a continuous run from 5.30 A.M. till 8 A.M., from 9.30 A.M. till 12.30, from 1.30 P.M. till 6.30 P.M., from 7.30 till 11.30, but to-day we shall have a little less work.

That is our life on board. I must say this life of rush is quite fun in a way, and reminds me of London, though at times it is hard to keep awake.

Next they went to Brest, where they arrived on February 10.

"We formed rather an imposing sight," he writes, "leaving Portland and steaming out of the breakwater, the *Lion* leading, followed by the *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal*, and *New Zealand*, and leaving the harbour deserted. It was a lovely moonlight night when we left, but when I went up on watch at 4 A.M. on Wednesday morning it was blowing very hard and raining in heavy squalls. I literally at one time got blown back down the ladder while trying to get up to the compass platform. It was a head sea, and the ship was as steady as a rock, pushing through it at 15 knots, and every time sending up a huge cloud of white spray and wave over the fo'c'sle, a very fine sight when looked down on from the compass platform. The seas were breaking right up to the turrets, like waves against a breakwater.

"They say that with these long ships a head sea is the most dangerous, as they may break their backs, being so long, and reach

over the waves. Two things occur, 'hogging' and 'sagging,' but I don't think we need worry about them in the *Queen Mary*. I was only telling you as a matter of interest.

"We sighted Ushant at 7 A.M., and then altered course and steamed down along an awful coast strewn with hungry-looking rocks and boulders, many of them far out at sea. We arrived in about 10.30 A.M. You steam in between two heads and go through a channel with hills on either side, about 3 miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. This channel comes out into an enormous bay, which looked like a lake, and beautiful in the bright sunlight. I went ashore about 4 o'clock, wandered about with McMaster, talked French to everybody I saw, and then came off again at 6.30. It had just begun to blow, and the wind was rapidly getting up. We were all lying at single anchor, and of course when these squalls come on one is liable to drag, and it means no end of what I call 'flap.' On Friday night I spent the whole of my watch upon the bridge taking anchor-bearings to see if the ship was dragging, and all sorts of things going on the whole time which is not what one expects when one is in harbour.

"On Thursday I dined in the Ward-room with the Commander, and sat between him and the gunnery-lieutenant. I think the gunnery-lieutenant one of the finest officers and nicest men I have ever met. He takes so much interest in everything, and knows about

everything from Aeroplaning down to Naval History and Greek Sculpture. I have made friends with him, and he has made me Range-finder operator, which is the most interesting position in the ship when firing.

"They say that when the *Orion* did her battle practice her good firing was entirely due to the lieutenant operating the Range-finder, and so you see a good deal depends on it. There is much rivalry about the business, which makes me all the more pleased to have got it."

The next letter is written from the harbour of Vigo. It describes how he met a very nice French cadet belonging to some of the "nuts" in Paris, who took him and his friend McMaster to the theatre at Brest. The theatre was a very fine one and the orchestra really magnificent. They saw the *Roi d'Ys*. The music in parts was very fine, the French acting "marvellous," and the staging good also. "We sat," he writes, "in a funny little box, of which there are many, going round the back of the theatre underneath the dress-circle. I enjoyed it enormously, especially the music."

"The next day, during the morning, we got our torpedo-nets out, which we have not done since we were commissioned. The Commander sent me out to the far end of the lower boom, which is a long pole sticking out from the ship's side about 60 feet from the water-line, over which the boats' crews go out, slide

down a rope, and man their boats. The object of my being out there was that I could watch the whole length of the ship to see if everything was clear, and to work flags directing the motion, heaving up the nets. Instead of taking half an hour it took three hours, and as one cannot move and has to hang on by the skin of one's teeth, I was very glad to get inboard again. It was nearly as bad as being mastheaded! Getting out nets is a dangerous evolution, and people often are hurt, but we got through without a mishap."

"In the afternoon the midshipmen of the Squadron played the French cadets at 'Rugger,'¹ and we got beaten, sad to say. They have 160 to pick from up to the age of 20 and we have about 30 up to the age of 19 to pick from. They played a wonderful passing game and their forwards flick the ball back to their three-quarters the whole time. Their three-quarters are marvellous, some of the best I have ever seen. We had to go and eat cakes with them after the game, which was an extraordinary proceeding. We left Brest at 5 p.m. and went to Night-defence station all night. I control two 4-inch guns in the port battery. Next day, Wednesday, it came on to blow, and it was pretty rough all day, with pouring rain and a gale blowing, which has continued ever since until this morning.

"Vigo looks lovely through the fog all

¹ Rugby football.

surrounded with mountains, with the *papier-mâché* multi-coloured town with its high citadel close to us.

"Owing to stormy weather we had to spend the night in Vigo. On Sunday morning it was blowing very hard, but we managed to go off to the ship after a very rough passage, and we got on board over the lower boom as it was too rough for any gangways to be lowered. It was very funny to see some of the older officers trying to get in over the boom in a funk of their lives. It is really nothing very terrifying, and I am used to anything now after my 3-hour stunts at 'out nets.'

"On Monday it rained and blew all day. Ditto Tuesday, except after 3 p.m., when it cleared up. Six of us go away every day in a gig, in which we are practising for the June regatta.

"It is excellent exercise and I like it very much, after which we do gymnastics over a horse, which I also enjoy. We do these in the dog-watches, *i.e.* 4 to 6, when work is finished. On Wednesday we had general drill, which is one evolution after another, all ships of a squadron racing against each other, a most dangerous operation. We did 'Out all wire-hawsers,' *Queen Mary* 1st; 'Away all boats, pull round the Fleet,' *Queen Mary* 2nd; 'Out nets' and 'In nets.' This last the *Queen Mary* has never excelled at, as I told you before, and our nets

are not all in yet ! Yesterday was the first fine day we have had, and it was perfectly glorious. Brilliant sunshine, clear blue sky, very warm, and the sea like a lake. The harbour looked gorgeous surrounded by low hills, dotted about with little villages nestling in the valleys.

“At the entrance are two curiously shaped islands, while the harbour at the back merges into the Minho River and goes curling away among the hills.”

H.M.S. “QUEEN MARY,” HOME FLEET,
AROSA BAY, *Friday, March 3.*

I got two delightful letters from father with some amusing stories and a splendid long one from you. . . .

On Sunday it was a moderately nice day and McMaster, Slayter, Aitchison, the nice sub-lieutenant and myself all went for a picnic. We had a tremendous stone fight with the natives of the land, who persisted in molesting us while we had tea. We put one fellow into the sea, and he lost his temper and whipped out a knife, so we held him under until he regained his temper again. On Monday, after work was over, we went away pulling in the gig and played stump-cricket; likewise on Tuesday. To tell the truth, except for week-ends we get very little time off, and as for doing any lectures, there is far too much seamanship and upper-deck work going on. Tuesday afternoon we had

a Fleet sailing race. I was the only midshipman from the *Queen Mary*, and went in the Commander's gig with a crew of boys, one of whom had been in a gig before. It was blowing like smoke, and only six boats finished the course. Two of our cutters and the pinnace broke their masts. We got on famously until we were full up to the brim, and then the boat refused to go anywhere near the wind, and as all the other gigs, bar one, had given up, I thought we had better get back, especially as some of the boys were rather dicky. Wednesday General Drill came along, and we did very well. All our gear is much heavier than the other ships, and consequently we are bound to take longer over it.

The general-drill days take about 6 years off every one's life, and how on earth more people are not killed heaven only knows.

I went to early service last Sunday. Our Chapel makes a great difference.

About six weeks later, on April 18, 1914, they were home again, and once more up at Cromarty, which "was looking lovely with the snow-clad hills and peaks at the back of the long stretch of water forming Cromarty Firth."

"We arrived at 1.30 P.M., a glorious day, warm as summer, with no wind, in fact the most gorgeous day we have had this year. We left Portland on Friday morning at 6.30 A.M., and we had a glorious race, we four, the *Lion*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand*, and

ourselves, up Channel, the *Queen Mary* just touching 30 knots. It was the finest sight I have ever seen in my life, these four ships racing along, with a continual cloud of spray coming high up over the fo'c'sle, at over 30 miles an hour, as a knot is more than a mile.

"After two hours the *New Zealand* was completely out of sight and the *Queen Mary* about 2 miles ahead. I was on watch all day, and so had a splendid insight into the whole thing. The Captain said to me, 'Why did you not bring your father up with us?' and so I murmured something, and he said, 'Why did you not ask? I should have been delighted to have him as a guest on board. Do you think he would have come?' and so I said Yes, I thought you would have liked it enormously, and so he said, 'Well, ask him if he will come and join us here.' Perhaps you might like to come up here and come down with us, as it will be very interesting, for we shall do a lot of experimental firing; all this next month our days are full up with it. I do wish you could have seen our full-speed trial, as it really was an extraordinary sight. We kept it up for 8 hours, and we walked away from the other ships, after which we finished at 23 knots, doing the whole distance of 612 miles in 30 hours. They simply got our contractors' horse-power, 75,000, without the least trouble, and they say with forcing they could have got 120,000 and beaten all records."

Home again

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,
Sunday, May 24, 1914.

I arrived here safely by the 7.50 boat on Friday night. It is too lovely for words. The last time I left here, if you remember, nothing was out. Now everything is a mass of beautiful fresh green. The blackthorn on the left as you come in at the gate is one mass of white petals, and the may tree on the right, opposite the mulberry tree, I have never seen anything so lovely. It is absolutely one mass of pink blossoms from top to bottom. The park and lawns are smothered in little white daisies, and the old rhododendron is still covered with blossoms. I longed for you both all the time, and it seemed quite strange in church without you this morning. We coaled ship on Monday, and on Tuesday and Wednesday we were out range-keeping with the *Centurion* all day from 6 A.M. till 7 P.M.; no dinner, no tea. I was up in the control tower all three days (as on Thursday), the 13.5-inch guns all those hours taking ranges continuously, and in between Aitchison and I read each other a story alternately, for we were the only two people up there. We have had Committees, Admiralty officials, and Admirals on all day, as we have been doing all experimental firing with all the different apparatus we have got. The Captain is splendid with them. He locked Aitchison and myself in the control tower, so that they

could not come in and worry us and ask questions. It is most amusing to hear them come up on the bridge and ask the Captain questions, which he always answers in the most courteous manner.

I think you will understand my not coming to London, as we have the most strenuous programme next week, and besides the joy of being out all day. The beauty of spring and the exercise are worth 15 Londons, and I can't tell you how I have enjoyed it, the only thing missing to make it perfect being your presence.

About three weeks later he was in Russia. He writes on Friday, June 19, from Reval :

“We left Portland on Friday morning a week ago to-day and steamed up the Channel, and thus across the North Sea and round the top of Jutland. We had the most glorious weather the whole way. We sighted land again on Monday morning. After we had rounded Jutland we went through the Skaggerack and Kattegat, and then through the Belts, the Little Belt and the Great Belt. We did not go through the Sund or Sound, which is the passage father spoke about, past Copenhagen, as we draw too much water. All through the Belts the sea was like a glass and the sun beat down fiercely on the decks. I spent all my time off watch asleep in the fresh air on deck, which is what one misses so much being down below.

“The land on either side of these Belts is exactly like England except for the great wooden windmills flapping lazily round, and innumerable lighthouses, as, although they are pretty wide, the *channel* is very narrow. There are low-lying pasturage, green fields, and woods sloping back into low hills, just like England. We got through by Tuesday night and set out to make our way across the Baltic, and so into the Gulf of Finland, near the mouth of which Reval is. We arrived here on Wednesday afternoon in glowing conditions. It is a very fine city from the sea, there being innumerable church spires everywhere. The whole is surmounted by a citadel on the top of which is the Russian Church, like a big mosque, with five colossal gold balls on pinnacles at the top. Away to the right of the city is the manufacturing part, with swarms of chimneys, and to the left is the dockyard. The Russian Fleet is here with their latest Dreadnought ship the *Rurik*, and she looks too tiny beside us. The Russians say they are perfectly astounded at the size of our ships. Three of their ships which were badly damaged in the war are here. On Wednesday afternoon all the English ‘nuts’ went to see the Russian ‘nuts,’ and then *vice versa*, salutes being fired continually by every ship. Yesterday there was a dinner on board given by the Commander-in-Chief, at which the Admiral (Beatty) and all Captains attended. From 3 P.M. to 6 there was a reception on

board the *Rurik*. Needless to say, I did not go; I hate all these dinners and receptions, for they are nothing but drinking-matches. I went ashore at 1.30 P.M. and started a round of churches. The first we went into was a German church, I imagine Lutheran, as there was no stained glass and bare white walls. Then into another German church, very old indeed, dull and very dark. The walls were hung everywhere with enormous shields and coats-of-arms, and there are a lot of solid square tombs dotted about. We then walked round the citadel, which has a very fine massive old wall, by a zigzag path, eventually getting to the top, where the Russian Church is, that is, the church with the huge golden emblems on the top which blaze and glitter in the sun. It has some very fine and magnificently carved doors, and inside is exactly like a hall in a picture-gallery. There is a highly polished parquet floor, and all round the walls are pictures of the Madonna, Christ, etc. At the end, in front of a frescoed wall, is a raised stone level, on which there are two brass lecterns, these being the only articles of furniture in the church, no altar-table, chairs, or anything. Round the sides there are a few little tables, with some solid gold or silver erections about 16 inches high in a glass case, and in one corner an enormous glass case with a marble coffin inside, supposed to be the coffin of Christ. There is no stained glass, the light simply flooding in through skylights; as I

say, you would think you were in a picture-gallery. Behind the altar in the frescoed wall there are two doors cut, leading into what I suppose are chapels, anyhow there are small rooms with pictures and a thing looking like a glorified gold salt-cellar under a glass case in the centre. In the left-hand one there is a strip of carpet in front of the glass case, and a priest with long hair half-way down his back and a long black beard, who had taken me behind the scenes, as it were, as a great honour, nearly had a fit. I walked across this carpet to look at a picture on the opposite wall, and, when half-way, he caught hold of me by the back of the neck and hurled me back. I nearly landed him one, but he then threw himself down on the carpet and started praying and wailing. Apparently this is a piece of sacred carpet that had not been walked on for over a hundred years. After about five minutes he recovered, and took me into the vestry and opened two great cupboards. Never have I seen such vestments. You must have seen the pictures of the Russian priests with their long purple upright hats. Well, there were rows of these, and huge, great vestments of white satin, inlaid with solid gold and silver, a green velvet cloak emblazoned with gold and black, and crimson satin ones all heavily inlaid with gold and silver, there being about 6 of each sort. Apparently they put on about 4 of these every time they conduct a service, and they

must weigh pounds. I made another 'floater,' by touching one of them, from the antics the priest went through. It is a fairly large town, full of smells, narrow streets, and dirty shops, while there are innumerable gardens, squares, and boulevards with chestnuts and planes. Not a soul speaks a word of English or French, but they nearly all speak German. I went to the English Consulate to change some money, and do you know that the six clerks were every one of them Germans? which seems to me pretty disgraceful. The streets are all cobbled, making it very unpleasant to walk on and most exciting to drive on.

"Two striking features of the Russians are firstly their hats, and secondly their cabs. Nearly every one you meet is in a uniform of some sort, and those who are not wear these caps and long flowing beards. The cabs are very low and very rickety, with barely room for two in the back, and you go along 'hell for leather,' bumping over the cobbles. There is no law and order in the streets as regards the traffic, and everything makes a headlong rush for the inside in going round a corner, with a result that one has the most exciting moments, and two or three times a shaft of another vehicle hit me in the back. There are many deep holes in the streets, and these rickety 'droskys,' as they are called, nearly upset every time. The postcards I enclose make it look much cleaner and better than it

really is, but the offices, buildings, and churches are certainly very fine, also the view of the city from the 'rade,' where we are lying in the midst of the Russian Fleet. The Governor of Esthonia gave a luncheon party to the 'nuts' to-day, and to-night we are dining our opposite ships. There is also a dance at the summer club at 10 P.M., which nothing would have induced me to go to, but Mrs. Beatty has asked a lieutenant and myself to dine on board the *Sheila* and then go on to the dance, so I suppose I shall have to go. Our sailors and marines are being entertained on board the *Tzarevitch* this afternoon, and we are inundated all day by a continual stream of officers and men to see over the ship. The aristocracy talk French, so I shall be all right when we get to Petersburg. We leave here on Sunday and arrive at Cronstadt the same day. There is an enormous programme of dinners arranged, but as far as I can make out they drink a lot, which I can't stick, and the dinners last for hours. The weather is delightfully warm and delicious, but I am longing to be back in England. I have just got a delightful long letter from father. I do so hope Lionel will do well for the Army. I have a dreadful piece of news, and that is that the Captain is leaving the ship to go to the Admiralty as soon as we get back. It really is too sad, as he is the finest Captain in the Navy, and I have more admiration for that man than any other naval officer I know.

I believe we are getting a first-rate fellow, called Philpotts, in his stead ; the Commander told me he is worth serving under. I have just heard something rather interesting about this place. It belonged to the Germans until 200 years ago, when it was captured by Peter the Great. Before this it was one of the towns of the Hanseatic League, and these burghers built the old walls, which one sees, with a round watch-tower every 200 yards, and also the massive wall of the citadel. The old church with the shields I told you about was their church, and the flags were the flags used by Peter the Great when he took it."

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY," HOME FLEET,
CRONSTADT, PETROGRAD,
Saturday, June 27, 1914.

I have never had such a week in my life. I will leave out the sight-seeing part in St. Petersburg and write it to-morrow or Monday, when we are at sea, and send it on from Biorco Sound. Well, my last letter ended when I was just off to the ball at Reval. I had a very amusing dinner on the *Sheila*, Lady Randolph Churchill being there, as well as two lieutenants. We all went to the dance afterwards, and I left there at 2 A.M.; it went on till 6 A.M. It was frightfully crowded. The nights here are perfectly lovely, the sun shining all the time, except from midnight to 1.30 A.M., and it is deliciously cool. The whole night long the colouring of the sky is perfectly

magnificent. The next day the *Lion* gave a reception on board in the afternoon and a dance. In the evening Hall gave a dance on board, which every one said was much better done than the *Lion's* show. We left the next day, Sunday, at 6 P.M., with the ships "manned," *i.e.* sailors posted all the way round the rails. It was a very fine sight, the whole fleet formed up in line ahead and shot out at 20 knots, and the Russian ships cheered us as we went out. One Russian naval officer told me he had never seen an evolution so well done in his life, that they never dared leave harbour at more than 8 knots. We arrived here Monday morning at 8.30 A.M., the youngest captain in the Russian Navy, who was promoted from a lieutenant in the war, being on board as our pilot. We were met by Russian destroyers and thousands of pleasure-boats with flags flying and bands playing, also by an aeroplane and an eagle, the latter not having been seen here since the arrival of Peter the Great. Cronstadt itself is some way up the Neva and consists of nothing but docks and one magnificent church, as fine as any I have seen out here. The streets are small and dirty, and the town itself is nothing. There are many forts on islands dotted about at the entrance, but for present-day warfare a stone fort is useless. In olden days I can imagine its being very strong, but now its only strength depends on the channel, which is only 150 yards wide. We

are all anchored in a line, tied up to buoys head and stern, a stone's throw from the wall of the basin, and we look perfectly enormous. There were the usual exchanges of visits and salutes and a dinner to the captains, etc., on the Minister of Marine's magnificent yacht the *Neva*. I pulled round the docks, both merchant and naval, in a skiff with McMaster, and nearly all the merchant shipping was English.

On Thursday morning at 8 A.M. 100 officers from the fleet went up in the Marine Yacht to Peterhof, the Tzar's summer palace. Personally I think it is far more beautiful than Versailles; the fountains beat anything I have ever seen. There were about six officers of La Garde, which is the crack cavalry regiment of Russia, and is the Tzarina's own regiment. I had the luck to take a bag, as I was going on to St. Petersburg from Peterhof, all the other officers returning to Cronstadt. I asked one of the Russian officers with aiguillettes where I could put it, and he said in French, "Oh, you come along in my carriage" (he was the General's aide-de-camp), and so there I was with one of these guard officers, the other five of them showing round captains, etc., in their carriages, and the other 94 officers having to walk!!! We first of all drove round the lovely grounds and saw the fountains and the small palace in which Catharine the Great lived. She was very fond of practical jokes, and there is a monster mushroom with seats

underneath next the stalk. We were unknowingly asked to sit here, and then water is turned on and you are kept prisoner by a wall of water flowing down from the outside edge of the top of the mushroom. She used to do this to people who bored her and then leave them there. Another one is a seat which you sit on, and then water comes up through the bottom and from behind, so that you get drenched. We then went on to see the big palace. Peter the Great and Catharine II. laid the whole place out and built it together. It is an enormous place with a great fountain with a huge golden statue of Samson. We walked through room after room in the palace, all being splendidly got up and all smothered in gilt, which I always think looks rather tawdry. The Tzar never lives there, but his guests always do. He lives in a small palace about one mile away, in which he receives no one. He holds receptions at the big palace and entertains the guard here once a year. We saw the magnificent suite of rooms prepared for Poincaré, who comes here next week, also a splendid satin bed, all magnificently done. The whole thing, gardens, grounds, and palaces, give one an idea of colossal luxury. The other officers, except two *Queen Mary's* and myself, then went back in the yacht to Cronstadt, but this excellent fellow who had showed me round and driven my bag round after me asked me to luncheon at the barracks, a great honour, as

they are *the* crack regiment. His name was Baron Tiesenhausen (he is aide-de-camp to the General), looks exactly like an Englishman, and is one of the best. I had the best time of any one, as he let me choose the band programme, and took me out to see the instruments and everything, being the aide-de-camp. In Russia you first start off with cocktails and *hors d'œuvres* of every description, caviare of all sorts, and lots of little delicacies; you then go on into another room and start the proper show. We had an enormous brass band who played magnificently, and then a band of "balalaykas," the Russian national instrument, accompanied with tambourines and wooden spoons, etc., and really a very pretty effect. It is an instrument like a guitar and has no twang. I gave Tiesenhausen an English cigarette to smoke, the first one he had ever had, and he liked it so much I have sent him 100. After lunch there were toasts and speeches addressed to us three, to which Llewelyn responded in remarkably bad French, and we asked them all on board the *Queen Mary*. After luncheon we went on to their parade-ground, where we saw them carry out their drill. I have never seen a finer sight in my life than these 1000 horses and men doing their drill at full gallop, wheeling round, making charges and attacks, and not a horse out of line, all the horses the same colour (chestnut) and the same size. The band, also on horses, played a march to the parade-ground

and back, and then played in the middle of the ground. After the drill one company rode at full gallop and cut stakes in half with the sword, while others picked up dummy figures off the ground with their lances. They are the Tzarina's own lancers. After this we had tea at their luxurious barracks, and Tiesenhausen drove me to the station. I arrived at Petersburg at 5 P.M., Peterhof being 15 miles off, and I met Aitchison and McMaster. We had obtained leave to go to Moscow, and I had set my heart on it, but, alas, the station-master would not give us free tickets without a pass from the Admiralty, where we found the offices closed at 4 P.M. It really was too sickening, but as it happens, had I gone, I should not have had the chance of showing the Tzar's daughters round the ship. We three stopped the night in St. Petersburg and were given a slap-up time by some Russian naval officers, who insisted on paying for everything. They really are first-class fellows and most generous. I came down to Cronstadt yesterday in the afternoon, and helped to entertain the lancers on board. To-day at 10 A.M. the Captain sent for me and told me I had been one of the four midshipmen selected by the Admiral to show the Princesses round the *Lion*, there being one "snotty" from each ship. I went on board the *Lion* at 10.30 A.M. and helped the Tzar, Tzarina, four Princesses, two Grand-Dukes, and two Grand-Duchesses out of the Imperial launch,

which brought them from the yacht. I have never seen such launches, all the boiler casing, fittings, and cylinders silver-plated ! At the top of the ladder we were all introduced, and we proceeded to inspect the ship, the four midshipmen showing the girls round. I showed round Princess Olga, who is extraordinarily pretty and most amusing. They were the most cheery and pretty quartette I have met for some time, and roared with laughter and made jokes the whole time. We left them for luncheon, as there was not room for every one, and the Flag-Lieutenant told me they wanted to stop on after luncheon and go round the ship again with the midshipmen. If only they were not Princesses I should not mind getting off with one ! The Tzar was in splendid spirits, and the aide-de-camp said he had not seen him like that for months. The yacht went back to Peterhof at 4 P.M., and I must rush off now for the Fleet Ball.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
CRONSTADT, *June 29, 1914.*

We start to-day for Biorco Sound, about 50 miles off, where we coal, and leave on Thursday. On Friday we are going to do a full-speed trial and manœuvres before the Tzar in his yacht. (I hope Princess Olga will come down to the engine-rooms !) On Tuesday morning 100 officers in uniform

from the fleet left Cronstadt at 8 A.M. for Petersburg in a magnificent steam yacht, called the *Strella*, belonging to the Admiralty. Cronstadt is, as you probably know, an island, and you steam up the Neva, which is about 15 miles wide, with low wooded banks. The channel is only about 200 yards wide, having been dredged, and runs close to the right bank. It is about 20 miles by water from Petersburg. You enter a canal and then steam up past a mile or so of mercantile docks, and then past the Admiralty docks, where they have 4 huge Dreadnoughts completing and 4 battle-cruisers building on the slips. There is by this time town on both sides of the river. You turn a sharp bend and then you come to a very fine view, looking right up the Neva. There we changed over into small boats and went on under the "Pont Nicolas" and past the big yellow dome, which is the great Cathedral of St. Isaac, till we came to the huge terracotta-coloured building on the extreme left of the picture. This is the famous Winter Palace, a splendid building, with a frieze of great statues round the outside, its colour being its only drawback. Here we were met by Russian naval officers and taken over the palace. First you pass through a great hall, where there are two bisons shot by the Tzar. (There is only one small part of Russia where they now exist, and that is preserved for the Tzar only.) You pass on up a great flight of marble

stairs to a suite of rooms running along the front and looking on the river. These are the rooms of Alexander II., left exactly as he left them. It is rather pathetic to see his writing-table with his little photos, letters, pens and pencils, etc., all lying about. The rooms are got up in the most costly manner with in many cases a lovely frieze round the top and full of lovely things. The palace was built in 1764 by Rastrelli, partially burnt in 1837, but rebuilt again. We first went through the rooms of Catharine II., with a lovely bedroom and bed upholstered in blue silk. We walked for miles through splendid great halls with parquet floors, long picture-galleries, room after room, all showing the most costly wealth. In the apartments of Alexander I., Napoleon's adversary, all the war is depicted by room after room of great pictures, some by the famous Veretzschagin, who was killed in the Russo-Japanese war. I remember one in particular where they are dragging the guns over the snow, and in a ditch which they had to cross eight Russian soldiers lay down voluntarily and let the wheels of the gun-carriage pass over them. On the walls of one of the great halls were hung an array of gold and silver salvers and salt-cellars by each. On the accession of any Tzar every town or borough presents him with a loaf of bread and some salt, which is the Russian token for friendship and fidelity. The Admiral had this honour done to him several

times at dinners, etc. Another great hall is the George hall, the throne-room where the Tzar holds his receptions and where the first Russian parliament met in 1906. The Tzar never uses this palace except for receptions. The Palace Chapel has a glass case containing the hand of John the Baptist, another saint's hand (both considered genuine), and a little chapel opening out of it is hung with ikons, all presented to the Tzars on their accessions by the Russian churches. There is a solid slab of topaz about 6 inches square with two embossed figures on it, which took ten years to chisel, and was presented to the present Tzar. We then went round the Hermitage, a museum built by order of Catharine II. adjoining the palace. The ground-floor is all old sculpture, etc., but nothing to be compared with the Elgin marbles or the Louvre. There is the largest collection of sculpture B.C. in the world, but it is all so black and broken that it is not interesting unless you know much about it. There is also an enormous armoury with arms from all parts of the world and all dates, rooms and rooms of it, but there again not very interesting after about two rooms. Upstairs is the Louvre of Russia. They have the finest collection of Rembrandts in the world, perfectly lovely, "The Holy Family" and "Sobieski" being the finest out of the 42 it contains. I could have stopped here for hours; all the world's famous painters are here, and I have not been to a good picture-

gallery for years. We next went into a room where the Tzar has put all his wedding presents. Never in my life have I seen such wealth, jewels of enormous size, wonderful jewelled-handled swords, wonderful jewelled watches, and I should not think that there is as much wealth amassed in any other room in the world. No one is allowed to see the palace, and we were greatly honoured, as we had luncheon in the Great White Hall, the dining-room where no one has dined for a hundred years, after we had seen the museum. I have never had such a luncheon. At 2.30 P.M. the yacht returned to Cronstadt, but Aitchison and I stopped up in St. Petersburg. At the back of the Winter Palace is the large military square, of which I send you a postcard; in the middle of this there is a great archway, through which you pass into the Nevsky Prospect, the great main street which runs straight for 3 miles, and is the finest street, next to Princes Street, I have ever seen. It is the only street that is wooden-paved, all the others being wide and clean, but cobbled and horribly bumpy to drive and walk on. This is the one drawback to the fineness of the town, all these cobbles which sink into great holes in places, the only things they can use on account of the ice in winter. The Russian cab, the drosky, with its padded driver, of which I send you a picture, is even more exciting to drive in at St. Petersburg than in Reval. I think St. Petersburg from

a tower or any point of vantage looks the grandest city I have ever seen, as every church (of which there are 600) has a gilded dome, one of them with an enormous blue dome and golden stars over it. Towers and spires rise everywhere, and the buildings and streets are all very splendid. Aitchison and I hired an English guide for 10s. for the afternoon, as there are only Russian guide-books. We went to see the palace of Alexander III., which is now a gallery for modern Russian art. (The majority of pictures is poor, but there are four halls where there are works which surpass those of our English modern painters.) I saw the most wonderful sea-pictures by Aivasovsky, especially one of a colossal wave engulfing a sailing-ship, also some fine paintings by Makaroff. From here we went on to the church built over the spot where Alexander II. was murdered. He was the most popular Tzar that there has ever been, and he was murdered on a Sunday by the two sons of his private priest. The church inside is all mosaic, with a magnificent ceiling. The floor is marble except for a little piece, covered by a canopy of jasper, of the cobble street with a splintered cobble where the fatal bomb struck. It is like all these Russian churches, full of the most priceless jewels, chiefly set on ikons and chalices under glass cases—no chairs or anything. We then walked to the Cathedral of Kazan, built to the Lady of Kazan, the splendid doors being an exact copy of St. Peter's. Here are hung the flags and

eagles of Napoleon and the keys of the 25 pillaged towns (Hamburg, Leipzig, etc.). We came in for their evensong. The priest, a fine old man in his great hat and magnificent robes, drones out a long thing in a tremendous deep-toned voice, with his back to the people and his face to the big silver doors. Now and again the choir, consisting of three men, tenor, bass, and alto, join in. They spent the rest of the time cracking jokes as far as I could see. Next to them is the paid reader, who reads the Bible and has on robes. Walking about all the time is a sort of porter, who gets candles from the congregation and goes and sticks them up on sort of lecterns on the raised altar platform, which he walks about on during the service most irreverently; once we saw him pass the priest, and they both smiled. The congregation meanwhile spend their time kneeling and making the sign of the cross as hard as they can go, and bobbing down until their heads touch the ground about every minute or after every ten crosses. I am sure they can't understand anything the priest is saying. Towards the end the priest and congregation go at it harder than ever, and the climax is reached when a voice is heard from inside, the great silver doors are thrown open, showing the Holy of Holies, and another priest advances and leads the priest who has been conducting the service up into the H. of H. to the altar; the great doors then close and the service is over. After this all the

congregation go up the altar steps and kiss the Virgin Ikon, all set in old precious stones, to the left of the great doors. It is a strange sight to see beggars and women holding up their babies, all kissing the glass over it. The porter again stands to the fore with a rag, and when a "nut" comes along who drops a tip into his hand he wipes the glass. In this church is the tomb of Prince Kutuzov, the only tomb allowed in any Russian church, all being buried outside. From here we went on to the fortress of St. Peter and Paul, which is the Petersburg side of the river, that is the other side corresponding to our south side in London. In olden days it used to be one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and in one of its bastions, under the level of the Neva, was imprisoned the only son of Peter the Great, who soon died there. Here also are the Mint, the Artillery Barracks, and Museum, the interior of which we could not see. Here also is the cathedral of the two St. P.'s, where all the Tzars are buried. Here are the tombs of all the famous Russian emperors (guarded by soldier sentries), beginning with Peter the Great, who founded St. Petersburg in 1703. On the graves of Alexander II. and Peter the Great there were lots of fresh flowers, and people came and placed some while we were there. Adjoining this church by a passage is another church, in which all the Grand Dukes lie, and when the other is full the Tzars will go to the Grand-

Ducal Mausoleum. Only two Tzars since 1703 have died a natural death, and Alexander II., their longest ruler, only reigned 24 years. The guide told us that there might be a revolution any day now, as the people all wanted a constitutional two-chamber government. The "Duma" is a name only, and is utterly powerless to act, all the power resting with the Tzar and the Grand-Dukes, the latter at the present time having all the power, but the most powerful of all being the old Dowager Empress. We then went back to the Hôtel de France, where we were staying. There was a dance and dinner given by the English colonists to the officers, but only two from the gun-room went and I drew a blank. About six of us joined up for dinner, and we met a splendid American fellow, who took us round after dinner. We started off (in uniform of course, as we always had to wear it here) to do a round of the *cafés chantants* at 11 P.M. We first went to the Aquarium, which is an enormous place, with three variety shows going on at once. When we came in everybody cheered and clapped, and the band started playing English one-steps and other things, and they brought us free champagne, and we were treated royally. One girl sang "Put me amongst the girls," being the only English girl there, and we joined in in the chorus, with the American playing the kettle-drum, which he borrowed from the band, and it brought the whole house down. All

the people at the tables cheered and clapped and encored it three times. After this the American hired the band, and they cleared away the tables and we had a dance, which they never usually have there. We moved on from here to another café at about 2 A.M., the bill coming to 250 roubles, one rouble being equal to 2s., and the American insisted on paying the whole thing. We never went to bed at all and got in to breakfast at 7.30 A.M. All these cafés stay open till 7 A.M., and at every one lots of fellows who knew a little English would come up and order a bottle of champagne. I poured most of mine under the table, and so did most of us, otherwise if we had drunk what was pressed on us we should have been logs under the table. In driving through the streets on top of a taxi from one café to another, nearly every one we passed waved their hats and shouted "Vive l'Angleterre," and all the policemen saluted. I have never seen such generous people in my life, and all the bluejackets were treated just the same, everything paid for them. I went back to Cronstadt by the 9 A.M. boat on Wednesday morning, as I had a day on.

On Saturday night after I wrote to you I changed and went off at 9 P.M. to the ball on board the *Lion* and *New Zealand*. I couldn't have imagined anything got up so perfectly; the vast clear deck of the *New Zealand* divided in two by the turret formed two spacious ball-rooms, all lit up with brilliant

coloured lights. Broad gangways went across to the *Lion*, where there were supper tables and refreshment tables in every direction. On the side of the *Lion* adjoining the *New Zealand* was built the Royal box, with sofas and easy-chairs, where the Admiral entertained the various Grand-Dukes and Duchesses. There were over 2000 guests on board. There was a Countess R., famed for her beauty, who goes to London every season. I only danced the first six dances the whole evening—two with her, two with Lady B., and two with Lady G. C. I got hold of Tiesenhausen, that first-rate fellow whom I had luncheon with in La Garde, and I talked to him till 1, when his boat left for Petersburg, and I came back to the ship, the whole show stopping at 5 A.M. He gave me the most lovely Russian wood cigarette-case; these cigarette-cases are the most expensive things out here, as the wood is very valuable. During the evening Flagg (the Flag-Lieutenant) told me the Grand-Duke Cyril wished me to be presented to him, ditto the other three midshipmen, and he thanked us for showing the Princesses round, and said it was their wish that we should be each presented with a signed photo, which is very nice! The next day, Sunday, I went up with Wilton to Petersburg at 10 A.M. and had luncheon with some people called Hill, who are very rich and have a house opposite the Great Theatre Marinski, where the Russian ballet is. It is a fine building, and stands alone

in a great square. In the afternoon we drove down to Peterhof and round the lakes and gardens, and then came back and had a tremendous dinner at the Astoria, the Ritz of St. Petersburg. They want me to go and stay out there for Christmas for the Winter Sports. At 10 P.M. the *Strella* left the Pont Nicolas for the last time with English officers, and it was too sad for words. All the embankment was lined by crowds, who gave us a great send-off, and we steamed slowly off back to Cronstadt. It is easily the best week I have ever had in my life, and St. Petersburg and the Russians will live long in my memory. All our mails have been lost, and I have not heard from either of you.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
PORTLAND, July 8, 1914.

Friday.—It may seem strange, but I have not received a single letter from either of you since I left England on June 12. I am sure you have written, but these wretched Russian mails are so erratic. We left Cronstadt on Monday at 10 A.M. and arrived at Biorco Sound at noon, it only being a distance of 40 miles. On Wednesday we started off, about eight of us, at 8.30 A.M. in a Russian destroyer for Viborg, the commercial capital of Finland. It is about 30 miles off, and you pass through these lovely Sounds, which have pine woods sloping right down to the water's

edge all round. Unfortunately the land is very flat. On the shores I noticed several large schooners being built, and we passed countless steamers loading up with wood. It gives one a very good idea of where all these ships one so constantly passes at sea get their cargo from. Viborg is quite a large town, very clean, with wide streets and electric trams, much nicer than any Russian town. We had about an hour to spend there before we caught the train for Imatra, the distance being about 40 miles, and taking $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours !! It was very hot and very dusty, and I was very glad indeed when we got there. At Imatra are some fairly big rapids, but I am afraid Niagara has spoilt me for most things. The next day we coaled 1400 tons, and at 4 P.M. nearly all the officers went ashore for a bathing picnic for tea and dinner. We had great fun, and I wandered through the lovely forest amongst magnificent trees. I have never seen such lovely birches, great white stems, with here and there the sunlight stealing through the thick branches of the taller pines, playing on them with a tinge of red light. These pines grow to an enormous height (a sort of Scotch fir), as straight as a die, and I can see now where they get these great high yachts' masts from. The next day Onslow and I walked for miles through the woods with guns, and shot an enormous heron between us, quite the largest bird I have ever seen. We are bringing him home in the ice-room to

have him stuffed. You have no idea what lovely weather we have had since we have been out here, day after day with a clear blue sky and brilliant sun, and very hot too. We left this morning at 10 A.M. and carried out manœuvres at 27 knots before the Tzar in his yacht.

Review of the Fleet at Spithead

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
PORTLAND, Friday, July 24, 1914.

MY DEAR FATHER—I wish you would have stayed a little longer the other day, as the Royal Salute fired by all the forts and all the ships together was a grand sight; perhaps you saw it from Ryde.

You know the man I was sitting next to, the one who bought your tickets—that was Captain Phillpotts, the new Captain, and I had not the foggiest idea who it was, and told him the names of several of the ships for which he asked! We went out on Monday, every ship cheering as they passed the Royal yacht. The *Lion* led the line and we came second. On Sunday the King inspected us and said we were the cleanest and smartest ship he had seen in the Navy, and he would tell the Queen what a splendid ship her namesake is. Sunday night I dined in the *Clementina* with the Harrisons. On Monday we did manœuvres all day and came into Cowes at 7 A.M. and landed our Cadets. Tuesday morning we

went out again at 6 A.M., and we got to Portland yesterday afternoon, where we remain till Monday. I do wish you could have seen us, the 1st Battle Cruiser Squadron, on Tuesday morning as we went past Yarmouth for the first time this commission at 20 knots, a fine sight. I shall be home either Monday night or Tuesday, it depends how long the *New Zealand* takes over her firing. The gunnery staff find they can't do without their Range-finder, and so the Captain has given orders that I am to come up from down below for the day when we do gunnery. I should like a little time alone with you both.

Extracts from Log

July 28.—Austria declared war on Serbia.

July 29.—The whole fleet put to sea for unknown destination at 7 A.M., except *Iron Duke*, which waited behind for the C.-in-C. We steamed West until out of sight of land, and then did a 16-point turn, hands employed during forenoon preparing ship for war, lashing down all booms, derricks, etc., and frapping all boats.

2.10 P.M.—Sighted one of the new Italian battleships hurrying off to the Mediterranean. Prepared for night defence. From the very first we adopted the utmost precautionary measures, as we strongly suspected Germany of firing before war was declared.

9 P.M.—Darkened ship. We had waited all day to pass through the straits at night.

I had the 1st watch at the guns, and it was quite exciting feeling that you were there for the real thing and might be attacked at any minute.

July 30, 6.45.—Came to with starboard anchor in 16 fathoms at Scapa Flow. (The whole fleet was here !)

Aug. 1, 8 P.M.—Got out net-defence and darkened ship. It was a very foggy night. The fog-bells rang.

Aug. 2.—Held Divine Service on upper deck. Midnight "Alarm." The 1st Battle Squadron were the outside ships, and so we were responsible for the guarding of the harbour. *Boadicea* arrived, bringing Sir John Jellicoe, who hoisted his flag in *Centurion* as 2nd in Command.

Aug. 3.—I tested Range-finder all the forenoon. 6.30 A.M. we were under banked fires with steam for full speed at two hours' notice. Signal came through, Steam for full speed, 2.45 P.M.

1 P.M.—Vice-Admiral Beatty (made Vice to-day) came on board and made a very fine speech to the Officers and Ship's Company, in which he said we had all been waiting for this great opportunity, and that it had come at last. It was up to us to uphold the great tradition of the British Navy and to defend Great Britain and the Empire. The people who had devoted their lives to building up the British Navy during the last sixty years were now to see their dreams realised. We

were to reap where they had sown, and we *must* reap what they had sown, and reap it to the full, so that not a blade was left standing. He then wished us the best of luck, reminded us of our battle practice, and told us we must make the honoured name of *Queen Mary* doubly honoured and grave it in the annals of history. With that he said "Good-bye," and I have not heard such cheers as the Ship's Company gave him.

7.15 P.M.—We heard firing going on outside, and so we weighed and went out at full speed, a splendid sight. Sounded off "General Quarters."

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
PORTLAND, July 28, 1914.

MY DARLING MAMIE AND FATHER—I thank God that at last our chance has come of showing and proving the strength of the British Navy. All yesterday we coaled hard, and to-day and all to-night every ship in the fleet is drawing stores, ammunition, etc., and we leave to-morrow morning at 7.30 A.M. I am writing this little line off to you at 1 A.M., as I have got an hour's "stand off" while another watch is working. To-morrow, if there is no change in the situation, we shall throw over all our woodwork and prepare for war.

You were wrong in saying you were afraid England was in an awful state of unpreparedness; it could not have come at a better moment for the Fleet. We are all ready to

fight and we have not been caught napping. You may rest assured that I am fighting in the best ship and under the best captain and with the best guns, but we can only trust in God, and with His help we shan't have much to fear. I have come up from the engine-room for gunnery purposes, and the others are still below. Russia has put out all lights on her coasts. Germany has refused to negotiate with any other power, and by to-morrow night we may be at it. If war is declared, *please* be sensible and move up to London. Farringford there on the coast of the Isle of Wight is in a very dangerous position if things go badly. Well, good-bye, don't be anxious, the *Queen Mary* will be all right. I shall often think of you both, and I send you both my best love. Good night.—Ever and always your very loving son,

HAROLD.

Sunday, August 3, 1914.

I went to Holy Communion to-day, which I enjoyed, and we also had a short stand-up service on the upper deck. I am really looking forward to fighting, as it is with a feeling of fighting for one's God, one's King, and for those one loves that I shall go into action. For the lucky ones who get through it will mean certain promotion, three months' leave, and a rattling good time. For the others, well, after all, one has got to die some time, and what more glorious way of dying?

August 18, 1914.

MY DARLING MAMIE—This is to wish you very, very many happy returns of your birthday, and this is the proudest birthday of your life, when you have three sons fighting for their country. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. I got your fifth letter this morning. They have been a joy to me, and I have so far received every one. Did father get the pipe I sent him? I have only received one letter from him, a very fine one, which I keep always about me. I cannot say anything I want to, as all one's letters are read by officers of the ship (the chaplain, surgeons, etc.) as censors. Oh, I do wish those Germans would come out of their beastly harbours and let us get at them. They write a lot of insulting stuff about our Navy in their papers, and call it "the self-confident Armada," and yet they are afraid to come out and fight, and, by Jove, if they do we will give them something they won't forget. I honestly should not be a bit surprised if we did not fire a single shot the whole war. I don't (for certain reasons I can't express) have any fear about submarines at all. The people who are going to bear the brunt are the Expeditionary Force. The only thing that troubles me is the cold. I give the war till Christmas, in fact I hope to be at home at Christmas. You know I have never missed one yet, and I cannot afford to break my record. I shall have lots of interesting things to tell you all when I get back. I had

such a dear letter from Aubrey. We certainly have been a most happy family, and I pray God that we may all be spared.

Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Hymn 214.

I read this every day and put my trust in the God of Battles. One does not know what the next hour may bring. I always hope an action, but it seems a myth. I like to think that I am fighting for you both. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and I thank God that I am your son and an Englishman.—
Your very loving son, HAROLD.

Battle of Heligoland

Wednesday, August 26.—It looks as if something was in the air. Anyhow, we all hope so.

Thursday, August 27.—A glorious day. We steamed along at 19 knots for Heligoland, with the light cruisers and destroyers ahead. We got a signal to say no shaded light-signals were to be made at all during the night, as it is of the utmost importance that the Germans should not find out our position.

At 5 P.M. the ——— had all the officers, turret gun-layers, and trainers in, and explained to them the plan of attack. We were to steam S.S.E. for Heligoland; when within 15

miles of it (*i.e.* at 8 A.M.) turn up and steam parallel to the German coast. Meanwhile the submarines, followed by our latest and fastest destroyers, were to go up the —, and try to draw out their cruisers toward us, our light cruisers being 10 miles ahead of us. It really looks at last as if we are going to get some fun.

Friday, August 28, 5 A.M.—Invincible, New Zealand, and submarines joined up.

8 A.M.—I went on watch at the fore control. It was a lovely day, and now that our line has been made up to five we ought to be able to settle anything except mines. Piped "Hands clean into fighting rig." 10 A.M.—Sounded off "Action." *New Zealand* and *Invincible* sighted submarines. We were apparently among a hotbed of them, and we increased to full speed. Periscopes were being seen all over the place. They fired torpedoes, and I saw one break surface and float on our port hand. The destroyers were chasing them like rabbits, the *Lion* firing a 4-inch at one. We got news that our destroyers ahead were engaged in a destroyer action. 10.30 A.M.—Got clear of submarines, secured turrets, and manned 4-inch. Kept a sharp look-out for submarines and mines. 10.40 A.M.—Firing ahead, sounded off "Action." A thick haze seemed to close in all round, and we lost sight of our light cruisers ahead.

Most sickening luck this haze and fog coming on. We steamed at full speed in their direction, and soon a hull of some sort loomed

on the starboard side. She was a two-funnel German of the *Eclipse* class, her mainmast and her after-funnel had gone, and she was belching with flames amidships. The light cruisers had settled her. She had surrendered. We could scarcely see 4000 yards, but we trained on the port bow, and I saw one of our cruisers fighting the enemy, so I imagined, as I saw the flashes of two ships firing at each other. Soon there were two lots of flashes coming in our direction. A ship was chasing three of our destroyers, who were leading her on to us. I could see no ship but just flashes through the range-finder, as it was so hazy.

12 A.M.—We fired our first salvo with a range of 8000 yards, and a cheer went up with our first gun. One seemed to take it in the spirit of a football match. We never saw that salvo fall. It must have gone over the German coast somewhere. All the time she (the enemy) was firing at a tremendous pace, flash upon flash, with her quick-firing guns. Before our next salvo I got a range out 6000 yards, and we came down 2000. She kept on firing, but I saw none of her shots fall. We were now going full speed, and we checked fire until we could see and I could get another range, and I got one 5000 yards. Then we let drive. The guns went off practically as one, and we heard a sort of deep thud as the whole lot hit her amidships.

God knows what they must have suffered, poor devils, at that range getting a broadside

of 13.5. It must have gone half through them. Before this, when I got my range out, I saw her distinctly. She looked like a *Drake* class, only with three funnels, but she may have had four to start with. After this she only had two, and the fourth turret, I believe, was knocked right out of her. I was surprised to see her still going on firing with five or six guns. I got a range, and we opened another salvo.

The third salvo landed on her fo'c'sle and enveloped it in flames as they burst. Bridge and conning-tower had ceased to exist. She was steaming now straight for us instead of running away as at first (and the range was about 3600), as her steering-gear had evidently gone. Her shells were whistling over our heads, and seemed to pass about a foot off the control tower, while several quick-firing guns dropped short. One pitched short of ——— and seemed as if it must hit. But it ricocheted straight over us. Her fire had now ceased, and her colours were invisible, and so we got on a ship the *Lion* was engaging. We did not open fire, as she burst into flame. We were ordered to turn round, and we heard the *Lion* fire. It was our old enemy. We were now within 3000 yards. She had one gun left and she had fired it, and her colours were there nailed to the mast.

The *Lion* gave her three shots. They were quite enough. The foremast slowly fell over. She seemed to "yaw" over by the

foremast, as the decks must have been cleft open to let the mast go from the step as it did. Her bows got lower and lower, and then she slid forward and gradually disappeared, her colours still flying. Her stern remained above water a few seconds, with the propellers still going round. There were a lot of bubbles as she disappeared. She was a second *Revenge*. They could have surrendered without firing that last taunting shot at the *Lion* and hoisted her colours again at the main with five battle-cruisers round her. She sank in less than two minutes after the *Lion's* third shot, and I could never have believed a ship of 10,000 tons could sink so quickly. I watched her go down, and it was a most awful sight. Those brave, brave fellows! Their name should live for ever.

As she sank, the turret reported a submarine on the Port quarter, and we went ahead full speed, and a torpedo passed 25 yards under our stern. We could not afford to stop any longer in the vicinity, as owing to the fog we could not tell what might be coming, and so not one of those poor fellows can have been saved. What happened to the ship which got on fire, or what other ships were engaged, we shall never know. We then passed the *Lion*, and she cheered us like anything.

August 29.—Telegram from Admiralty: "Please convey to Admiral Beatty, officers and men, our warmest congratulations on brilliant

and successful enterprise yesterday, which sustains and amplifies the highest traditions of the British Navy."

The Germans lost in this engagement two new cruisers, the *Mainz* and the *Köln*, and the older cruiser, the *Ariadne*. A 4-funnelled cruiser and 7 destroyers were badly damaged. One destroyer was sunk. Several hundred Germans were killed and 300 were made prisoners. The *Arethusa* and the *Fearless* had borne the first onset of three German cruisers.¹

After Heligoland Fight of August 28

August 31, 1914.

How splendid you have both been about writing. It is good of you, and you have no idea what a joy your letters are. By Jove, you hit on the right thing when you sent me the lovely woollen helmet! It is exactly what one wants at night, for when the ship is going at high speed one feels it round one's neck and ears. If you would make two more for Humphrey and Aitchison I know they would love them. I believe, if it were organised,

¹ Sir Samuel Evans in the Prize Court awarded £6415 prize bounty to men of his Majesty's Navy responsible for the sinking of four German warships in the battle of Heligoland Bight on August 28, 1914.

Commander Maxwell Anderson, as counsel for the claimants, said the ships sunk were the *Köln*, with 467 on board; the *Mainz*, with 428; the *Ariadne*, with 295; and the *V187*, with 93; or a total of 1283. The claimants for prize bounty were H.M.S. *Princess Royal*, *Queen Mary*, *New Zealand*, *Birmingham*, *Falmouth*, *Liverpool*, *Arethusa*, *Lurcher*, *Fife*, *Drake*, *Leonidas*, several submarine vessels, and a number of other ships.

Sir Samuel Evans, in delivering judgement, said there was nothing to preclude Sir David Beatty from making any further claim he thought fit.

the Admiralty would accept them for the men just as the War Office are getting soldiers' shirts made.

The chocolate, too, is most welcome. May I let you know when my supply is getting short? The pyjamas are a superb work of art. Will you tell Sophie and the maids how well I think they have made them. Our little escapade on the 29th was exciting. My word, that sort of sight makes one think! I got a good view of it all, and saw everything from my little rabbit-hutch I showed you. [Up to the time of going into action, for several hours Harold read a novel of Charles Reade's.] I got a long letter from you forwarded by Aubrey and two from father. What a splendid account of Lionel!

I do pity him, as I know what his feelings must be with Reservists. It really is rather hard being taken away from his Company and Platoon. Is there any reason for it? The telegram from his men to him was very touching, and of course he should obviously be the officer who leads the men into battle if they love and respect him like that. Our soldiers seem to be fighting gallantly, but all the same I fear the Germans are gradually gaining ground. I love your card, and have put it in my Prayer-Book. The hand of Providence was with us the other day, and we must not forget to thank God for it as well as to pray for His protection in the future. I read Hymn 379 after it. If you hear from Lionel or

Aubrey or want news from me at any time, a wire will go straight through. I love to think of you at home all doing your best. It is noble of you. Please thank father for his little bits of news. These with the headlines on the papers are about as much as I have time for, but I think the war is very hard to follow and news often untrue, if one reads all the details.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
September 16, 1914.

MY DEAR OLD AUBREY—A thousand thanks for your letter, which I loved getting. It was splendid of you to find time to write.

My word, I do sympathise with you enormously in your present surroundings. Mud flats are not pleasant at any time, let alone when you have a lot of slackers there as well. By Jove, you must be longing for the front! I have tasted gun-fire and am longing for more of it. We have made every possible attempt to have some more fun, but they will not come out. When all our 13·5-inch go off at once, like the other day, all the time hundreds of German 4·2-inch are whistling over your head, and even if one of them does hit you it is just like a potato. Of course that was only because we were up against light stuff. I am afraid I cannot give you any exciting information about Sheerness. I lay off that God-forsaken hole for four weeks before last manœuvres, gazing at the mud-

flats, and it poured with rain nearly the whole time, and I got ashore once. I am afraid there is no possible chance of our meeting round there. We have too much work to do.

You must be feeling the hardships of living in dirt and roughing it a good deal. We always live on war-footing, and so there is really no difference at all, except that we are more at sea, and it gets a bit boring, especially when cold or wet. I expect you are the same. Well, the Germans seem to be on the run at last, and I hope we shall wipe every man of them off the face of the earth, and then turn their own guns on the fleet from shore and drive them out.

The best of luck, and take my tip and rag as much as you can if you are getting a bit fed up.—Your very loving brother,

HAROLD.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST B.C.S.,
October 2, 1914.

I realise now what it is to be in the Navy. Although I have grumbled at it in peace time, I have always said it is a wonderful profession in war time. If I was ashore now I should not be allowed to enlist in the Army, the age limit being from 19 to 35, but here I have charge of a battery of 4-inch guns, which is a colonel's command in the Army, and a young lieutenant of about twenty-four has two 13.5-inch guns, capable of doing more damage and

killing more men than a whole regiment put together. Father talks about my "turret." I am not in a turret. I am in that funny little rabbit-hutch place I showed you. I have been reading a book just come out called *Naval Occasions*, written by Bartimeus. He was a midshipman who went blind, and the story of the "Periwinkle" is his own story, so some one told me. You ought to get it, as it gives you a wonderful idea of service life and customs, although some of the stories are rather sad. I have just received your dear letter, written on September 28, and the good accounts about the cruisers. You must remember, these fellows, when they have been through anything like that, love to spin the most wonderful "yarns." I read several in the papers about our Heligoland show, really the most awful bunkum, and also about the *Gloucester* and *Goeben*, about the men at the guns, absolute nonsense to a service man, but appealing to the public.

The Raids on Scarborough and Hartlepool

Chase after *Roon*.

October 15.—Received orders to weigh and proceed to sea.

October 16, 6.45 A.M.—It was a lovely clear day, with a calm sea, and we eagerly awaited any news.

7.30 A.M.—Got news, our destroyers being

chased and leading enemy toward us. *Victor* reported large cruisers astern of her.

7.35.—Altered course to avoid a black floating object which looked like a mine.

8.10.—Passed destroyer's dinghy empty. Special course to chase *Roon*. Speed 23 knots. *Shark* keeping in touch with *Roon*. Battle Fleet on starboard beam. Increased to 25 knots.

8.30.—We are 20 miles astern of *Roon*, and it will take four hours to catch her up. An ideal day for a short visibility, 24,000 yards.

8.35.—Scarborough being shelled by three battle cruisers.

9.20.—Altered course to W.N.W.

9.27.—Enemy shelling Hartlepool.

2.7 P.M.—Received new position and enemy's course from Admiralty, and so we have still a chance of catching them, and we are all praying for a fight, as we have not left our stations for a minute.

2.17.—All destroyers afloat. Casualties very small.

2.50.—German High Sea Fleet at sea, and so they have come out at last. Visibility now very bad due to rain, about 6000 yards.

3.52.—Gave up chase, altered to N. It was too thick to follow. We had let them slip through our fingers after all that splendid information. We missed a tremendous chance, as we should have been four to three, and due to their previous engagement and bombardment with hand-loading the men would have

been tired, perhaps a gun or two out of action, and a low supply of ammunition. The chance of a life-time. The weather was our enemy.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST B.C.S.,
October 18, 1914.

On Monday we had a very sad day, as Capt. Hall left the ship at an hour's notice for the Admiralty. It was a terrible wrench for him, and you see it in the nice little speech he made to all the Ship's Company. He thanked them for the way the Ship's Company had made it so easy for him to carry out his duties as Captain. "They had got a first-class name for character and gunnery in the Fleet, and he was sure they would uphold both under his successor. He had seen them fight, and he knew every man of them would fight to the last and uphold the traditions of the British Navy, and he hoped they would return in due time to enjoy the blessings of the land and the fruits of their labours. He was not good at speech-making, but one thing more. If any man at any time needed help in any matter, great or small, and if they would apply to him, he would do his utmost for them, and would follow daily the *Queen Mary's* career throughout the war. 'Good-bye.'" And then he ran off *quickly*, as it really must be a terrible thing for a man to have to give up a command like this, although he is going a step higher. He said good-bye to all the

officers on the Quarter-Deck, and had a nice word to say to all of them. He told me he hoped to get me made a sub-lieutenant very soon. I am afraid it is nearly impossible, for the Admiralty do not often do this sort of thing, since I have really got another year to go. As he went away the Ship's Company, of their own accord, gave three tremendous cheers, and I shall always remember seeing the little figure, with his head bared, standing in the sternsheets of the picket-boat as she was rushing away.

I never hope to serve under a finer Capt. Our new Capt. is, who do you think? Capt. Bentinck. I never dreamed that day at West Hill, nor did he, that he would command the *Queen Mary*. He had me into his cabin on Wednesday, and wished to be remembered warmly to you both. He was very kind and nice, and asked all about our comfort, food, etc., in the gun-room. I will also write you a postcard when we get in, as it will reach you quicker.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"

December 23, 1914.

I feel I must write and wish the happiest of Christmases possible under the present conditions for all at Farringford. I sent you a wire, which I hope you got, and I should have liked to send you both presents, but I fear that is impossible. Please thank father ever so much for his interesting letter, and a thousand thanks for your two splendid long

ones, all of which I loved getting. 'They *are* a perfect joy, and I always look for them. Every one was surprised to see us when we got back, as there had been a rumour that we had been sunk. Father's idea has always been in force, but you must remember two little points :

1. We have 750 miles of east coast to defend.

2. On that day you could barely see two miles.

I cannot tell you anything about it, but remember we are in God's hands, and this ship came through Heligoland untouched, and I may say He looked even better after us the other day. You never told me Lionel had been promoted to First Lieutenant. Please thank Sophie, Link, Emily, and Kitty Waters ever so much for knitting the woollies, also Carrie Hamond-Graeme. Thanks to you, all the ship have got mufflers. I am so glad Aubrey has got such a splendid set of officers. God grant that he may return to you safely to "enjoy the blessings of the land" and "the fruit of his labours" ! I can assure you that if we get any leave, which I do not think is the least likely, I shall spend every second of it at home (probably in bed). I am inclined to think that we have much longer hours than they have in the trenches, especially at night. What an interesting account of the *Sydney* and *Emden* you sent me ! I only wish ours was going to be a 40-lb. shell contest instead of 1600 lbs. Will you get a

copy of the *Daily Sketch* and read and cut out the articles called :

1. A Reply to the Kaiser ;
2. An Article on the Raid by the Man in the Street,

and keep them for me, and show them to any one who talks about the raid, and let me have your opinion on them? The part in black italics beginning "The Admiralty has not been caught napping" is the best. Oh, how one wonders what the coming year has in store for us ! I hope the end of the War anyhow. But, come what may, I think Kipling's words make a splendid motto :

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat these two impostors just the same,

etc. I do so wish I could have been with you at Christmas.

MY DEAREST FATHER—Both James and Captain Hall when he left said they were trying their hardest to get me promoted, but the Admiralty say it is impossible without some special qualification.

Now this forced inactivity is nearly driving me mad, with all our brave fellows laying down their lives, fighting their hardest at the front, and in a big ship like this there will never be any chance of doing anything for a long time yet. What I want to do is to get into the Submarine dept. or the Flying Corps.

They are both doing their duty splendidly

and having heaps of chances. Poor Commander James has lost his brother and is terribly sad about it, though he does not show it. What an interesting letter from Lionel on November 3. Poor devils, what a time they must be having ! It is good of you to copy the letters out, as they are so immensely interesting to me, and Humphrey and Jack like hearing them as well. I have found Prinsep's man Barry. He is an extraordinarily nice fellow, and I had a long talk with him in my cabin. The shooting has ceased, due to certain reasons I am not allowed to disclose.

I am afraid this war will last a good two years. Your letters and Mamie's are a perfect joy and Godsend.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST B.C.S.

MY OWN DARLING MAMIE—Your Christmas letter was an absolute joy to me, and I feel I must write you a letter to tell you how I loved getting it, and what a help it was to me, although I have no news I can tell you. As long as we are at sea I am quite happy, but directly one has been a day or so in harbour, with very little to do, the fact of having a lot of spare time after doing 48 hours' stretches, and also the fact of having nothing to look forward to, makes life rather melancholy. As you say, those two words, "Faith and Hope," mean everything, and if one can keep those perpetually on the top of one's other thoughts (which, by the way, is easier

said than done), it is all right. In peace time I could always manage to read or do some book-work, but now I sit for hours and do nothing, a habit I have always tried to fight against. The worst of it is there is nothing *definite* to look forward to. When one was at school one always looked forward to a fixed date, there was a fixed number of days to be got thro' and then came the goal, whereas now one really does not care what happens, as the outlook is blank. If only we could have a fight occasionally, but we have been disappointed so many times that even going to sea is not what it used to be.

I made my Christmas Communion to-day, as on Christmas Day and last Sunday we were round objects different to an altar. It is an extraordinary thing, but we have been really a very short time in harbour, and yet, as soon as we stay over two days, that sort of feeling comes over me.

Yesterday I got a very pleasant surprise in that dear little *In Memoriam*. It is my favourite of all by a long way, and I read the "Ring out the false, Ring in the true" on New Year's Eve and thought of you all. Then this morning I got your beloved wire. Please thank father also. When I write to you, you know, I always mean it for you both. It was very kind of father copying out Aubrey's letters, which interested me enormously; please ask him to go on doing so when he has time.—
Your ever loving HAROLD.

The famous battle-cruiser action now took place. Unfortunately the *Queen Mary*, which had gone in for some repairs, was not present. Harold writes :

“We had orders to be ready to proceed at 4 P.M., and so we spent the rest of the day cleaning ship (after coaling) and getting rid of dockyard ‘matives.’

“5.50 P.M.—Left harbour escorted by several destroyers, and when we got outside we went south for some hours. From signals we gathered that there has been a battle-cruiser action, in which the *Blücher* had been sunk. The *Lion* appeared to be in a critical condition, being in tow by the *Indomitable*, and making water fast forward.

“*January 25.*—Submarines reported off Deer Island, so we altered course, got out into the Atlantic, and cancelled ‘night firing.’

“*January 26.*—Official news on the *Poldhu* that German Squadron attempting a raid had been met instead by a British Squadron, and that the *Blücher* had been sunk and the other two seriously damaged. It began to blow from the east, and was very cold.

“*January 28.*—Moored ship in Rosyth, coming in in a thick fog. We were thought to be leaving at 6 P.M. We all wonder what is in the wind, and it looks as if we were going off by ourselves, and so we may have a chance of making up a bit for missing the action. The *Lion* did not strike a mine, but a shell hit

her in the bows below the water-line. Another entered the Port engine-room *via* the feed-tank and disabled the port-engine, when the Vice-Admiral shifted his flag in the destroyer to the *Princess Royal*. The *Derflinger* lost one of her funnels and the *Moltke* was ablaze aft, but even when the *Lion* fell out the *Tiger* continued the chase alone. Although they were three to one, they would not turn round and fight. The *Von-der-Tann* was not there, so it looks as though she were badly damaged. The *Tiger* got an 11.2 on top of her turret, and all it did was to kill two men, and one gun was firing again in four minutes, another in fourteen minutes. The cruiser *Kolberg* also sunk by *Lion*.

"Many of their shells did not burst. It is bad luck not being there.

"If we had, it is certain the other two would have been sunk.

"*February 1.*—All the midshipmen went over to the *Lion* in the forenoon. It is extraordinary the way a shell gets deflected. There was one came into the engineer's office, went thro' a transverse bulkhead, and then up thro' the upper deck.

"The Admiral fought most of the action from the Compass Platform, as he complained he could not see in the Conning Tower. Our armour is good and our shells are magnificent. A young A.B. in the *Tiger* was in the top of A turret continually wiping the glasses, while B turret was firing over his head, and the action was going on for three hours. He had to come

in once, as his nose and ears were bleeding so much, and he then went out again to his work : really very fine.

"It is said that the prisoners on the *Blücher* could not really believe this was the Forth Bridge, as they thought the Germans had blown it up on September 1."

To his brother Aubrey he writes in February :

"It is too awful waiting here for the *Derflinger* and *Seydlitz* to be patched up, but, my faith ! next time they will not get back, not if the old *Queen Mary* is there. I am enjoying life much more now, as I get twenty-seven holes of golf every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, and the remainder of my time I am well employed in gunnery and stuff, so it passes very quickly."

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"

1ST B.C.S.,

Monday, February 1, 1915.

I am absolutely depressed and dejected. Here we are, having been through all the hardships of the long war, waiting, and for the sake of 4 days' leave we missed the greatest naval fight of the war, the "Tag" of the Battle Cruisers. I would gladly have sacrificed 44 days' leave. Nothing can ever possibly make up for it. Besides, if we had been there, there is not the slightest doubt but that the other two, *Derflinger* and *Moltke*, would have gone down, or at any rate one of them. Not only *Queen Mary*, but the 1st

B.C.S. do really have the most sickening luck. I wish I could tell you all about it. It is most comforting, and now we know that the rotten remarks in the American papers about the wonderful tricks and guns and ships of the German Navy are exactly what I have always told you they were. It is the best bit of news the Navy have ever had, because we always knew we could beat the Germans, but with heavy losses to ourselves. Now we know that German-built ships and British-built ships are incomparable, and we can wipe the dust with them. I cannot tell you more, but it is a magnificent reward for the Navy.

Look here, while L. and A. are at home I do not want you to bother about writing to me; in fact I shall be very much annoyed if I do get a letter, as I know how precious every minute is when they are there. I shall be quite happy sitting tight here and waiting for the Germans to repair their ships, bored to tears. I wish I could go to the front for a bit and see what that is like in the interval. Our journey was very uneventful, and we have been even further, but the same old story, "disappointed."

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
1ST BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON,
March 6, 1915.

Isn't it splendid the way all the German submarines are being sunk? Since they started their blockade on February 18 they have lost more than from the beginning of the war.

The Dardanelles is another great piece of work for the Navy. If we carry that through successfully it will be one of the finest pieces of naval work that there has ever been, as the place was always thought to be impregnable. I dined in the *Africa* on Sunday night and had some more music. Do you remember the song "I met Love, a lovely boy," by Cornaby? I think Miss Hunter sings it. A lovely little song. Also several others I know by him. Well, he is a lieutenant in the *Africa*, so they are well off.

Hopes of a North Sea "Scrap"

March 7.—Battle cruisers weighed and proceeded. We were second in line. It was bitterly cold, hailing and snowing alternately.

March 8.—We had a narrow escape just before I came on watch at 8 A.M., as we missed a floating mine on the starboard bow by 20 yards. The *Tiger* was sent back to sink it.

March 28. 7.15 P.M.—The Light cruisers left harbour. 7.30 P.M.—The Battle cruisers left harbour. 8 P.M.—The Battle Squadron left harbour. It really does look as if we were to have something at last, so I went to sleep happy, as I heard piped "Hands will go up to action station at 5.30 A.M., breakfast and clean into fighting rig 5 A.M."

March 30.—As usual we were disappointed, for I went up on watch to find us entering the Forth.

April 8.—North Sea. Armoured liner reported suspicious-looking vessel, but disappeared.

April 12.—In the afternoon we passed about a dozen Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish steamers. I remember one period when we used to go for days without seeing one.

April 14, 6.30 P.M.—This time a submarine really was sighted behind a Danish schooner.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"

March 27, 1915.

Yesterday I went to lunch with the Linlithgows. She, Sir Frederick Milner, and her brother and Mrs. Meade, daughter of the Bishop of Peterborough, were there.

After luncheon I shot wood-pigeons. They are driven out of an old ivy tower, and one stands behind some great high trees, and they fly very high and are very hard to hit. I got sixteen.

At tea I was terrified by gold lace, Rear-Admiral Napier, Commodore Alexander Sinclair, and Commodore Goodenough, who wished to be remembered to you warmly. They are all very nice and did not turn up their noses at a midshipman. Sir F. Milner asked me to tell father he had used with great success at several recruiting meetings some lines which father had quoted in one of his speeches, and which were not published:

O where is he, the simple fool,
Who says that wars are over?
What bloody portent flashes there
Across the straits of Dover?
Are you ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Is it not splendid about U29 and the fall of
Premysyl? When will our turn come? I
am so glad Lionel has got a good job with
plenty of work to do.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"
Tuesday, April 27, 1915.

I played golf last Sunday, when it was a
perfectly gorgeous day, with the trees just
beginning to put on their fresh green and the
birds just beginning to sing—a joy to be
ashore. The days before that have been
bitterly cold. In fact I think this is easily
the worst month we have had.

To-day I got a dear little edition of the
Golden Treasury from father for my birthday,
which I am delighted to have, as I believe it
is the one he read out of the last night I was
at home, "Oh, my Luve's like a red, red
rose" and "Highland Mary." I find it is
a great thing, and helps with our enforced
inactivity, to read poetry, though of course
just lately I am glad to say inactivity has
not been the case. I do not think *Der Tag*
is very far off somehow.

I have just come across the "Farewell"
in the *Golden Treasury*:

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver Tassie.

I remember father reading that so well. You are right, I have absolutely everything I want, and the only thing I have room for is another sponge-cake.

Motor-Cycle Accident

Early in June Harold had a severe motor-cycle accident and was sent to the hospital at Queensferry.

Late in June he writes to his brother Aubrey :

“How nice of you to write to me when you must have such heaps to do. This is really rather sickening after the way every one has always said, ‘Those horrible motor-bikes,’ but it was absolutely unavoidable, pure Fate in fact, that we should both collide at that instant. I was going along a straight bit of road and he came out of a side road, which I didn’t even know the existence of, and in fact it was a farm track. The only thing for me to do was to smack on speed and try to get round his bows, which I did, but collided with the starboard bow-light, and dived through the wind-screen—most annoying, as I shall not get the ‘glad-eye’ so often as the result!! I only *wish* it had been done in battle, as it would have been worth it. I have been extremely lucky, as my knee-joint was opened up, and it really seems as if I were going to

be all right with any luck. My scars healed up in an incredibly short time. I get a month's leave, which, provided I do not miss a fight, will be heavenly, as I have only had four days in the last 18 months."

Written to Aubrey in July from Hospital

Look here, I have a plan, and that is, towards the end of my leave I shall come and pay you a visit in the trenches. I should love it. I should be able to borrow a rifle for an hour or so and see what damage I could do to the Boches, though I do not expect one often gets a chance of a shot. If it is possible I am coming, as it would be such fun and most interesting.

Shall I come in uniform or plain clothes? I leave this place this afternoon at 4 P.M. and travel down with Mamie by the 10.50 P.M. to-night. We are going to see Ernest in London on Monday at Guy's and then go down to Farringford by the 2.10 P.M. I have been here exactly three weeks, and I am sure I don't know what I should have done without Mamie. She has been a perfect angel coming down from Edinburgh every afternoon either by train or motor-bus, which means $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles' walk this end to get here, and always bringing me strawberries, cakes, etc. I am afraid you won't have had many of the former in the trenches unless they grow there. If only I could manage to get some one to play golf with me at home I should be all right.

Oh, how I wish you were going to be down there too ! How heavenly it would be at this time of year. I am really "in the pink" now, as the sailors call it. I hope to see Lionel down south. The King inspected the Rifle Brigade Battalion the other day, so I expect they will be going out soon. I hope the hay-fever is better. It must be horrible. Those smelling-salts in the green bottle which you gave me last summer did me wonders. Shall I send you out a bottle ? If you come home you must get inoculated. They say it is better than burning.

Well, good-bye, old chap. The very, very best of luck !

Tuesday, October 12, 1915.

We have only just missed exams. by the skin of our teeth, as the next lot of midshipmen due for promotion on January 15 are to have them. I think our diplomatists have made an appalling mess of the Balkan show. I should not be at all surprised if Greece and Roumania came in against us. If so, of course it means that we should have to give up the Dardanelles and turn all our efforts toward saving the Suez Canal and Egypt. Did you read the story about the robin at the front in *Punch* of October 6th ? If not please look at it, as it is one of the most pathetic stories I have read for some time and nearly made me weep. I have been up to Hopetoun nearly every day

during the last week and played a lot of fiddle with Derrick Milner.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"

1ST B.C.S.,

— Sunday, October 1915.

I wish I had been at home to see Princess Henry of Battenberg. I like her very much. 18,000 is a very heavy price to have to pay for nothing but the Dardanelles, and I am afraid eventually it may have to be abandoned. At present, in spite of official optimism, we are on the downhill track, and it only wants —— to come in against us, and things will look pretty black. Yesterday I went up and had luncheon in Edinburgh with Derrick Milner, and then we went to a concert given by Pachmann, the great Russian pianist, and I should think the greatest pianist of the day. He is delightful to watch, his whole heart and soul are in his playing, and you can see he takes such a delight in it. He also makes amusing remarks, half in French and half in English, about the tune he plays. He got a tremendous reception, and at the end people absolutely refused to go, and he played no less than four encores. He played Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C Minor, Mendelssohn's Prelude in E, a selection of Chopin of which I like the *Ballade* the best, and then a delightful little selection of old-world Masters, Rameau, Hummel, etc. He has the most delicious way of bringing out the actual melody while playing hundreds of other notes at the

same time, which you do not often hear on the piano. How I long for this beastly war to be over ! I hear all the Glasgow yards are going to strike. Why is this Government so weak ? I hear the Germans are sending back Indian prisoners they have captured to India, on condition they stir up revolution amongst the Indians out there.

Sunday 24th, 1915.—I motored over with Wilton¹ to Alloa, about 20 miles, to Lord Mar and Kellie's, a lovely and magnificent place. I have never anywhere seen such lovely autumn tints, and the rich gold of the chestnut leaves was really beautiful. On Monday I went up and had some more fiddle with Derrick. Your dear little violet arrived safe, and very sweet, and gives me pleasant memories of the kitchen garden. How I should love to come home again for a bit, and yet it is not three months since I left, but it seems more like three years.

Also very many thanks for the little Testament, which I shall always keep by me. I have looked all through the Intercession Service too. The Litany and the Special Prayer are very fine. I like this too from the *Spectator* : "The man who is pure in heart, and the man who makes no compromise with the truth, allows no admixture, no impurities to reach the fountains of his heart. That is why the simple sailor, whose one idea is duty and sacrifice, whose creed is to risk his life

¹ Lord Wilton, a fellow-officer.

and not to save it, is often, though his hands are red with blood, a far better Christian than the pacifist."

As father says, this is a great opportunity for reading, but I somehow cannot read nowadays except *Land and Water* and the *Spectator* and grandfather's Poems. I expect you read Hilaire Belloc's articles in *L. and W.*, also F. T. Janes's, which are not so good, as some of his ideas are very wide of the mark. How on earth did you learn about the *Commonwealth*? It is extraordinary how everybody ashore knows what is going on. The other day they actually knew we were going to sea on a certain day before we did ourselves. Mr. Edison's views do not exactly fit in with ours about the submarines, but still the greatest task of all we have before us is this, that, having attained the highest possible standard of drill and efficiency, we have got to *maintain* it through all these weeks and months of forced inactivity. That is our fight at present, and it is a good deal harder than the real thing.

It is really wonderful the way the Saxons and our fellows are such friends. The way they behaved on Christmas Day just shows how ridiculous the war is. The Saxons appear to be very good specimens. I know for a fact that the majority of German sailors are perfectly splendid fellows, and several cases I could quote, especially that of the *Dresden*, where they have played the game nobly. I

am so glad she alone escaped at the Falkland Battle. She deserved to. That is why I get so furious when the Press and the public say, "We used to think the German sailor did play the game, but now, since Scarborough, etc., it is evident they are following in the steps of their brothers ashore," etc. It is such nonsense. If they could only use a little common-sense they would see the German Junkers and the Kaiser ordered the whole show, not the unfortunate German sailor. I have the highest admiration for them, and their bravery has been magnificent. I shall never forget it at Heligoland, and it seems to have been equally good at the Falkland Islands. At the same time I think one of the finest things of the whole war was a signal, which should be placed side by side with Nelson's, the *Monmouth's* last signal when she was battered to bits and in a sinking condition. It was made to the *Glasgow*. "You get away; I am leaking too badly to escape and all my guns are out of action, but I shall go back and try to torpedo the enemy." And they must have known that with that sea running they had no chance of being picked up when they did sink. We have had some route-marches and a game of Rugby football this week which have greatly improved the situation, and yesterday I managed to see two acts of *The Pearl Girl*, which cheered me up, the first theatre I have been into since Russia. I may see you in May.

P.S.—The little book of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* has just arrived. They are magnificent, especially the one you mark, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediment." They are just what I wanted for the idle hours.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY,"

Sunday, October 31, 1915.

Here are the boys' letters returned by the next post, and I can't tell you how much I loved getting them, and also many loving thanks for your letter. Quite the best plum-cake I have ever tasted arrived about ten days ago, also some Plasmon chocolate, for which very many thanks. How you must have enjoyed having Lionel at home! Bless him! I wish I could have seen him and beaten him at golf again. The article you sent me about the destroyers interested me enormously. I always like anything about my profession you may come across. I went to Holy Communion last Sunday, and thought of you all and longed to be with you. The Epistle and Gospel struck me as being extraordinarily beautiful, and I have read them over again to-day. I always go to Evening Service in our little Chapel¹ at 6.15 P.M. on Sundays, and much enjoy it. I dined with Charles, the Marine, the other night, who is now in the *Centurion*, and had some fiddle after dinner.

¹ The chapel on board the *Queen Mary*.

As I have not been ashore much lately, I have been working hard at my gunnery, and also making my cabin look what the sailors call "Tiddly." It really does look so nice now, with green tablecloths and curtains, rather nice home-made lamp-shades a fellow painted me, a gramophone with all the latest musical-comedy tunes and one-steps, a lot of pictures I have had framed on board, and L. and A.'s photos in leather frames, for which I went a bust and paid 10s. each. I am not broken-hearted over ——. She was a particularly nice girl and would make any one a very good wife, but if I get on in the service and go to Whale Island I shan't have time to think about marrying. In fact, I do not think I shall ever marry if I stay in the service, as it takes up all your time. Poor old *Argyll*! She was perfectly useless as a fighting unit, as she had no speed, but it does seem a nasty way to end one's days in war time. I should like to tell you something about her on the sea, but I cannot.

I shall never forget seeing the survivors come in in two destroyers. They were literally packed like sardines, every inch of the destroyers occupied, even worse than those excursion-boats. It was pouring with rain and blowing hard, a nasty sea on. I believe they had an awful time of it, poor devils, but still I envy them, as it will get them fourteen days' leave. Derrick is coming back soon, so I hope for some more music.

On November 7 the change in his life came for which Harold had been longing. He was transferred from the *Queen Mary* to the *Viking*, a destroyer engaged in the Channel. A telegram from him on November 7, 1915, announced the fact: "Joining *Viking*, big destroyer. Hurrah! Much love. Writing soon." The letter followed.

Sunday, November 7.

Could you please send me Handel's Sonatas, Numbers 4, 5, and 6, Nardini's Concerto, and the Schumann Romances. Also a sponge-cake. I began this in the *Queen Mary* just before I left. . . .

H.M.S. "VIKING,"
Friday, November 12, 1915.

MY OWN DARLING MAMIE—I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my little visit and how I hated saying good-bye to you both. We did not leave on Thursday after all, as the steering-gear was wrong, but this morning instead, and arrived safely, thanks to my brilliant navigation! I am up to my neck in work getting things in order.—Your ever loving son,
HAROLD.

"VIKING," 6TH FLOTILLA,
Tuesday, November 16.

I have now got a job after my own heart, and I am blissfully happy, as we are on the

go from morning to night, and, being navigator, I have to be on the bridge all the time, which I love.

Evans is a first-class fellow, and handles the ship in a most wonderful way, and always nice, kind, and cheery, and never gets worried. I have to do far more navigation than I thought, and, like an ass, made a mistake the other day, but discovered it after a minute, and Evans did not say a word, but I hated doing it, and will not do it again. We always do 32 knots, and one has no time for anything, far less to make mistakes. The other officers consist of the First Lieutenant, quite a nice fellow, very quiet, and two Warrant Officers, that is, men who have risen from the ranks, one an engineer and the other a torpedo gunner, quite nice. We did not leave on Thursday after all. We made an attempt, but our steering-gear was wrong, and so we came back and did not leave till Friday morning 9 A.M. The Captain had his *fiancée* off on Thursday to see the ship. She is very pretty and very attractive. We got a fine old tossing on the way round, and I succumbed three times, but it was not half so unpleasant as I thought it would be, and after the third time I felt all right. Thank goodness, we do not do any patrol, but always special jobs! We have very interesting work now and have had the Admiral out with us a time or two.

H.M.S. "VIKING,"

November 26, 1915.

I am afraid I have not written for ages, but we really do not get a minute. We have had the most exciting times lately :

1. Taking the Cabinet over to Boulogne, where we stayed the night tied up alongside the *Anglia*. It was so pathetic, as the sailors were cracking jokes with all those poor fellows, and they were all so pleased at the idea of coming home and getting some leave, and all so happy, but little did they know what was in store for them. We left at 8.30 A.M. and they left at 9 A.M., and I remember the old skipper looking down at us and asking what speed we were going and we told him 32 knots, and he said, "Oh, well, I shall not pass you." We passed within a hundred yards of the spot where they sank, and arrived safely at 10.30 A.M.

2. At 11.30 A.M. we got orders to rush out, but we arrived too late, as her decks were awash, and soon there was nothing left but the tops of two masts and the little red flag flying from one.

It made one feel perfectly sick, the fact of a poor hospital-ship of all others being blown up. Three ships went down at that spot, and I believe there were only four mines there.

I think one of the finest things of the war was done there, as a cargo-ship called the *Lusitania*, when she saw the hospital-ship's plight, with no hesitation went straight up

alongside and hit a mine and sank at once, and I don't suppose the Captain will get a word of thanks, let alone the D.C.M. which he certainly deserves. It is different with us people, as it is our job and we do not draw much water, but for a merchant-ship to go over a minefield on purpose to help another ship I thought was very fine.

The other one that went up was a mine-sweeper that was sweeping afterwards.

3. The next day we brought the Cabinet Ministers back again, not from Boulogne but from Calais. I think they were all in a pretty good funk. I have never laughed more in my life than over the amusing incidents that occurred, and the different attitudes with which each one literally resigned himself to his fate. They looked exactly like a party of English tourists one sees taken off in every continental paper, and the valets and secretaries and people were dressed in top-hats and frock-coats and commanded far more respect, and, what is more, got it, from the actual sailors than the Ministers.

They always had their bags carried. The Ministers only did occasionally. They thought they would find out something of the British sailor on the way back, and Sir Edward Grey was entertained by the foremost gun's crew, who had not the foggiest idea who he was, and whose language must have made his hair stand on end. He asked one, "What is your opinion of the Balkan question?"

and a sailor, a man who had been in the service about 23 years, gave him a perfectly wonderful answer, quite unrepeatable, expressing his opinion of the Balkans generally. Lloyd George sat on an engine-room casing side by side with a fat and dirty stoker, who pointed his remarks with suckings of teeth and digs in the ribs. Jackson, the First Sea Lord, came on the bridge, and the Captain and I proceeded to tell him all about the life on a destroyer and our opinions of ———, etc., and then we got an inkling he was at the Admiralty, and so the skipper said, "Oh, to whom are you secretary at the Admiralty?" and he replied, "As a matter of fact I am the First Sea Lord." Utter collapse of the skipper and myself, the former simply roaring with laughter. It really was as good as a play, the whole performance. I very nearly introduced myself to Sir Edward Grey, as I thought you knew him pretty well, but then I thought he might think it rather pushing, and so I didn't. On Sunday night at 5 P.M. I got leave till Tuesday morning and went over to Folkestone and stayed with a large party of Canadians, amongst whom was one of my old loves at Halifax, now, unfortunately, married. I had a most amusing time. They really do come out with the most amusing remarks at the right time in the most natural way. Some one complained that the motor-buses and lorries kept passing up and down the road all night, and they could not imagine what they were

doing at that hour, and so one very quiet Captain in the Canadian regiment said with an American drawl, "Why, just moving. That is all." I did a day on board from Tuesday noon to Wednesday noon and then went up to London to see the dentist. Arrived at 2.30, left at 6. I had tea with Lorraine Wood, who was very nice and kind.

Now about our next stand-off? It consists of three or four days, but I never get more than two consecutive days, and then I have to do a day on board. These stand-offs come on an average about once a fortnight, but one cannot tell exactly on what day until on the actual day itself, but if you thought it was worth coming up to London, and I get a good idea of on what day we were going to stand off, I could send you a wire, and I could probably manage two nights and a day with you in London. Write and let me know what you think of this plan, if you think it is really worth the long journey up to London for that short time. We were up all last night helping a destroyer which got on the Goodwins. I did not leave the bridge for 12 hours, with only a cup of cocoa, and I was glad to get to bed this morning at 6 A.M. This life certainly is a wonderfully interesting one.

H.M.S. "VIKING," *December 6.*

I think my last letter stopped where we had just come in after being out all night

helping a fellow-destroyer to get off the Goodwins. She was in a very critical condition when we reached there at 10 P.M., November 25, as there was a very heavy sea running, and the breakers were breaking right over her in the most alarming manner; in fact I was very glad I was not in her. Thank goodness she got off at high water at 4 A.M., and our skipper, who was in charge of operations, was congratulated by the Admiral. It was quite tricky work for us. Did I tell you in my last letter about going over to Dunkerque and seeing the Cathedral and the French 75 mm. guns firing at a *Taube*? If not, please let me know, and I will tell you about it, as it would interest you, and I want to tell you all I do. From then till December 1 we did very ordinary work, and the weather was perfectly filthy, to put it mildly. To-day while I am writing this letter it is equally bad. We are rolling 40° while tied up to a buoy in the harbour, and one does get so heartily sick of the continual roll. On December 1 we went over to Boulogne to fetch a celebrity, and I had my first taste of what really bad weather is like in a destroyer. Every single sea hit the ship like a 15-inch gun, and the waves came green right over the top of the bridge. We tried going 30 knots, but it soon came down to 10. There is nothing so pleasant as going about 35 in a destroyer on a lovely fine morning with a calm sea, and I think it more than makes up for the bad weather, but anyhow

we were jolly glad to get back to Dover that night, I can tell you. On Thursday, December 2, we went over to Dunkerque and had a lovely run across, and stayed there the night. I had dinner with Charles Cowan, who was very nice to me, in his ship. He has just been given command of a big battery up at the front, far better than any colonel's command in the Army, and the job meaning certain promotion. As it has been his one aim and object to get to the front ever since the war started, he was in high spirits, and started off the following day. We also left for — that morning and developed a small defect in our machinery on the way over, and so we had a stand-off. I went up to London and stayed with Derrick Milner and had a most delightful time till Sunday morning, when I came back here to a horrible ship rolling her inside out.

On Saturday afternoon we went to a magnificent concert at Queen's Hall, which I did so enjoy. It is delightful being able to get up to London and away for two days like this, especially as Derrick brought down Lady Linlithgow's fiddle and I performed thereon, but the only objection is when one dines at the Carlton and goes to theatres and suppers, etc., it costs about £10 a time, and I shall have to stop.

I do not know any one down here and I loathe being alone when I am on leave, and so I shall go over to Sandwich and play golf

with the "Pro" or any one I can find next time, or else go over to Folkestone and stay with the Canadians.

So far we have not been in action.

I wish to goodness they would hurry up, as I want to kill a few Huns. Our great difficulty to contend with at present is that of mines laid by neutrals and German submarines near every buoy and lightship in the place. I should stop all neutrals from using the Channel at all, and if they want to go into the North Sea make them go round England.

H.M.S. "VIKING,"

Sunday, December 12, 1915.

Loving thanks for both your letters, both splendid long ones, which I simply loved getting. I think one appreciates letters far more in this sort of life than in the *Queen Mary*.

On Tuesday we sank a German floating mine which we came across and which I spotted with one round of 4. It was a very good shot, as it was 300 yards off. I do not think I shall ever be what the Americans call "ocean-ill" again in my life after this last week. I have never seen anything like the weather. A strong south-westerly gale every day and a big sea, in fact it has been too bad for the small destroyers and T.B.'s to go out. I was not ill, but felt a bit liverish once or twice, besides being deposited on the deck of the bridge, stern foremost, once or twice.

We did not take the Cabinet over to Calais for the Conference this last time, as we were standing off at the time and I was up in London. I hear they asked where the *Viking* was. Did you see that delightful picture of them all going over the gangway on to the hospital-ship, in *Punch* the week before last? That is exactly what they looked like.

There was no bombardment of the Belgian coast as reported in the papers. I do not know why they allowed them to put this thing in. The Cathedral at D. is a terrible sight, all the right aisle one big crumbled heap of stones, and not a bit of glass left anywhere where a 15 hit it.

There were three 15's hit the town altogether. Another one hit a factory, which is simply a crumpled mass of ruins and twisted and mangled bits of iron, just as if some one had taken them and wrung them out like a piece of washing. The third hit a warehouse, of which the bare four walls are left standing. Every day, as regularly as clockwork, at 4 P.M., weather permitting, *Taubes* come over and drop a few bombs, and you hear the French 75 twin-scissor mounting, that is, two guns working up and down together, anti-aerial guns cracking off, and then, high, high up you see two little white puffs, one after the other, where the shrapnel is bursting, very often one on each side of the *Taube*, but I have never seen a hit. Then up go the French and our aeroplanes and chase

off the intruder. The French, from what I have seen, knock spots off our flying people, and are looping the loop and doing tricks when they are patrolling up in the air. There are always five or six patrolling all day, weather permitting, and the inhabitants spend all their time looking up in the air to see if they are Huns or Allies. I am sure they will all get neck-set in that position, with their eyes looking upwards. Then, when the first gun goes, they scuttle like a lot of rabbits into the nearest house, and all start talking at once and get in a fearful panic, whereas the English take things quite peacefully, as only one bomb in about twenty does much damage. It is very interesting being over this side, and brings the war more home to one than anything I have done yet, especially as the front is only about twelve miles off, and when the wind is blowing the right way one can hear the rifle-fire and guns.

Thursday.—Since I started this we have been up the Belgian coast, and we had nineteen bombs dropped on us, all of which went within ten yards, the most thrilling day of my life. We saw an aeroplane battle in mid-air, and the Hun, a big battle-machine, brought down by the English one, all on fire.

I am just off up to London for two days' well-earned rest. Much love.

January 9.—I heard a nice story of the *Dresden* and the little *Sheerwater*, who were together in the same harbour in a Pacific

Island, and the officers of the one actually dining on board the other when they got the order to commence hostilities. Both sides hunted up books of International Law, but could find nothing to suit the case, and so the Captain of the *Dresden* said he would give the *Sheerwater* twenty-four hours' start, and so they dashed off, but I heard afterwards that the Captain of the *Dresden* never tried to follow them. He also passed the old *Espiegle*, and all he did was to take away her ensign. He must be a fine man.

Sunday, January 10, 1915.—I have letters to thank you for, a New Year's Day letter from Mamie, and one written on the 7th, and one from father on the 4th. You both are really splendid about writing. Many thanks also for the cake and the chocolate, and also for the little sugary cakes, which were very good. I will let you know when I want some more. I do hope Lionel will not give up that Sheerness job, as it sounds just the very thing for him, in fact quite the best thing that has ever come his way.

The little piece by F. W. Robertson, which Mamie copied out for me, is extraordinarily true, and I liked it very much.

H.M.S. "VIKING," December 21.

This is to wish you both from the very bottom of my heart the happiest and most peaceful Christmas possible under present conditions, and to tell you how I shall think of

you, and long all the day to be with you all. God grant that next Christmas we may all of us be at Farringford together with the happy Christmas festivities going on !

I should like to go to Rochester Cathedral and hear the music. It is a good thing to get ashore and have a long bath, but I shall not go to London or Folkestone again, as I simply cannot afford it. I shall go and play golf as soon as the weather is at all fit, but it is no fun in a howling gale or pouring rain.

I am sorry to say we have lost our gunner for good. He was a first-rate warrant officer, and far above the average. The strain of the last six months, together with the bombs the other day, have given him a nervous breakdown, poor chap, and he has yesterday lost his little baby aged eight weeks, so we heard. I am so sorry for him.

The happiest of happy Christmases to Sophie and every one.

H.M.S. "VIKING,"
6TH DESTROYER FLOTILLA.

I am afraid I have not written for ages, but so many things have happened since I last wrote that I have scarcely had a minute. Well, I will tell you first about our little affair with the bombs. We were guarding a ship which had lain ashore quite close to Nieuport and waiting for the weather conditions to moderate to get her off. The old Hun was very busy all through the night sending up

star-shells, which are like glorified pieces of the magnesium wire one gets in crackers, and we expected any minute to get a 15 dropped on us, or else a torpedo or something, and it was rather nervous work all night. The climax was reached at 2 A.M., when I was on the watch, and we hit a foreign trawler carrying no lights. With luck it did not hurt us. We thought they would be certain to shell us, but however they didn't. I think they must have thought the ship was a decoy or something.

At 9.30 A.M. the first lot of bombs descended, and they fell about thirty yards on our port quarter.

At 10 A.M. we got another lot, which fell about fifteen yards off the bow. All this time the Allied planes were supposed to be guarding and patrolling over us, but there was not a sign of one.

I expect they were having their breakfast; but we asked for aerial protection, and about eight of them arrived and kept the three German planes off. It was very amusing to watch, as every time a German tried to steal over in our direction an Allied plane would dart out after him, and he would immediately turn about and fly over his own lines. All the time both Allied and German anti-aerial guns were firing shrapnel, which was bursting all over the planes miles above us. In the afternoon about 3 we saw two German battle-planes coming, and I fired four shrapnel at

one of them, which we can only do when they are a long way off, as we cannot get the elevation on the gun. Whether this annoyed him, or whether the *Viking's* funnels attracted him, he refused to take any notice of a light cruiser, and came straight for us. We increased to full speed and began playing a game of dodge, which was great fun, but we had not got much room as the channel was only $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles wide. The object of this little game is to prevent him from getting on a parallel course to you, and always to try and keep on a course at right angles to him, because if he gets on a parallel course he can drop bombs the whole length of the ship, whereas the other way he has to drop them across the ship with much less chance of hitting. He can go twice our speed, but you can turn round on your heel, while he has to make more or less a wide sweep. After about half an hour, as we were hampered by other ships, etc., he cornered us, but in a crosswise manner. He looked to be absolutely dead above us, and I thought, my goodness, he can't possibly miss! The only thing we could have done was to go astern, but for some reason or other the skipper would not. He was very deliberate, and every one was wanting him to get on with the business, but in the end they came, bang! bang! crash! right across the bow, sprinkling us. Of course we were smothered in spray and black smoke, and nasty smelling stuff it was too. The other

ships, of course, saw nothing but smoke, and thought we were done in. All this time there was another plane above him, which we thought was another German, and we were standing by for another bomb, but all of a sudden the top one swooped down like a hawk, and seemed to peck at the German. In reality he had riddled him with machine-fire. The big Hun battle-plane (ours was quite a small one) turned on its side and began his awful plunge, from about 6000 feet, head first. About 2000 feet up the whole thing caught on fire and came down a whirling ball of flame, the most wonderful spectacle I have ever seen, and it hit the water about two hundred yards off us and blew up, and there was absolutely nothing left but a few bubbles. All the other sailors in all the other ships yelled and cheered like anything, and so did I, but afterwards it seemed rather a funny thing to do, to yell oneself hoarse at seeing two fellows going to their doom. Just before she caught fire they saw one fellow climb up towards the tail, looking upwards with his arms clasped round the tail, but I am glad to say I didn't.

The Captain went on a week's leave and we had a Lieutenant called Gibson here, a first-rate fellow, a great friend of mine, who was in the *Cumberland* with me. My goodness, they did work us that week till December 24th ! Four nights and days without leaving the bridge for more than two hours. I stayed in bed till 2 P.M. on Christmas day, and then

went and had dinner with a fellow called Sheer, who is moving, by the way, just as I am getting to know some one worth knowing in Dover. I love the sea life, but I have absolutely no use on shore for the occupation of bar-loafing. Evans came on board to say "Good-bye," as he is going to the Admiralty for two months, so he says, but it is really for good, as he has been on this job for fourteen months, and it is too much for any man's nerves. The gunner has also gone to hospital with a nervous breakdown. I would not mind if they had left us Gibson as skipper. The First Lieutenant is rapidly sickening for something, and so I shall be the only one left soon, but I think Evans will get a new destroyer in two months' time, and I shall go there, I expect.

H.M.S. "VIKING," DOVER,
Friday, January 14.

Loving thanks for your delightful long letter, which I got this morning, and which I simply loved getting.

As regards your coming here, I should be able to get ashore every other day from about 5 to 9 P.M., so if you think it is worth it I will see about some lodgings. We shall come round to P. the first week in March, so it would only be for February, but if you think you would like the change, do come, as I should simply love having you here. Williams is a splendid man in every way, handles the ship perfectly, and never panics, and is a

good practical man, and takes advice from people who know the ship better than he does as regards handling her, from which he benefits. I think he and I will get on splendidly. I got up to London at 4.30 P.M., *bitterly* disappointed at not finding you there, as I was looking forward to Sunday with the beautiful music at the Queen's Hall.

I shall never leave any one to do a telephone message for me in future. Do you know I gave that man the message at 10 A.M.? I could not do it myself, as I had a lot to see about with the Captain. I came down here at noon on Monday, thinking we were coming out of dock at 2 P.M., but they said at 1 P.M. "you will not come out till Tuesday at 2 P.M.," and on Tuesday at 1 P.M. they repeated the performance with "Wednesday at 2 P.M.," when we eventually did come out. I did not like to ask the skipper for leave again, and so those two days were entirely wasted and I stayed on board. Oh, how I wish you had been up in London, then I could have wired for you to come down to Dover, in fact I think I should have got you to come down with me on Monday anyhow. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, and on Saturday, after I arrived, I was feeling very bored at not finding you up there, and I didn't know what to do, and so I went to the Automobile Club for a Turkish bath, and on the doorstep whom do you think I ran into? Lionel, of all people! He had not the foggiest idea I was in London,

and I never had such a shock in all my life as seeing him, for I never knew he was coming on leave even. Wasn't that the luckiest thing that ever happened?

And so I wasn't altogether sorry that I came up to London on a wild-goose chase.

The weather is perfectly heavenly now, just like spring. I told you it would be, with the new moon. We went out on patrol yesterday, and then took some Canadian Ministers over the other side. We shall not go to D. at present as far as I can make out.

The Last Ordinary Letter

H.M.S. "VIKING,"

January 26, 1916.

I am afraid I have not written to you for a long time, but since our last stand-off, which finished on January 12, we had one night in harbour and never more than twelve hours. Added to this, the weather was perfectly appalling, a south-west gale the whole time, and one does get so heartily sick of never being able to sit down to any meal without one's chair being thrown across the room and one's soup and tea being deposited in one's lap. It is not as if we were doing anything interesting, but merely patrolling and escorting transports across the Channel. On Sunday at noon, thank goodness, we stood off, three days overdue for a start, and we should have stood off till Wednesday noon, but, on account of the shortness of boats, they fished us out yesterday,

Tuesday. While we were standing off we had perfectly heavenly weather, but it is quite enough for the *Viking* to put her nose out of harbour for a gale to start and keep up till we go in again. I love a destroyer on a fine day doing some exciting job at full speed, but going buffeting about the Channel on patrol and escorting is, I think, a perfect Hell in bad weather. Never mind, everything comes to him who waits, and at 3 P.M. this afternoon—it is now 10.30 A.M.—I am at last, having waited since November, going into my first big action. Hurrah! It is going to be one of the biggest shows that has ever taken place on the Belgian coast, and I imagine is coming off suddenly like this on account of the Germans having kept up a terrific bombardment on that front during the last few days. They poured 20,000 shells into Nieuport yesterday, and the noise here at Dunkerque was unbearable. We were up off there last night reconnoitring, and the wily Hun was firing star-shells all night and big guns, just a few rounds every hour. We had a little excitement in Dover on Saturday night at 1 A.M. when a *Taube* came and dropped six bombs.

6 P.M.—The *strafe* is over. We poured sixty 12 and ten 15 into Ostend, and they never fired a single shot back at us, so it was a very tame affair. I must say I want to see what it feels like on a destroyer having twelves fired at you.

This is the first time they have not fired back at us after a bombardment. I wonder why they didn't. It was rather foggy, and we, the destroyers, could not see our shells bursting, which was a pity. We don't fire ourselves. I told you what the destroyer's job is. I was bitterly disappointed when I heard we were definitely not going to take our stand-off at Dover, as I was looking forward to our little time together. Now, with the present amount of work going on, I should only be able to see you in the stand-offs and perhaps once in between, and these aerial attacks I don't think you would enjoy. Anyhow, I should hate the thought of you being in one, and so I think we had better wait till March.

“MY BOY JACK”

“Have you news of my boy Jack?”

Not this tide.

“When d’you think that he’ll come back?”

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

“Has any one else had word of him?”

Not this tide,

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

“Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?”

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he didn’t shame his kind,

Not even with that wind blowing and that tide.

*Then hold your head up all the more,
This tide,
And every tide,
Because he was the son you bore,
And gave to that wind blowing and that tide.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"I can't get any rest till I die," Harold had said when he was only four years old, and indeed his childish utterance seemed in the end a prophecy.

The next letter bears no date of writing, but only that of receipt.

Harold's last Letter, received February 5, 1916

MY DARLING MAMIE AND FATHER—I have always told you I would let you know at once if anything ever happened to me. By the time you get this you will know that I have got that "Perfect Peace" I have been longing for. The strain has been awful—"I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do," and I have died with a "joyful spirit." I have continually thought of you both. My last thoughts were how pleased you would be that in no other way could I have better upheld the name of "Tennyson." I have got some well-earned rest at last.

For the last time in this world I will say "Good-bye," and I shall long for you both to come and join me in the next. I hope you have been spared Lionel and Aubrey. I long for you all.—Your very, very loving son,
HAROLD.

It came indeed as a letter from another world. For when it reached his parents the writer had been dead a week all but a few hours, and had slept already, after his eager, toilsome life, four nights, in the final resting-place where loving hands had laid him, in the quiet churchyard of his beautiful home.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

'Tis well ; 'tis something ; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

What had happened in the interval is best told in his mother's own words in a letter written by her on February 4 to a cousin.

His Mother's Letter to her Cousin

Friday, February 4, 1916.

I was sorting all his music this time last week to take down with his violin, as we had for three weeks been looking forward to a plan arranged with him in London just three weeks ago, when we went up to meet him from Wednesday to Saturday, to go down to Dover for all this month, from the 29th January, last Saturday, so that he might have some one to come to when not at sea or on duty. We were going to hire a piano and have hours of music, we three together, and that was just bliss for him, and we went down Saturday morning from here. He did not meet us, but we thought nothing of that. His place was put for him at the dinner-table. He did not come. We only thought he was on duty. Next morning (Sunday), just after I had been looking out of our windows with Sophie to try to see if the *Viking* were in port, a telegram was brought up, but instead of my heart nearly stopping with anxiety as of late, we both thought it was from him to tell us when to expect him. I shall never forget H.'s "Harold was killed yesterday."

They had been patrolling all night. Harold took his usual watch from 12 to 4 A.M., went to bed till 8.30, got up, and after his breakfast went up on the bridge.

At 11.15 he gave his orders to the officer of the watch—Harold was the navi-

gating officer. He then walked from the bridge with his Captain, of whom he wrote a few days before that he loved him, down to the Ward-room in the stern, and three minutes after the *Viking* struck a mine, the one thing I always felt he dreaded, if he dreaded anything, and he and three other officers and three mess-room servants left this world. There were two great explosions. The tongues of flame were seen far down the English Channel. Ward-room, cabins, everything gone. At first we were told that there was nothing left of our Harold, but later, Sunday afternoon, the Admiral sent up word that they had found the dear body under all the débris, and we were told, though much bruised, the dear face looked peaceful. I should have loved to see his cabin, to see his servant, to have his coat and cap, but all had gone, and Tuesday morning we brought all that remained to the home churchyard. This home was always to him the happiest spot on earth, and he and we were surrounded at the Church by those who loved him, many having grown up with him.

It was late, and the Church was all lit up, and the Rector read that wonderful Service in a manly, strong voice, the louder because he was afraid he might not get through it. Once there was a long pause, and then almost a shout to support himself. As we walked into the Church the hymn we had chosen, "Thy Will be done," was sung slowly by the Choir

who had known him so well, as they walked in front of him, and later, "Holy ! Holy ! Holy !" the Trinity Hymn which he so loved, and which we had at our wedding, being his grandfather's favourite hymn. God was merciful to us in letting us have this last blessed memory of our blessed child.

Captain Hall of the *Queen Mary*, under whom he served his first year as a midddy and till a short time after the battle of Heligoland, writes : " I trusted him. He never failed me, and his fine character had such an influence with the men, and I love to think of the good, fine face with the straight eyes. Indeed it is not wonderful that God took him to Himself." Are not these words written by a commanding officer about his midddy a wonderful testimony of affection and admiration from this dear man now at the Admiralty ? They have brought unspeakable comfort to our stricken hearts. The letters came in by hundreds, from rich and poor, old servants, cottagers, every one. They bring great comfort with them. He never knew sorrow, and this was his first he ever caused any one.

The letter from Captain Hall (now Rear-Admiral Sir W. R. Hall, K.C.M.G.) was indeed a remarkable one. It ran as follows :

30.1.16.

DEAR LADY TENNYSON—That I venture to write at all must serve to show my affection

for the dear lad. You know how high he stood in my eyes and how I trusted him in the *Queen Mary*. He never failed me, and his fine character had such an influence with the men. There will be many sad hearts that mourn with you and yours. I love to think of his fine, good face with the straight eyes. Indeed it is not so wonderful that God took him to Himself.—Very sincerely yours,
W. R. HALL.

The letters did arrive by hundreds, and from many quarters. Foremost, most forcible in their personal and professional knowledge, are those which came from the Navy itself.

The *personnel* of that great service, especially in time of war, is constantly changing station and duty. Those with whom he served, even in the short time since his death, have been scattered on land and sea. The splendid ship, of whose gallant and brotherly company he was a bright member, herself in the chances of battle went down in a moment in the van of the Jutland fight, and very many of his friends, old and young, with her. Among them were some of those who had borne testimony to his character.

Such was Captain Prowse, whose brief letter has been given the enforcement of a last word. Sent from the *Queen Mary* at the time, it ran as follows :

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY."

DEAR LORD TENNYSON—I feel I ought to write to you to say how very sorry all in this

ship, both officers and men, were to hear of your son's death. He was by far the best midshipman I had, and was known throughout the Squadron as a most zealous and efficient officer. His early death is a great loss to the service, and I am quite certain that had he been spared he would have risen to the highest ranks of his profession, and would have been a credit to it.—Yours sincerely,

C. W. PROWSE.

Admiral Christian, Commanding Officer at Osborne when Harold was there, wrote :

March 5, 1916.

DEAR LADY TENNYSON—I feel that I must write and tell you and Lord Tennyson how much I grieve with you in your great sorrow. Your son had so much charm of character as a boy that he endeared himself to all who knew him. I always hoped, and indeed felt sure, that he would make his mark in the Service, and I was more shocked than I can say to read of his death. I remember so well selecting him to be one of the Cadet Captains (1909) after conference with the Lieutenant of his time, who thought so highly of him. I feel sure that his latter life was as pure and blameless as his boyhood, which was most upright and straightforward. I fear no words of mine can soften the terrible blow, but, having known your boy so well, I hope you will forgive my intruding on your sorrow.—Yours very truly,

ARTHUR CHRISTIAN.

Admiral Goodenough wrote from H.M.S. *Southampton* :

DEAR LADY TENNYSON—There is so little one can say, but so much that one feels, the nobility of the sacrifice, the willingness of it, the absence of any thoughts of self that these boys show us daily in their lives and in their deaths. I am sure you and Lord Tennyson feel that too in all your sorrow and loss. It is not only the gift of his life for his country, but far more than that. I did not know him very well, but I hear from all of his clean mind and simple-heartedness, and his enjoyment of life without touching its baser side. That is what they tell me, and what I hope they told you too, though you know it.

Believe that you have my great sympathy.
—Yours very sincerely,

W. E. GOODENOUGH.

Captain Bentinck, writing from the *Lion*, said :

We have been out for some time or I should have written before to say how horrified we all were when we heard of your terrible loss. Words are very useless, but it may be a little comfort to you and Lord Tennyson to know how very deep the feeling of regret was in all the Battle-Cruiser Fleet. It is a great tribute to him that he was either known of, or known by, every officer of the Fleet, and all who knew

him were full of admiration for him. I am glad to think that I was once his Captain, and I could see his influence for good on all around him. I doubt if any other officer of his age ever made his name so quickly and so quietly. I had looked forward to getting him with me later on, for I was very truly fond of him.

Commander, now Flag-Commander, W. M. James also wrote from the *Queen Mary* :

Your young and splendid boy has gone. To us here who knew him intimately, a sad blow. He left us so keen and full of joy at the chance of seeing a more active side of war. When he left many of us said good-luck to one who, we all felt, would do great things if he got the chance. I said good-bye to a friend. To you and Lord Tennyson it will be a great tragedy. I know a little bit what he was to you and what his home meant to him. The latter feeling is seldom so strong in a boy of his age as it was with Harold. A splendid young fellow with a fine career before him, that will always be my recollection of him.

Captain Evans of the Antarctic Expedition, who had been Captain of the *Viking*, wrote to his father :

I felt his loss very deeply, and the naval service is deprived of a splendid officer. Your

boy was so quick, clever, and interested that it was a pleasure to have him on the *Viking*.

I have often quoted him as being a type specimen of the successful product of the new scheme of training. He had made the most of his instruction, and he used his brains and his charming personality to the very best advantage for his country and his friends. The *Viking* was such a happy ship and our little ward-room was so united. My last recollection of these dear, brave fellows came in a brief letter from the First Lieutenant. He pictured your boy brandishing a silver salver in one hand and a rose-bowl in the other. My wedding-present from the *Viking* was to be one of those which he had been asked to choose. Well, he is gone, this steel-true sailor, and one can only regret him as a beautiful page in life's short history. Believe me, I do deeply sympathise with you, and hope you will realise how sincere my simple tribute is to my old friend and shipmate.

Lady Linlithgow, who has so often been mentioned in Harold's own letters, wrote from Hopetoun :

I had seen a good deal of him up here, and was devoted to him, as was every one else who knew him. I cannot imagine a greater joy than to have a son like him. I think you may like to know how all the sailors here, from Admirals downward, mourn his loss

from the Navy's point of view as well as from personal affection.

They all say nothing would have stopped him getting to the very top of the tree. All this will of course make it seem much harder at first, but in after years I am sure it will add to your pride.

Sir Frederick Milner wrote :

He was one of the wisest lads I have ever met, and I conceived a strong affection for him, and was so pleased that my boy should be his friend. He has joined that gallant band of heroes whose names will ever be enshrined in the grateful hearts of their countrymen.

And Mr. Arthur Balfour, then First Lord of the Admiralty :

He was a most gallant officer, an honour to his name and country.

His brother Aubrey,¹ who was as noble and heroic as himself, was far away in Salonika at the time, and it was many weeks before the sad news reached him. Alone and among strangers, kind though they were, he found the blow at first almost insupportable, but as soon as he was able he wrote home to his father and mother : " He was an absolute sunshine to all of us at home, was he not ? Such a splendid brain, yet

¹ See Appendix.

so full of roguish fun. I am glad to think that the last time I saw him was in the ship he was so proud of, and where he was so much beloved."

But the fullest all-round appreciation of his entire disposition and varied and versatile gifts is the following, written just after his death by Mr. Noel Ponsonby, who had taught him at Dartmouth:

THE COLLEGE, MARLBOROUGH,
February 1, 1916.

Harold C. Tennyson, during his last term at Dartmouth, was a boy of winning disposition. As one who only knew him for four months, it is impossible to do more than relate my recollections of him, since four years have passed since that time.

He was eminently the most musical boy of all the four hundred in the College. He was leader of the Cadets' Band and chief violinist. It was said that without him the band would have sometimes come to grief, and that he kept them together better at times than the conductor himself.¹

He did not care for convention, but would gladly play his fiddle at any odd half-hour when asked to do so.

He loved what was exciting or daring. I think, too, that he really rather enjoyed getting into a scrape sometimes.

¹ A friend who stayed at Farringford during the last summer of his life writes: "It was a rare joy to spend those many hours playing Brahms' sonatas with him. He conquered their technical difficulties astonishingly, considering how very little he could practise, and his intense appreciation of their beauty as a new revelation of beauty was remarkable. His divine delight in music altogether was a fact never to be forgotten."

He did not appear to feel called upon to exert himself more than he felt was necessary. As he was extraordinarily gifted, his work did not trouble him. He had brains enough to be top of his term had he wished. That he enjoyed life intensely there was no doubt. He was exuberant, buoyant, happier by far than most of us, with a rapid intellectual perception of things. He imparted this joy of living and expected one to share it. There was fun to be found everywhere if one could but see it. He himself was ready to find humour in everything, and he infected one with this spirit.

Indeed a kind of recklessness even was sometimes his, and he gave himself very liberally to his friends. All these things made him intensely lovable. He spared not himself, and it was all natural to him, and needed no apparent effort.

If others did not understand or appreciate him, he did not mind, but who is there who could not appreciate, love, and admire such a boy?

He might have laughed sometimes at incapacity and incompetence. Rules were to be overridden if necessary. He was made for freedom, for liberty, for the open heaven, for the sea-breezes.

At the end of his last term we went to London, and he came to the Cavendish Club. I remember how rapidly he walked in. He had no overcoat on, but was all shining in gold

buttons and white waistcoat. How beautiful he looked in his naval evening-dress uniform ! His figure, his flashing black eyes, his gratitude are things to thank God for having seen.

This is the gift he gave, the gift of life, teaching the love of what is beautiful and lovely.

We went to a Classical Concert. He had forgotten his overcoat, but said it did not matter. He then told me, as we went in the taxi, that he was going afterwards to a ball at the Ritz : on this the exciting first evening of the Christmas leave. How happy he was ! How he made one rejoice !

When he left Dartmouth he wrote me a long and rather untidy letter. I am happy to say I still possess it. In it he sends good wishes to masters and servants alike. He did not forget little acts of kindness. I happened to be living in the rooms where his parents stayed when they came down to Dartmouth, and some time after he had left, while on his cruise, a postcard arrived for my housekeeper, Mrs. Shives.¹

One of his fellow-midshipmen in the *Queen Mary*, now on H.M.S. *Cleopatra*, Lieutenant J. G. Aitchison, gives the impression he made on his contemporaries.

“ In ship life,” he says, “ one has many

¹ Mrs. Shives (Harold and his friends used to go there to tea) wrote: “ He died a hero’s death, truly a fitting end to so general a favourite—as he was, I am sure, for he was kindness itself. I remember particularly one incident. He came in unexpectedly one afternoon, found me with a headache, thought I ought to have a cup of tea at once, which he quickly made—daring me to move.”

acquaintances, and even intimate acquaintances, but only one or two *friends* in the true sense. 'Alf,' so everybody called him on board ship, and I were *friends*, and I valued his friendship more than perhaps he ever realised.¹ He was a man of a great character. I don't think I ever met such a 'sticker' for work. I often used to find him in his cabin surrounded with books, compiling notes for his future examinations. He was sometimes chided by his mess-mates for doing what they considered unnecessary work. He didn't mind a bit. I must confess I shared their opinion till one day he confided to me what he called a secret. 'Do you know, Jack, one of the chief reasons why I make all these note-books? It is because if I don't keep my mind occupied, all kinds of temptations beset me, and I wouldn't trust myself.' Again, he was very ambitious. He was always telling me there was only one reason why he wanted to leave the ship, that was that he wanted a job where he could feel he was doing something really useful.

¹ *His loyalty to his friends.*—"Harold used to write constantly to his old friends, and he never wanted urging to do so. He did it entirely on his own initiative. For example, he used to write regularly to Keast, the captain of the pinnace we had at Sydney, and to many others, and he used to send Christmas cards without fail to all his friends in Australia. He was always anxious to have his old nurse—Horn—to see him when at home. After he had left Osborne he would go over once every holidays to visit his old French master at Cowes. During the war I heard from him many times—splendid letters, full of admiration and praise of others. The pluck of the German sailors even, he admired greatly. He would not tolerate anything petty or mean. The war was a great game, and when the Germans played it well he had nothing but praise for them. I have never seen in any one, as it was in Harold, such absolute unselfishness."—Note by Aubrey Tennyson.

“Afloat or ashore, he was ever the same, always brimful of cheery good spirits, aided and abetted by a keen sense of humour, always ready for a joke. He was very fond of the picturesque. One walk with him in particular I shall never forget, a long walk with him and Humphrey McMaster in some most delightful birch woods near Viborg. ‘Alf’ took his gun, and in the glorious sunshine we wandered for miles through those woods, woods without comparison in England. We were sitting down resting in a glade, and after a small discussion concerning a crow which he had shot he began talking, as he often did, about his mother, wishing that she could be there to enjoy the scenery. His love for his parents and home indeed knew no bounds. . . . Well, he is gone from us, and what would have been a great life is cut short, but his glorious memory and example will live with us for ever.”

His love of music, often mentioned in these pages, was a dominant note in his composition. Scarcely less dominant was his love of natural beauty alluded to by Mr. Aitchison. His early power of description has been sufficiently shown in his graphic and eloquent letters. It was not possible that he should not care for poetry. He had loved it, as has been seen, from childhood. That his love was both hereditary and imitative appears in the attempts he made at writing it himself.

The following he called himself "a feeble effort of mine."

SPRING

Great Nature dropt her cloak of wind and rain,
And deck'd herself in raiment fresh and free,
Whose broider'd hems the winter had eclipsed,
And shone refulgent through the dews of Dawn :
Again' the universal land proclaim'd,
In joyous tones, the glory of the Spring,
The blackbird warbled in the garden-bowers,
The robin piped from many a branch and bush,
The skylark sang, and every heart was glad.
The stately river and the bubbling stream,
Rejoicing, ran down the long flowery vales,
Or cool, and clear, they danced beneath the shade,
Then merged in laughter in the open plain,
Where, thro' the fuller light, the golden flood
Moved, glittering, on toward the azure sea.



IN MEMORIAM H. C. T.

Care tuis fili, mens te tua vivida jussit
Virtutem impavidum per maris alta sequi—
Nunc maris ignoti superas felicior undas,
Teque vocat caeli pulchrior ille polus.¹

T.

¹ Thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

EPILOGUE

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA

(Written for and set to music by Sir Hubert Parry.)

OVER the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry of the sea,
Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in a
tree ;

Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
Ye man with armour'd patience the bulwarks night and day,
Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the Bay,
Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war ;
Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnace and row'd from
shore,

A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Sudden is your home-coming ; for aye your pennon flies
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave ;
Till, in the storm of battle, fast thundering upon the foe,
Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long ago,
And mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of
the brave,

Ye are gone to return no more.—Idly our tears arise ;
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited grave,
The wide warring water, under the starry skies.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

APPENDIX

CAPTAIN THE HON. ALFRED AUBREY TENNYSON (THE RIFLE BRIGADE)

OF the three sons of Lord Tennyson, Aubrey and his elder brother Lionel (who has been thrice wounded) were both at Eton: the youngest brother, Harold, who was in the Navy, died on active service two years ago. On March 21 Aubrey had commanded in a magnificent rear-guard action, and on March 23 fell near St. Quentin. He was out reconnoitring with his orderly, and the Germans were only 150 yards off, when he was killed instantaneously by a machine-gun bullet.

From the first he showed exceptional qualities of mind and character, and combined sound sense and high principle with a charming quiet humour. For a time he was with the Southern Army,¹ before he went to France, and his General speaks of the high opinion they had of his work, as giving promise of a brilliant career. (Previously he had served in France and Salonika, having joined the Rifle Brigade in 1914.)

In his fearless contemplation of death, as shown in a farewell letter before the attack on the 21st, he makes a touching reference to his happy time at Eton, and the loss of his many friends who had gone before him. It was characteristic of him not to forget the Eton Mission, or

¹ While with the Southern Army he had great schemes of educational schools and lectures for the Army, and worked incessantly at them, so as to make the Army a living educational force in the life of the Empire.

the conditions of the poor. As we remember him we think of the line "Rifleman, true of heart"—and what will live in the minds of those who loved one both "valiant and true" is the thought of his chivalrous gallantry and his deep and rare affection.—*Eton Chronicle*, May 23, 1918.

From his Chaplain

9TH RIFLE BRIGADE, B.E.F.,
FRANCE, April 6, 1918.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON—I am the Church of England Chaplain to your son's brigade. I think you would like to know about your brave boy, all that can be told. I was attached at the time that he joined us to the Company that he took over, therefore, although he was with us so short a time, I knew him well. I shared bedroom and had many conversations with him. It gives me great happiness to remember that he received at my hands the Blessed Sacrament on the Sunday previous to his death, as he was present at the Holy Communion Service which I celebrated at the Field Ambulance in Montescourt, now in German hands. He was most lovable and quickly won the highest opinions of his fellow-officers. I also know that his Company quickly realised his worth, and in letters which I censored I read that many of the men were certain that their new Company Commander was a splendid fellow who would do great things for the uplift of the men. His death was splendid. He just behaved in action as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world that death and danger were all around him. He never once lost his head or his cheerfulness. It was all just wonderful, and one can only thank God for such a man. After this it seems out of place to offer sympathy when you ought to be congratulated because he is your son, but I know the aching void and the sense of separation, and I pray God comfort you and all who loved him. I treasure the memory of our short friendship. I think all is worth while when life gives us such men.—Yours very sincerely,

HARRY HOWARD, C.F.

*From his Chaplain**April 19.*

MY DEAR LORD TENNYSON—I fear I can tell you little more. How gladly would I do so if I could. On the first day, March 21st, he was sent to take two companies from Montescourt forward to a position nearer the enemy. The General afterwards said that he was exceedingly pleased with the behaviour of these companies. That was of course the result of your son's leading.

On the day of his death, according to our Adjutant, he had absolutely the grip of the situation and was simply splendid. He was shot through the head and died instantaneously. All this is of course quite unofficial, but I wish I could in any way convey to you the high opinion everybody who knew him here had of him. I believe I knew him best, because he took to me at once, and was quite free with me. I wish I knew more.—Yours sincerely,
HARRY HOWARD.

From his Colonel, the Hon. Noel Bligh

I have found out all I can, and the facts are these. Aubrey commanded C Company. The Battalion went into action close to Montescourt on the 22nd. His Company had to go up and take a forward position, then had orders to evacuate it. He remained till the last platoon went and carried the withdrawal. On the 23rd the Battalion defended Fleury Le Martel, and his Company had to defend a railway embankment. They came in position, when suddenly another Battalion on the right gave, and Aubrey went over to see what could be done; while going over he was killed instantaneously by a rifle shot that hit him in the neck. A stretcher-bearer I have just seen went over to see if he could help him, but he was dead. I asked the stretcher-bearer, Barlow, what the men thought of Aubrey, and he said, "Oh, he was simply splendid, and all the men believed in him absolutely." I knew they would, but I just wanted to hear it said.

Your loss is far worse than ours, I know. But though I didn't see myself what he did in the actions that the Battalion has fought in these last few days, every one says he was magnificent. I had no doubt on that point. I and every one who knew him knew he would be. The Battalion, like many others in our part of the line, fought against overwhelming odds, and did very well indeed. My only regret is that I was not there to help.

From one of his Sergeants

To Lord Tennyson.

Being a Sergeant under your son the late Hon. Aubrey Tennyson, of C Company, 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade, I regret your great loss. I was near by at the time he met his death, being shot through the throat. It happened in a field in front of the railway line, running through a place called Fleury Le Martel, between the hours of 11 and 12 A.M. on the morning of the 23rd of March. He was searching for the advancing enemy, as a thick mist was hanging about at the time.

Though he had only joined us about a fortnight before at Montescourt, I must admit that he was one of the finest and bravest officers I had ever met, and if any one earned a V.C. our gallant Captain did. One thing I could not help but notice, and that was he would never send a man to a position unless he had been himself first, also must say that he was loved by all in the Company. His death was a great shock to us. Myself left the Battalion on Easter Sunday and am in hospital, suffering from gastritis. I trust you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing to you, but I thought you would like to hear from one of his men.—I remain, yours obediently,

G. E. CHAPLIN, *Sergeant.*

April 20, 1918.

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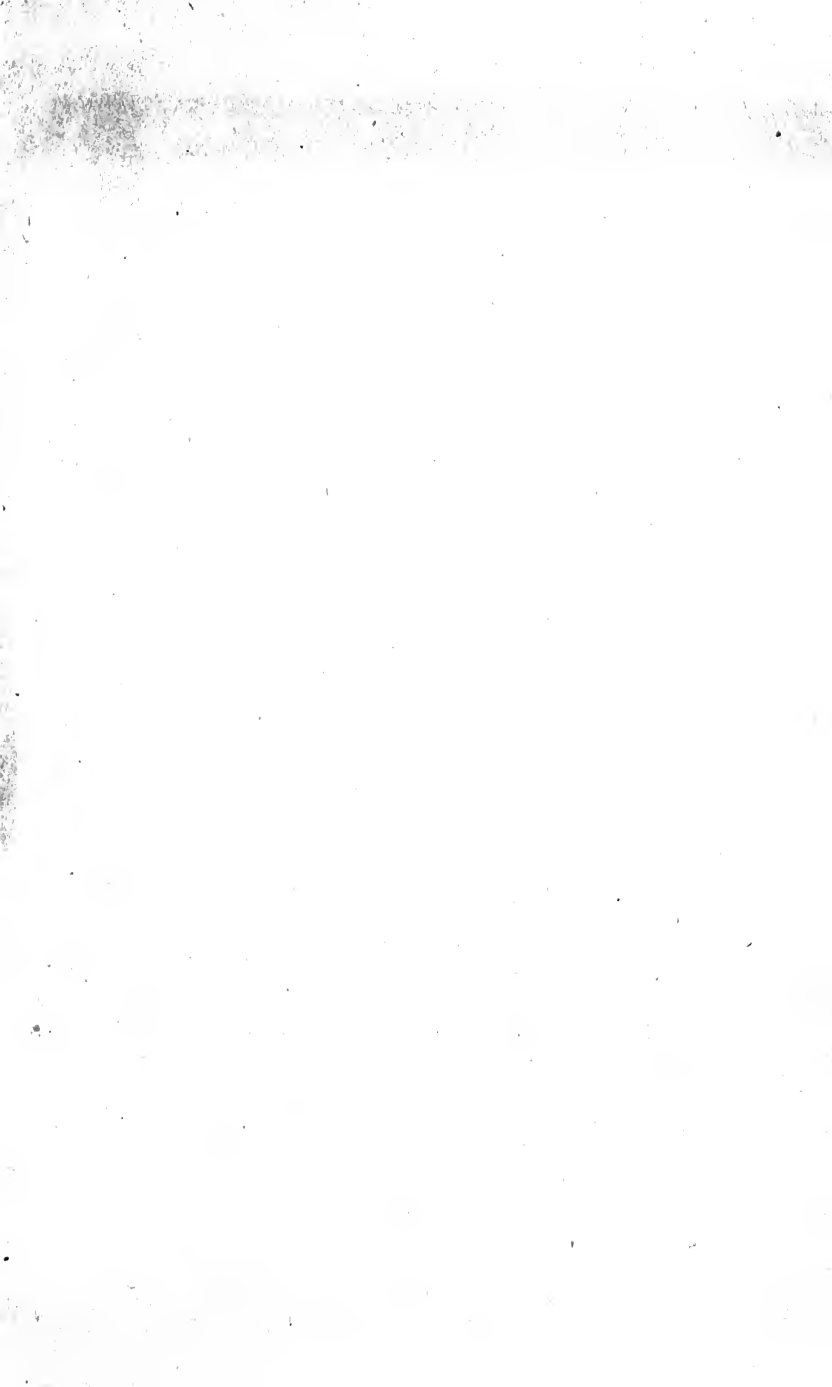
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